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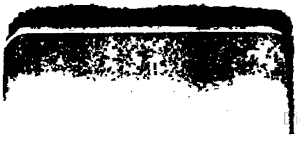

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THE WRITINGS OF

LAFCADIO HEARN

Large-Paper Edition

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VIII

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O-Somé, Hisamatsu, and Kyūsaku (illustrating "Faces in Japanese Art")

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GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA-FIELDS

AND

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
MDCCCCXXII

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GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA-FIELDS

STUDIES OF HAND AND SOUL IN THE FAR EAST

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GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA-FIELDS

I

A LIVING GOD

I

Of whatever dimension, the temples or shrines of pure Shintō are all built in the same archaic style. The typical shrine is a windowless oblong building of unpainted timber, with a very steep overhanging roof; the front is the gable end; and the upper part of the perpetually closed doors is wooden lattice-work — usually a grating of bars closely set and crossing each other at right angles. In most cases the structure is raised slightly above the ground on wooden pillars; and the queer peaked façade, with its visor-like apertures and the fantastic projections of beam-work above its gable-angle, might remind the European traveler of certain old Gothic forms of dormer. There is no artificial color. The plain wood [1] soon turns, under the action of rain and sun, to a natural gray, varying according to surface exposure from the silvery tone of birch bark to the sombre gray of basalt. So shaped and so tinted, the isolated country yashiro may seem less like a

[1] Usually hinoki (*Chamæcyparis obtusa*).

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work of joinery than a feature of the scenery, — a rural form related to nature as closely as rocks and trees — a something that came into existence only as a manifestation of Ohotsuchi-no-Kami, the Earth-God, the primeval divinity of the land.

Why certain architectural forms produce in the beholder a feeling of weirdness is a question about which I should like to theorize some day: at present I shall venture only to say that Shintō shrines evoke such a feeling. It grows with familiarity instead of weakening; and a knowledge of popular beliefs is apt to intensify it. We have no English words by which these queer shapes can be sufficiently described — much less any language able to communicate the peculiar impression which they make. Those Shintō terms which we loosely render by the words "temple" and "shrine" are really untranslatable; — I mean that the Japanese ideas attaching to them cannot be conveyed by translation. The so-called "august house" of the Kami is not so much a temple, in the classic meaning of the term, as it is a haunted room, a spirit-chamber, a ghost-house; many of the lesser divinities being veritably ghosts — ghosts of great warriors and heroes and rulers and teachers, who lived and loved and died hundreds or thousands of years ago. I fancy that to the Western mind the word "ghost-house" will convey, better than such terms as "shrine" and "temple," some vague notion of the strange character of the Shintō miya or yashiro — containing in its perpetual dusk

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nothing more substantial than symbols or tokens, the latter probably of paper. Now the emptiness behind the visored front is more suggestive than anything material could possibly be; and when you remember that millions of people during thousands of years have worshiped their great dead before such yashiro — that a whole race still believes those buildings tenanted by viewless conscious personalities — you are apt also to reflect how difficult it would be to prove the faith absurd. Nay! in spite of Occidental reluctances — in spite of whatever you may think it expedient to say or not to say at a later time about the experience — you may very likely find yourself for a moment forced into the attitude of respect toward possibilities. Mere cold reasoning will not help you far in the opposite direction. The evidence of the senses counts for little: you know there are ever so many realities which can neither be seen nor heard nor felt, but which exist as forces — tremendous forces. Then again you cannot mock the conviction of forty millions of people while that conviction thrills all about you like the air — while conscious that it is pressing upon your psychical being just as the atmosphere presses upon your physical being. As for myself, whenever I am alone in the presence of a Shintō shrine, I have the sensation of being haunted; and I cannot help thinking about the possible apperceptions of the haunter. And this tempts me to fancy how I should feel if I myself were a god — dwelling in some old Izumo

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shrine on the summit of a hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove.

Elfishly small my habitation might be, but never too small, because I should have neither size nor form. I should be only a vibration — a motion invisible as of ether or of magnetism; though able sometimes to shape me a shadow-body, in the likeness of my former visible self, when I should wish to make apparition.

As air to the bird, as water to the fish, so would all substance be permeable to the essence of me. I should pass at will through the walls of my dwelling to swim in the long gold bath of a sunbeam, to thrill in the heart of a flower, to ride on the neck of a dragon-fly.

Power above life and power over death would be mine — and the power of self-extension, and the power of self-multiplication, and the power of being in all places at one and the same moment. Simultaneously in a hundred homes I should hear myself worshiped, I should inhale the vapor of a hundred offerings: each evening, from my place within a hundred household shrines, I should see the holy lights lighted for me in lamplets of red clay, in lamplets of brass — the lights of the Kami, kindled with purest fire and fed with purest oil.

But in my yashiro upon the hill I should have greatest honor: there betimes I should gather the multitude of my selves together; there should I unify my powers to answer supplication.

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From the dusk of my ghost-house I should look for the coming of sandaled feet, and watch brown supple fingers weaving to my bars the knotted papers which are records of vows, and observe the motion of the lips of my worshipers making prayer:

Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé! . . . We have beaten drums, we have lighted fires; yet the land thirsts and the rice fails. Deign out of thy divine pity to give us rain, O Daimyōjin!

Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé! . . . I am dark, too dark, because I have toiled in the field, because the sun hath looked upon me. Deign thou augustly to make me white, very white — white like the women of the city, O Daimyōjin!

Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé! . . . For Tsukamoto Motokichi our son, a soldier of twenty-nine: that he may conquer and come back quickly to us — soon, very soon — we humbly supplicate, O Daimyōjin!

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me: "Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty. He is good; he is true; but poverty is with us, and the path of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity! — help us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin!" Then to the bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair — her own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that offering — the simple fragrance of her peasant youth — I, the ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I was man and lover.

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Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach them to revere me, saying, "Bow down before the great bright God; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the ghost and god, had been a father.

Daily I should hear the plash of pure cool water poured out for me, and the tinkle of thrown coin, and the pattering of dry rice into my wooden box, like a pattering of rain; and I should be refreshed by the spirit of the water, and strengthened by the spirit of the rice.

Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-coiffed and linen-vestured, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine — masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the miko their daughters, fair girls in crimson hakama and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the charm of their grace. And there would be music of many thousand years ago — weird music of drums and flutes — and songs in a tongue no longer spoken; while the miko, the darlings of the gods, would poise and pose before me:

. . . Whose virgins are these — the virgins who stand like flowers before the Deity? They are the virgins of the august Deity.

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Karashishi (*Chinese Lions*), *Matsue*

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The august music, the dancing of the virgins — the Deity will be pleased to hear, the Deity will rejoice to see. Before the great bright God the virgins dance — the virgins all like flowers newly opened. . . .

Votive gifts of many kinds I should be given: painted paper lanterns bearing my sacred name, and towels of divers colors printed with the number of the years of the giver, and pictures commemorating the fulfillment of prayers for the healing of sickness, the saving of ships, the quenching of fire, the birth of sons.

Also my Karashishi, my guardian lions, would be honored. I should see my pilgrims tying sandals of straw to their necks and to their paws, with prayer to the Karashishi-Sama for strength of foot.

I should see fine moss, like emerald fur, growing slowly, slowly, upon the backs of those lions; — I should see the sprouting of lichens upon their flanks and upon their shoulders, in specklings of dead-silver, in patches of dead-gold; — I should watch, through years of generations, the gradual sideward sinking of their pedestals undermined by frost and rain, until at last my lions would lose their balance, and fall, and break their mossy heads off. After which the people would give me new lions of another form — lions of granite or of bronze, with gilded teeth and gilded eyes, and tails like a torment of fire.

Between the trunks of the cedars and pines, between the jointed columns of the bamboos, I should observe, season after season, the changes of the

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colors of the valley: the falling of the snow of winter and the falling of the snow of cherry-flowers; the lilac spread of the miyakobana; the blazing yellow of the natané; the sky-blue mirrored in flooded levels — levels dotted with the moon-shaped hats of the toiling people who would love me; and at last the pure and tender green of the growing rice.

The muku-birds and the uguisu would fill the shadows of my grove with ripplings and purlings of melody; — the bell-insects, the crickets, and the seven marvelous cicadæ of summer would make all the wood of my ghost-house thrill to their musical storms. Betimes I should enter, like an ecstasy, into the tiny lives of them, to quicken the joy of their clamor, to magnify the sonority of their song.

But I never can become a god — for this is the nineteenth century; and nobody can be really aware of the nature of the sensations of a god — unless there be gods in the flesh. Are there? Perhaps — in very remote districts — one or two. There used to be living gods.

Anciently any man who did something extraordinarily great or good or wise or brave might be declared a god after his death, no matter how humble his condition in life. Also good people who had suffered great cruelty and injustice might be apotheosized; and there still survives the popular inclination to pay posthumous honor and to make prayer to the spirits of those who die voluntary deaths un-

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der particular circumstances — to souls of unhappy lovers, for example. (Probably the old customs which made this tendency had their origin in the wish to appease the vexed spirit, although to-day the experience of great suffering seems to be thought of as qualifying its possessor for divine conditions of being; — and there would be no foolishness whatever in such a thought). But there were even more remarkable deifications. Certain persons, while still alive, were honored by having temples built for their spirits, and were treated as gods; not, indeed, as national gods, but as lesser divinities — tutelar deities, perhaps, or village-gods. There was, for instance, Hamaguchi Gohei, a farmer of the district of Arita in the province of Kishu, who was made a god before he died. And I think he deserved it.

II

BEFORE telling the story of Hamaguchi Gohei, I must say a few words about certain laws — or, more correctly speaking, customs having all the force of laws — by which many village communities were ruled in pre-Meiji times. These customs were based upon the social experience of ages; and though they differed in minor details according to province or district, their main signification was everywhere about the same. Some were ethical, some industrial, some religious; and all matters were regulated by them — even individual behavior. They preserved peace, and they compelled mutual help and mutual

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kindness. Sometimes there might be serious fighting between different villages — little peasant wars about questions of water supply or boundaries; but quarreling between men of the same community could not be tolerated in an age of vendetta, and the whole village would resent any needless disturbance of the internal peace. To some degree this state of things still exists in the more old-fashioned provinces: the people know how to live without quarreling, not to say fighting. Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill; and when a sober man goes so far as to strike a blow, he virtually rejects communal protection, and takes his life into his own hands with every probability of losing it.

The private conduct of the other sex was regulated by some remarkable obligations entirely outside of written codes. A peasant girl, before marriage, enjoyed far more liberty than was permitted to city girls. She might be known to have a lover; and unless her parents objected very strongly, no blame would be given to her: it was regarded as an honest union — honest, at least, as to intention. But having once made a choice, the girl was held bound by that choice. If it were discovered that she met another admirer secretly, the people would strip her naked, allowing her only a shuro-leaf for apron, and drive her in mockery through every street and alley of the village. During this public disgrace of their daughter, the parents of the girl dared not show their faces abroad; they were expected to share her

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shame, and they had to remain in their house, with all the shutters fastened up. Afterward the girl was sentenced to banishment for five years. But at the end of that period she was considered to have expiated her fault, and she could return home with the certainty of being spared further reproaches.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obligations. In case of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

A curious fact is that this obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters: everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick or the unfortunate, whenever asked to do so. For example, the village might be ordered to make a sendo-mairi [1] on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-chō (each Kumi-chō was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house crying,

[1] To perform a sendo-mairi means to make one thousand visits to a temple, and to repeat one thousand invocations to the deity. But it is considered necessary only to go from the gate or the torii of the temple-court to the place of prayer, and back, one thousand times, repeating the invocation each time; and the task may be divided among any number of persons — ten visits by one hundred persons for instance, being quite as efficacious as a thousand visits by a single person.

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"Such and such a one is very sick: kindly hasten all to make a sendo-mairi!" Thereupon, however occupied at the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple — taking care not to trip or stumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a sendo-mairi was believed to mean misfortune for the sick. . . .

III

Now concerning Hamaguchi.

From immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves — tidal waves caused by earthquakes or by submarine volcanic action. These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese tsunami. The last one occurred on the evening of June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the northeastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwaté, and Aomori, wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its muraosa, or headman; and he was not less liked than respected. The people usually called him Ojiisan, which means Grand-

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father; but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Chōja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water; and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the centre by a narrow white zigzag — a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shintō temple, composing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed straggling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Chōja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the ujigami.[1] The old man

[1] Shintō parish temple.

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could see the festival banners (nobori) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer — a long, slow, spongy motion. Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all — by a mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear vision. Thus it chanced

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that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar spaces of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell.... But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson:

"Tada! — quick — very quick!... Light me a torch."

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Taimatsu, or pine-torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shintō festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply the torch to them — hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying:

"Ojiisan! why? Ojiisan! why? — why?"

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch, and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious eyes,

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scarcely faster; for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast sallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow; and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived — a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Chōja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded — "let it be! I want the whole mura here. There is a great danger — taihen da!"

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not a few of the more active women and girls; then came most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children — for children could help to pass water; and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Chōja. And the sun went down.

"Grandfather is mad — I am afraid of him!" sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. "He is mad. He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!"

"As for the rice," cried Hamaguchi, "the child

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tells the truth. I set fire to the rice.... Are all the people here?"

The Kumi-chō and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply: "All are here, or very soon will be.... We cannot understand this thing."

"Kita!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say now if I be mad!"

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was — a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

"Tsunami!" shrieked the people; and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raving over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of

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the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, but each time with lesser surges: then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed — still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath — the ghastliness of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently:

"That was why I set fire to the rice."

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone — but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the headmen prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

Then the old man wept a little, partly because he

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was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the temple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there was no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts could never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi DAIMYŌJIN, thinking they could give him no greater honor; — and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; — I know only that he continued to

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live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

. . . . . .

I asked a Japanese philosopher and friend to explain to me how the peasants could rationally imagine the spirit of Hamaguchi in one place while his living body was in another. Also I inquired whether it was only one of his souls which they had worshiped during his life, and whether they imagined that particular soul to have detached itself from the rest to receive homage.

"The peasants," my friend answered, "think of the mind or spirit of a person as something which, even during life, can be in many places at the same instant. . . . Such an idea is, of course, quite different from Western ideas about the soul."

"Any more rational?" I mischievously asked.

"Well," he responded, with a Buddhist smile, "if we accept the doctrine of the unity of all mind, the idea of the Japanese peasant would appear to contain at least some adumbration of truth. I could not say so much for your Western notions about the soul."

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II

OUT OF THE STREET

I

"THESE," said Manyemon, putting on the table a roll of wonderfully written Japanese manuscript, "are Vulgar Songs. If they are to be spoken of in some honorable book, perhaps it will be good to say that they are Vulgar, so that Western people may not be deceived."

Next to my house there is a vacant lot, where washermen (sentakuya) work in the ancient manner, — singing as they work, and whipping the wet garments upon big flat stones. Every morning at daybreak their singing wakens me; and I like to listen to it, though I cannot often catch the words. It is full of long, queer, plaintive modulations. Yesterday, the apprentice — a lad of fifteen — and the master of the washermen were singing alternately, as if answering each other; the contrast between the tones of the man, sonorous as if boomed through a conch, and the clarion alto of the boy, being very pleasant to hear. Whereupon I called Manyemon and asked him what the singing was about.

"The song of the boy," he said, "is an old song:

> Things never changed since the Time of the Gods:
> The flowing of water, the Way of Love.

I heard it often when I was myself a boy."

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"And the other song?"

"The other song is probably new:

Three years thought of her,
Five years sought for her;
Only for one night held her in my arms.

A very foolish song!"

"I don't know," I said. "There are famous Western romances containing nothing wiser. And what is the rest of the song?"

"There is no more: that is the whole of the song. If it be honorably desired, I can write down the songs of the washermen, and the songs which are sung in this street by the smiths and the carpenters and the bamboo-weavers and the rice-cleaners. But they are all nearly the same."

Thus came it to pass that Manyemon made for me a collection of Vulgar Songs.

By "vulgar" Manyemon meant written in the speech of the common people. He is himself an adept at classical verse, and despises the hayari-uta, or ditties of the day; it requires something very delicate to please him. And what pleases him I am not qualified to write about; for one must be a very good Japanese scholar to meddle with the superior varieties of Japanese poetry. If you care to know how difficult the subject is, just study the chapter on prosody in Aston's "Grammar of the Japanese Written Language," or the introduction to Professor Chamberlain's "Classical Poetry of the Japanese."

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Her poetry is the one original art which Japan has certainly not borrowed either from China or from any other country; and its most refined charm is the essence, irreproducible, of the very flower of the language itself: hence the difficulty of representing, even partially, in any Western tongue, its subtler delicacies of sentiment, allusion, and color. But to understand the compositions of the people no scholarship is needed: they are characterized by the greatest possible simplicity, directness, and sincerity. The real art of them, in short, is their absolute artlessness. That was why I wanted them. Springing straight from the heart of the eternal youth of the race, these little gushes of song, like the untaught poetry of every people, utter what belongs to all human experience rather than to the limited life of a class or a time; and even in their melodies still resound the fresh and powerful pulsings of their primal source.

Manyemon had written down forty-seven songs; and with his help I made free renderings of the best. They were very brief, varying from seventeen to thirty-one syllables in length. Nearly all Japanese poetical metre consists of simple alternations of lines of five and seven syllables; the frequent exceptions which popular songs offer to this rule being merely irregularities such as the singer can smooth over either by slurring or by prolonging certain vowel sounds. Most of the songs which Manyemon had

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collected were of twenty-six syllables only; being composed of three successive lines of seven syllables each, followed by one of five, thus:

Ka-mi-yo ko-no-ka-ta
Ka-wa-ra-nu mo-no wa:
Mi-dzu no na-ga-ré to
Ko-i no mi-chi.[1]

Among various deviations from this construction I found 7–7–7–7–5, and 5–7–7–7–5, and 7–5–7–5, and 5–7–5; but the classical five-line form (tanka), represented by 5–7–5–7–7, was entirely absent.

Terms indicating gender were likewise absent; even the expressions corresponding to "I" and "you" being seldom used, and the words signifying "beloved" applying equally to either sex. Only by the conventional value of some comparison, the use of a particular emotional tone, or the mention of some detail of costume, was the sex of the speaker suggested, as in this verse:

I am the water-weed drifting, — finding no place of attachment:
Where, I wonder, and when, shall my flower begin to bloom?

Evidently the speaker is a girl who wishes for a lover: the same simile uttered by masculine lips would sound in Japanese ears much as would sound in English ears a man's comparison of himself to a violet or to a rose. For the like reason, one knows that in the following song the speaker is not a woman:

[1] Literally, "God-Age-since not-changed-things as-for: water-of flowing and love-of way."

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Flowers in both my hands, — flowers of plum and cherry:
Which will be, I wonder, the flower to give me fruit?

Womanly charm is compared to the cherry flower and also to the plum flower; but the quality symbolized by the plum flower is moral always rather than physical.[1] The verse represents a man strongly attracted by two girls: one, perhaps a dancer, very fair to look upon; the other beautiful in character. Which shall he choose to be his companion for life?

One more example:

Too long, with pen in hand, idling, fearing, and doubting,
I cast my silver pin for the test of the tatamizan.

Here we know from the mention of the hairpin that the speaker is a woman, and we can also suppose that she is a geisha; the sort of divination called tatamizan being especially popular with dancing-girls. The rush covering of floor-mats (tatami), woven over à frame of thin strings, shows on its upper surface a regular series of lines about three fourths of an inch apart. The girl throws her pin upon a mat, and then counts the lines it touches. According to their number she deems herself lucky or unlucky. Sometimes a little pipe — geishas' pipes are usually of silver — is used instead of the hairpin.

The theme of all the songs was love, as indeed it is of the vast majority of the Japanese *chansons des*

[1] See *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, II, 19.

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rues et des bois; even songs about celebrated places usually containing some amatory suggestion. I noticed that almost every simple phase of the emotion, from its earliest budding to its uttermost ripening, was represented in the collection; and I therefore tried to arrange the pieces according to the natural passional sequence. The result had some dramatic suggestiveness.

II

THE songs really form three distinct groups, each corresponding to a particular period of that emotional experience which is the subject of all. In the first group of seven the surprise and pain and weakness of passion find utterance; beginning with a plaintive cry of reproach and closing with a whisper of trust.

I

You, by all others disliked! — oh, why must my heart thus like you?

II

This pain which I cannot speak of to any one in the world:
Tell me who has made it — whose do you think the fault?

III

Will it be night forever? — I lose my way in this darkness:
Who goes by the path of Love must always go astray!

IV

Even the brightest lamp, even the light electric,
Cannot lighten at all the dusk of the Way of Love.

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V

Always the more I love, the more it is hard to say so:
Oh! how happy I were should the loved one say it first!

VI

Such a little word! — only to say, "I love you"!
Why, oh, why do I find it hard to say like this? [1]

VII

Clicked-to [2] the locks of our hearts; let the keys remain in our bosoms.

After which mutual confidence the illusion naturally deepens; suffering yields to a joy that cannot disguise itself, and the keys of the heart are thrown away: this is the second stage.

I

The person who said before, "I hate my life since I saw you,"
Now after union prays to live for a thousand years.

II

You and I together — lilies that grow in a valley:
This is our blossoming-time — but nobody knows the fact.

---

[1] Inimitably simple in the original:

Horeta wai na to
Sukoshi no koto ga:
Nazé ni kono yō ni
Iinikui?

[2] In the original this is expressed by an onomatope, pinto, imitating the sound of the fastening of the lock of a tansu, or chest of drawers:

Pinto kokoro ni
Jōmai oroshi:
Kagi wa tagai no
Muné ni aru.

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III

Receiving from his hand the cup of the wine of greeting,
Even before I drink, I feel that my face grows red.

IV

I cannot hide in my heart the happy knowledge that fills it;
Asking each not to tell, I spread the news all round.[1]

V

All crows alike are black, everywhere under heaven.
The person that others like, why should not I like too?

VI

Going to see the beloved, a thousand ri are as one ri;[2]
Returning without having seen, one ri is a thousand ri.

VII

Going to see the beloved, even the water of rice-fields[3]
Ever becomes, as I drink, nectar of gods[4] to the taste.

---

[1] Much simpler in the original:

Muné ni tsutsumenu
Uréshii koto wa; —
Kuchidomé shinagara
Furéaruku.

[2] One ri is equal to about two and a half English miles.

[3] In the original dorota; literally "mud rice-fields" — meaning rice-fields during the time of flushing, before the grain has fairly grown up. The whole verse reads:

Horeté kayoyeba
Dorota no midzu mo
Noméba kanro no
Aji ga suru.

[4] Kanro, a Buddhist word, properly written with two Chinese characters signifying "sweet dew." The real meaning is amrita, the drink of the gods.

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VIII

You, till a hundred years; I, until nine and ninety;
Together we still shall be in the time when the hair turns white.

IX

Seeing the face, at once the folly I wanted to utter
All melts out of my thought, and somehow the tears come first! [1]

X

Crying for joy made wet my sleeve that dries too quickly:
'T is not the same with the heart — that cannot dry so soon!

XI

To Heaven with all my soul I prayed to prevent your going;
Already, to keep you with me, answers the blessed rain.

So passes the period of illusion. The rest is doubt and pain; only the love remains to challenge even death:

I

Parted from you, my beloved, I go alone to the pine-field;
There is dew of night on the leaves; there is also dew of tears.

II

Even to see the birds flying freely above me
Only deepens my sorrow — makes me thoughtful the more.

III

Coming? or coming not? Far down the river gazing —
Only yomogi shadows [2] astir in the bed of the stream.

---

[1] Iitai guchi sayé
Kao miriya kiyété
Tokaku namida ga
Saki ni deru.

The use of tokaku ("somehow," for "some reason or other") gives a peculiar pathos to the utterance.

[2] The plant yomogi (*Artemisia vulgaris*) grows wild in many of the half-dry beds of the Japanese rivers.

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IV

Letters come by the post; photographs give me the shadow!
Only one thing remains which I cannot hope to gain.

V

If I may not see the face, but only look at the letter,
Then it were better far only in dreams to see.

VI

Though his body were broken to pieces, though his bones on the shore were bleaching,
I would find my way to rejoin him, after gathering up the bones.[1]

III

THUS was it that these little songs, composed in different generations and in different parts of Japan by various persons, seemed to shape themselves for me into the ghost of a romance — into the shadow of a story needing no name of time or place or person, because eternally the same, in all times and places.

Manyemon asks which of the songs I like best; and I turn over his manuscript again to see if I can make a choice. Without, in the bright spring air, the washers are working; and I hear the heavy *pon-pon* of the beating of wet robes, regular as the beat-

[1] Mi wa kuda kuda ni
Honé wo isobé ni
Sarasoto mama yo
Hiroi atsumété
Sōté misho.

The only song of this form in the collection. The use of the verb soi implies union as husband and wife.

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ing of a heart. Suddenly, as I muse, the voice of the boy soars up in one long, clear, shrill, splendid rocket-tone — and breaks — and softly trembles down in coruscations of fractional notes; singing the song that Manyemon remembers hearing when he himself was a boy:

> Things never changed since the Time of the Gods:
> The flowing of water, the Way of Love.

"I think that is the best," I said. "It is the soul of all the rest."

"Hin no nusubito, koi no uta," interpretatively murmurs Manyemon. "Even as out of poverty comes the thief, so out of love the song!"

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III

NOTES OF A TRIP TO KYŌTO

I

It had been intended to celebrate in spring the eleven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Kyōto; but the outbreak of pestilence caused postponement of the festival to the autumn, and the celebration began on the fifteenth of the tenth month. Little festival medals of nickel, made to be pinned to the breast, like military decorations, were for sale at half a yen each. These medals entitled the wearers to special cheap fares on all the Japanese railroad and steamship lines, and to other desirable privileges, such as free entrance to wonderful palaces, gardens, and temples. On the twenty-third of October I found myself in possession of a medal, and journeying to Kyōto by the first morning train, which was over-crowded with people eager to witness the great historical processions announced for the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth. Many had to travel standing, but the crowd was good-natured and merry. A number of my fellow-passengers were Ōsaka geisha going to the festival. They diverted themselves by singing songs and by playing ken with some male acquaintances, and their kittenish pranks and funny cries kept everybody amused. One had an extraordinary voice, with which she could twitter like a sparrow.

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You can always tell by the voices of women conversing anywhere — in a hotel, for example — if there happen to be any geisha among them, because the peculiar timbre given by professional training is immediately recognizable. The wonderful character of that training, however, is fairly manifested only when the really professional tones of the voice are used — falsetto tones, never touching, but often curiously sweet. Now, the street singers, the poor blind women who sing ballads with the natural voice only, use tones that draw tears. The voice is generally a powerful contralto; *and the deep tones are the tones that touch.* The falsetto tones of the geisha rise into a treble above the natural range of the adult voice, and as penetrating as a bird's. In a banquet-hall full of guests, you can distinctly hear, above all the sound of drums and samisen and chatter and laughter, the thin, sweet cry of the geisha playing ken —

"Futatsŭ! futatsŭ! futatsŭ!" —

while you may be quite unable to hear the shouted response of the man she plays with —

"Mitsŭ! mitsŭ! mitsŭ!"

II

THE first surprise with which Kyōto greeted her visitors was the beauty of her festival decorations. Every street had been prepared for illumination. Before each house had been planted a new lantern-post of unpainted wood, from which a lantern bear-

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ing some appropriate design was suspended. There were also national flags and sprigs of pine above each entrance. But the lanterns made the charm of the display. In each section of street they were of the same form, and were fixed at exactly the same height, and were protected from possible bad weather by the same kind of covering. But in different streets the lanterns were different. In some of the wide thoroughfares they were very large; and while in some streets each was sheltered by a little wooden awning, in others every lantern had a Japanese paper umbrella spread and fastened above it.

There was no pageant on the morning of my arrival, and I spent a couple of hours delightfully at the festival exhibition of kakemono in the imperial summer palace called Omuro Gosho. Unlike the professional art display which I had seen in the spring, this represented chiefly the work of students; and I found it incomparably more original and attractive. Nearly all the pictures, thousands in number, were for sale, at prices ranging from three to fifty yen; and it was impossible not to buy to the limit of one's purse. There were studies of nature evidently made on the spot: such as a glimpse of hazy autumn rice-fields, with dragonflies darting over the drooping grain; maples crimsoning above a tremendous gorge; ranges of peaks steeped in morning mist; and a peasant's cottage perched on the verge of some dizzy mountain road. Also there were fine bits of realism, such as a cat seizing a mouse in

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the act of stealing the offerings placed in a Buddhist household shrine.

But I have no intention to try the reader's patience with a description of pictures. I mention my visit to the display only because of something I saw there more interesting than any picture. Near the main entrance was a specimen of handwriting, intended to be mounted as a kakemono later on, and temporarily fixed upon a board about three feet long by eighteen inches wide — a Japanese poem. It was a wonder of calligraphy. Instead of the usual red stamp or seal with which the Japanese calligrapher marks his masterpieces, I saw the red imprint of a tiny, tiny hand — a *living* hand, which had been smeared with crimson printing-ink and deftly pressed upon the paper. I could distinguish those little finger-marks of which Mr. Galton has taught us the characteristic importance.

That writing had been done in the presence of His Imperial Majesty by a child of six years — or of five, according to our Western method of computing age from the date of birth. The Prime Minister, Marquis Ito, saw the miracle, and adopted the little boy, whose present name is therefore Ito Medzui.

Even Japanese observers could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes. Few adult calligraphers could surpass that writing. Certainly no Occidental artist, even after years of study, could repeat the feat performed by the brush of that child before the Emperor. Of course such a child can be

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born but once in a thousand years — to realize, or almost realize, the ancient Chinese legends of divinely inspired writers.

Still, it was not the beauty of the thing in itself which impressed me, but the weird, extraordinary, indubitable proof it afforded of an inherited memory so vivid as to be almost equal to the recollection of former births. Generations of dead calligraphers revived in the fingers of that tiny hand. The thing was never the work of an individual child five years old, but beyond all question the work of ghosts — the countless ghosts that make the compound ancestral soul. It was proof visible and tangible of psychological and physiological wonders justifying both the Shintō doctrine of ancestor worship and the Buddhist doctrine of preëxistence.

III

After looking at all the pictures I visited the great palace garden, only recently opened to the public. It is called the Garden of the Cavern of the Genii. (At least "genii" is about the only word one can use to translate the term "Sennin," for which there is no real English equivalent; the Sennin, who are supposed to possess immortal life, and to haunt forests or caverns, being Japanese, or rather Chinese mythological transformations of the Indian Rishi.) The garden deserves its name. I felt as if I had indeed entered an enchanted place.

It is a landscape-garden — a Buddhist creation,

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belonging to what is now simply a palace, but was once a monastery, built as a religious retreat for emperors and princes weary of earthly vanities. The first impression received after passing the gate is that of a grand old English park: the colossal trees, the shorn grass, the broad walks, the fresh sweet scent of verdure, all awaken English memories. But as you proceed farther these memories are slowly effaced, and the true Oriental impression defines: you perceive that the forms of those mighty trees are not European; various and surprising exotic details reveal themselves; and then you are gazing down upon a sheet of water containing high rocks and islets connected by bridges of the strangest shapes. Gradually — only gradually — the immense charm, the weird Buddhist charm of the place, grows and grows upon you; and the sense of its vast antiquity defines to touch that chord of the æsthetic feeling which brings the vibration of awe.

Considered as a human work alone, the garden is a marvel: only the skilled labor of thousands could have joined together the mere bones of it, the prodigious rocky skeleton of its plan. This once shaped and earthed and planted, Nature was left alone to finish the wonder. Working through ten centuries, she has surpassed — nay, unspeakably magnified — the dream of the artist. Without exact information, no stranger unfamiliar with the laws and the purpose of Japanese garden-construction could imagine that all this had a human designer some thou-

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sand years ago: the effect is that of a section of primeval forest, preserved untouched from the beginning, and walled away from the rest of the world in the heart of the old capital. The rock-faces, the great fantastic roots, the shadowed by-paths, the few ancient graven monoliths, are all cushioned with the moss of ages; and climbing things have developed stems a foot thick, that hang across spaces like monstrous serpents. Parts of the garden vividly recall some aspects of tropical nature in the Antilles; — though one misses the palms, the bewildering web and woof of lianas, the reptiles, and the sinister day-silence of a West Indian forest. The joyous storm of bird life overhead is an astonishment, and proclaims gratefully to the visitor that the wild creatures of this monastic paradise have never been harmed or frightened by man. As I arrived at last, with regret, at the gate of exit, I could not help feeling envious of its keeper: only to be a servant in such a garden were a privilege well worth praying for.

IV

Feeling hungry, I told my runner to take me to a restaurant, because the hotel was very far; and the kuruma bore me into an obscure street, and halted before a rickety-looking house with some misspelled English painted above the entrance. I remember only the word "forign." After taking off my shoes I climbed three flights of breakneck stairs, or rather ladders, to find in the third story a set of

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rooms furnished in foreign style. The windows were glass; the linen was satisfactory; the only things Japanese were the mattings and a welcome smoking-box. American chromo-lithographs decorated the walls. Nevertheless, I suspected that few foreigners had ever been in the house: it existed by sending out Western cooking, in little tin boxes, to native hotels; and the rooms had doubtless been fitted up for Japanese visitors.

I noticed that the plates, cups, and other utensils bore the monogram of a long-defunct English hotel which used to exist in one of the open ports. The dinner was served by nice-looking girls, who had certainly been trained by somebody accustomed to foreign service; but their innocent curiosity and extreme shyness convinced me that they had never waited upon a real foreigner before. Suddenly I observed on a table at the other end of the room something resembling a music-box, and covered with a piece of crochet-work! I went to it, and discovered the wreck of a herophone. There were plenty of perforated musical selections. I fixed the crank in place, and tried to extort the music of a German song, entitled "Five Hundred Thousand Devils." The herophone gurgled, moaned, roared for a moment, sobbed, roared again, and relapsed into silence. I tried a number of other selections, including "Les Cloches de Corneville"; but the noises produced were in all cases about the same. Evidently the thing had been bought, together with the mono-

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gram-bearing delft and britannia ware, at some auction sale in one of the foreign settlements. There was a queer melancholy in the experience, difficult to express. One must have lived in Japan to understand why the thing appeared so exiled, so pathetically out of place, so utterly misunderstood. Our harmonized Western music means simply so much noise to the average Japanese ear; and I felt quite sure that the internal condition of the herophone remained unknown to its Oriental proprietor.

An equally singular but more pleasant experience awaited me on the road back to the hotel. I halted at a second-hand furniture shop to look at some curiosities, and preceived, among a lot of old books, a big volume bearing in letters of much-tarnished gold the title, ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Looking closer, I saw "Vol. V. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860." Volumes of the "Atlantic" of 1860 are not common anywhere. I asked the price; and the Japanese shopkeeper said fifty sen, because it was "a very large book." I was much too pleased to think of bargaining with him, and secured the prize. I looked through its stained pages for old friends, and found them — all anonymous in 1865, many world-famous in 1895. There were installments of "Elsie Venner," under the title of "The Professor's Story"; chapters of "Roba di Roma"; a poem called "Pythagoras," but since renamed "Metempsychosis," as lovers of Thomas Bailey Aldrich are doubtless aware; the

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personal narrative of a filibuster with Walker in Nicaragua; admirable papers upon the Maroons of Jamaica and the Maroons of Surinam; and, among other precious things, an essay on Japan, opening with the significant sentence, "The arrival in this country of an embassy from Japan, the first political delegation ever vouchsafed to a foreign nation by that reticent and jealous people, is now a topic of universal interest." A little farther on, some popular misapprehensions of the period were thus corrected: "Although now known to be entirely distinct, the Chinese and Japanese . . . were for a long time looked upon as kindred races, and esteemed alike. . . . We find that while, on close examination, the imagined attractions of China disappear, those of Japan become more definite." Any Japanese of this self-assertive twenty-eighth year of Meiji could scarcely find fault with the "Atlantic's" estimate of his country thirty-five years ago: "Its commanding position, its wealth, its commercial resources, and the quick intelligence of its people — not at all inferior to that of the people of the West, although naturally restricted in its development — give to Japan . . . an importance far above that of any other Eastern country." The only error of this generous estimate was an error centuries old — the delusion of Japan's wealth. What made me feel a little ancient was to recognize in the quaint spellings Ziogoon, Tycoon, Sintoo, Kiusiu, Fide-yosi, Nobanunga — spellings of the old Dutch and old

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Jesuit writers — the modern and familiar Shōgun, Taikun, Shintō, Kyūshū, Hideyoshi, and Nobunaga.

I passed the evening wandering through the illuminated streets, and visited some of the numberless shows. I saw a young man writing Buddhist texts and drawing horses with his feet; the extraordinary fact about the work being that the texts were written backwards — from the bottom of the column up, just as an ordinary calligrapher would write them from the top of the column down — and the pictures of horses were always commenced with the tail. I saw a kind of amphitheatre, with an aquarium in lieu of arena, where mermaids swam and sang Japanese songs. I saw maidens "made by glamour out of flowers" by a Japanese cultivator of chrysanthemums. And between whiles I peeped into the toy-shops, full of novelties. What there especially struck me was the display of that astounding ingenuity by which Japanese inventors are able to reach, at a cost too small to name, precisely the same results as those exhibited in our expensive mechanical toys. A group of cocks and hens made of paper were set to pecking imaginary grain out of a basket by the pressure of a bamboo spring — the whole thing costing half a cent. An artificial mouse ran about, doubling and scurrying, as if trying to slip under mats or into chinks: it cost only one cent, and was made with a bit of colored paper, a spool of baked clay, and a long thread; you had only to pull

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the thread, and the mouse began to run. Butterflies of paper, moved by an equally simple device, began to fly when thrown into the air. An artificial cuttle-fish began to wriggle all its tentacles when you blew into a little rush tube fixed under its head.

When I decided to return, the lanterns were out, the shops were closing; and the streets darkened about me long before I reached the hotel. After the great glow of the illumination, the witchcrafts of the shows, the merry tumult, the sea-like sound of wooden sandals, this sudden coming of blankness and silence made me feel as if the previous experience had been unreal — an illusion of light and color and noise made just to deceive, as in stories of goblin foxes. But the quick vanishing of all that composes a Japanese festival-night really lends a keener edge to the pleasure of remembrance: there is no slow fading out of the phantasmagoria, and its memory is thus kept free from the least tinge of melancholy.

V

While I was thinking about the fugitive charm of Japanese amusements, the question put itself, Are not all pleasures keen in proportion to their evanescence? Proof of the affirmative would lend strong support to the Buddhist theory of the nature of pleasure. We know that mental enjoyments are powerful in proportion to the complexity of the feelings and ideas composing them; and the most complex feelings would therefore seem to be of necessity

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the briefest. At all events, Japanese popular pleasures have the double peculiarity of being evanescent and complex, not merely because of their delicacy and their multiplicity of detail, but because this delicacy and multiplicity are adventitious, depending upon temporary conditions and combinations. Among such conditions are the seasons of flowering and of fading, hours of sunshine or full moon, a change of place, a shifting of light and shade. Among combinations are the fugitive holiday manifestations of the race genius: fragilities utilized to create illusion; dreams made visible; memories revived in symbols, images, ideographs, dashes of color, fragments of melody; countless minute appeals both to individual experience and to national sentiment. And the emotional result remains incommunicable to Western minds, because the myriad little details and suggestions producing it belong to a world incomprehensible without years of familiarity — a world of traditions, beliefs, superstitions, feelings, ideas, about which foreigners, as a general rule, know nothing. Even by the few who do know that world, the nameless delicious sensation, the great vague wave of pleasure excited by the spectacle of Japanese enjoyment, can only be described as *the feeling of Japan*.

A sociological fact of interest is suggested by the amazing cheapness of these pleasures. The charm of Japanese life presents us with the extraordinary

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phenomenon of poverty as an influence in the development of æsthetic sentiment, or at least as a factor in deciding the direction and expansion of that development. But for poverty, the race could not have discovered, ages ago, the secret of making pleasure the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences — the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing!

One explanation of this cheapness is the capacity of the people to find in everything natural — in landscapes, mists, clouds, sunsets, in the sight of birds, insects, and flowers — a much keener pleasure than we, as the vividness of their artistic presentations of visual experience bears witness. Another explanation is that the national religions and the old-fashioned education have so developed imaginative power that it can be stirred into an activity of delight by anything, however trifling, able to suggest the traditions or the legends of the past.

Perhaps Japanese cheap pleasures might be broadly divided into those of time and place furnished by nature with the help of man, and those of time and place invented by man at the suggestion of nature. The former class can be found in every province, and yearly multiply. Some locality is chosen on hill or coast, by lake or river: gardens are made, trees planted, resting-houses built to command the finest points of view; and the wild site is presently transformed into a place of pilgrimage for pleasure-seekers. One spot is famed for cherry-trees,

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another for maples, another for wisteria; and each of the seasons — even snowy winter — helps to make the particular beauty of some resort. The sites of the most celebrated temples, or at least of the greater number of them, were thus selected — always where the beauty of nature could inspire and aid the work of the religious architect, and where it still has power to make many a one wish that he could become a Buddhist or Shintō priest. Religion, indeed, is everywhere in Japan associated with famous scenery: with landscapes, cascades, peaks, rocks, islands; with the best places from which to view the blossoming of flowers, the reflection of the autumn moon on water, or the sparkling of fireflies on summer nights.

Decorations, illuminations, street displays of every sort, but especially those of holy days, compose a large part of the pleasures of city life which all can share. The appeals thus made to æsthetic fancy at festivals represent the labor, perhaps, of tens of thousands of hands and brains; but each individual contributor to the public effort works according to his particular thought and taste, even while obeying old rules, so that the total ultimate result is a wondrous, a bewildering, an incalculable variety. Anybody can contribute to such an occasion; and everybody does, for the cheapest material is used. Paper, straw, or stone makes no real difference: the art sense is superbly independent of the material. What shapes that material is perfect comprehension of

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something natural, something real. Whether a blossom made of chicken feathers, a clay turtle or duck or sparrow, a pasteboard cricket or mantis or frog, the idea is fully conceived and exactly realized. Spiders of mud seem to be spinning webs; butterflies of paper delude the eye. No models are needed to work from; — or rather, the model in every case is only the precise memory of the object or living fact. I asked at a doll-maker's for twenty tiny paper dolls, each with a different coiffure — the whole set to represent the principal Kyōto styles of dressing women's hair. A girl went to work with white paper, paint, paste, thin slips of pine; and the dolls were finished in about the same time that an artist would have taken to draw a similar number of such figures. The actual time needed was only enough for the necessary digital movements — not for correcting, comparing, improving: the image in the brain realized itself as fast as the slender hands could work. Thus most of the wonders of festival nights are created: toys thrown into existence with a twist of the fingers, old rags turned into figured draperies with a few motions of the brush, pictures made with sand. The same power of enchantment puts human grace under contribution. Children who on other occasions would attract no attention are converted into fairies by a few deft touches of paint and powder, and costumes devised for artificial light. Artistic sense of line and color suffices for any transformation. The tones of decoration are never of chance, but

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of knowledge: even the lantern illuminations prove this fact, certain tints only being used in combination. But the whole exhibition is as evanescent as it is wonderful. It vanishes much too quickly to be found fault with. It is a mirage that leaves you marveling and dreaming for a month after having seen it.

Perhaps one inexhaustible source of the contentment, the simple happiness, belonging to Japanese common life is to be found in this universal cheapness of pleasure. The delight of the eyes is for everybody. Not the seasons only nor the festivals furnish enjoyment: almost any quaint street, any truly Japanese interior, can give real pleasure to the poorest servant who works without wages. The beautiful, or the suggestion of the beautiful, is free as air. Besides, no man or woman can be too poor to own something pretty; no child need be without delightful toys. Conditions in the Occident are otherwise. In our great cities, beauty is for the rich; bare walls and foul pavements and smoky skies for our poor, and the tumult of hideous machinery — a hell of eternal ugliness and joylessness invented by our civilization to punish the atrocious crime of being unfortunate, or weak, or stupid, or overconfident in the morality of one's fellow-man.

VI

When I went out, next morning, to view the great procession, the streets were packed so full of people

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that it seemed impossible for anybody to go anywhere. Nevertheless, all were moving, or rather circulating; there was a universal gliding and slipping, as of fish in a shoal. I find no difficulty in getting through the apparently solid press of heads and shoulders to the house of a friendly merchant, about half a mile away. How any crowd could be packed so closely, and yet move so freely, is a riddle to which Japanese character alone can furnish the key. I was not once rudely jostled. But Japanese crowds are not all alike: there are some through which an attempt to pass would be attended with unpleasant consequences. Of course the yielding fluidity of any concourse is in proportion to its gentleness; but the amount of that gentleness in Japan varies greatly according to locality. In the central and eastern provinces the kindliness of a crowd seems to be proportionate to its inexperience of "the new civilization." This vast gathering, of probably not less than a million persons, was astonishingly good-natured and good-humored, because the majority of those composing it were simple country folk. When the police finally made a lane for the procession, the multitude at once arranged itself in the least egotistical manner possible — little children to the front, adults to the rear.

Though announced for nine o'clock, the procession did not appear till nearly eleven; and the long waiting in those densely packed streets must have been a strain even upon Buddhist patience. I was

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kindly given a kneeling-cushion in the front room of the merchant's house; but although the cushion was of the softest and the courtesy shown me of the sweetest, I became weary of the immobile posture at last and went out into the crowd, where I could vary the experience of waiting by standing first on one foot, and then on the other. Before thus deserting my post, however, I had the privilege of seeing some very charming Kyōto ladies, including a princess, among the merchant's guests. Kyōto is famous for the beauty of its women; and the most charming Japanese woman I ever saw was in that house — not the princess, but the shy young bride of the merchant's eldest son. That the proverb about beauty being only skin-deep "is but a skin-deep saying," Herbert Spencer has amply proved by the laws of physiology; and the same laws show that grace has a much more profound significance than beauty. The charm of the bride was just that rare form of grace which represents the economy of force in the whole framework of the physical structure — the grace that startles when first seen, and appears more and more wonderful every time it is again looked at. It is very seldom indeed that one sees in Japan a pretty woman who would look equally pretty in another than her own beautiful national attire. What we usually call grace in Japanese women is daintiness of form and manner rather than what a Greek would have termed grace. In this instance, one felt assured that long, light, slender, fine, faultlessly knit

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figure would ennoble any costume: there was just that suggestion of pliant elegance which the sight of a young bamboo gives when the wind is blowing.

To describe the procession in detail would needlessly tire the reader; and I shall venture only a few general remarks. The purpose of the pageant was to represent the various official and military styles of dress worn during the great periods of the history of Kyōto, from the time of its foundation in the eighth century to the present era of Meiji, and also the chief military personages of that history. At least two thousand persons marched in the procession, figuring daimyō, kugé, hatamoto, samurai, retainers, carriers, musicians, and dancers. The dancers were impersonated by geisha; and some were attired so as to look like butterflies with big gaudy wings. All the armor and the weapons, the ancient head-dresses and robes, were veritable relics of the past, lent for the occasion by old families, by professional curio-dealers, and by private collectors. The great captains — Oda Nobunaga, Kato Kiyomasa, Iyeyasu, Hideyoshi — were represented according to tradition; a really monkey-faced man having been found to play the part of the famous Taikō.

While these visions of dead centuries were passing by, the people kept perfectly silent — which fact, strange as the statement may seem to Western readers, indicated extreme pleasure. It is not really in accordance with national sentiment to express ap-

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plause by noisy demonstration — by shouting and clapping of hands, for example. Even the military cheer is an importation; and the tendency to boisterous demonstrativeness in Tōkyō is probably as factitious as it is modern. I remember two impressive silences in Kobé during 1895. The first was on the occasion of an imperial visit. There was a vast crowd; the foremost ranks knelt down as the Emperor passed; but there was not even a whisper. The second remarkable silence was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches erected to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered, "We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence." I may here observe, also, that the sinister silence of the Japanese armies before some of the late engagements terrified the clamorous Chinese much more than the first opening of the batteries. Despite exceptions, it may be stated as a general truth that the deeper the emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, and the more solemn or heroic the occasion, in Japan, the more naturally silent those who feel or act.

Some foreign spectators criticised the display as spiritless, and commented on the unheroic port of the great captains and the undisguised fatigue of their followers, oppressed under a scorching sun by the unaccustomed weight of armor. But to the Japanese all this only made the pageant seem more real; and I fully agreed with them. As a matter of fact,

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the greatest heroes of military history have appeared at their best in exceptional moments only; the stoutest veterans have known fatigue; and undoubtedly Nobunaga and Hideyoshi and Kato Kiyomasa must have more than once looked just as dusty, and ridden or marched just as wearily, as their representatives in the Kyōto procession. No merely theatrical idealism clouds, for any educated Japanese, the sense of the humanity of his country's greatest men: on the contrary, it is the historical evidence of that ordinary humanity that most endears them to the common heart, and makes by contrast more admirable and exemplary all of the inner life which was not ordinary.

After the procession I went to the Dai-Kioku-Den, the magnificent memorial Shintō temple built by the government, and described in a former book. On displaying my medal I was allowed to pay reverence to the spirit of good Kwammu-Tennō, and to drink a little rice wine in his honor, out of a new wine-cup of pure white clay presented by a lovely child-miko. After the libation, the little priestess packed the white cup into a neat wooden box and bade me take it home for a souvenir; one new cup being presented to every purchaser of a medal.

Such small gifts and memories make up much of the unique pleasure of Japanese travel. In almost any town or village you can buy for a souvenir some pretty or curious thing made only in that one place,

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and not to be found elsewhere. Again, in many parts of the interior a trifling generosity is certain to be acknowledged by a present, which, however cheap, will seldom fail to prove a surprise and a pleasure. Of all the things which I picked up here and there, in traveling about the country, the prettiest and the most beloved are queer little presents thus obtained.

VII

I WANTED, before leaving Kyōto, to visit the tomb of Yuko Hatakeyama. After having vainly inquired of several persons where she was buried, it occurred to me to ask a Buddhist priest who had come to the hotel on some parochial business. He answered at once, "In the cemetery of Makkeiji." Makkeiji was a temple not mentioned in guide-books, and situated somewhere at the outskirts of the city. I took a kuruma forthwith, and found myself at the temple gate after about half an hour's run.

A priest, to whom I announced the purpose of my visit, conducted me to the cemetery — a very large one — and pointed out the grave. The sun of a cloudless autumn day flooded everything with light, and tinged with spectral gold the face of a monument on which I saw, in beautiful large characters very deeply cut, the girl's name, with the Buddhist prefix Retsujo, signifying chaste and true —

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RETSUJO HATAKEYAMA YUKO HAKA

The grave was well kept, and the grass had been recently trimmed. A little wooden awning erected in front of the stone sheltered the offerings of flowers and sprays of shikimi, and a cup of fresh water. I did sincere reverence to the heroic and unselfish spirit, and pronounced the customary formula. Some other visitors, I noticed, saluted the spirit after the Shintō manner. The tombstones were so thickly crowded about the spot that, in order to see the back of the monument, I found I should have to commit the rudeness of stepping on the grave. But I felt sure she would forgive me; so, treading reverently, I passed round, and copied the inscription:

Yuko, of Nagasagori, Kamagawamachi . . . from day of birth always good. . . . Meiji, the twenty-fourth year, the fifth month, the twentieth day . . . cause of sorrow the country having . . . the Kyōto government-house to went . . . and her own throat cut . . . twenty and seven years . . . Tani Tetsuomi made . . . Kyōto-folk-by erected this stone is.

The Buddhist Kaimyō read, "Gi-yu-in-ton-shi-chu-myō-kyō" — apparently signifying, "Right-meaning and valiant woman, instantly attaining to the admirable doctrine of loyalty."

In the temple, the priest showed me the relics and mementos of the tragedy: a small Japanese razor, blood-crusted, with the once white soft paper thickly

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wrapped round its handle caked into one hard red mass; the cheap purse; the girdle and clothing, blood-stiffened (all except the kimono, washed by order of the police before having been given to the temple); letters and memoranda; photographs, which I secured, of Yuko and her tomb; also a photograph of the gathering in the cemetery, where the funeral rites were performed by Shintō priests. This fact interested me; for, although condoned by Buddhism, the suicide could not have been regarded in the same light by the two faiths. The clothing was coarse and cheap: the girl had pawned her best effects to cover the expenses of her journey and her burial. I bought a little book containing the story of her life and death, copies of her last letters, poems written about her by various persons — some of very high rank — and a clumsy portrait. In the photographs of Yuko and her relatives there was nothing remarkable: such types you can meet with every day and anywhere in Japan. The interest of the book was psychological only, as regarded both the author and the subject. The printed letters of Yuko revealed that strange state of Japanese exaltation in which the mind remains capable of giving all possible attention to the most trivial matters of fact, while the terrible purpose never slackens. The memoranda gave like witness:

Meiji twenty-fourth year, fifth month, eighteenth day

5 sen to kurumaya from Nihonbashi to Uyeno.

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Nineteenth day

5 sen to kurumaya to Asakusa Umamachi.
1 sen 5 rin for sharpening something to hair-dresser in Shitaya.
10 yen received from Sano, the pawnbroker in Baba.
20 sen for train to Shincho.
1 yen 2 sen for train from Hama to Shidzuoka.

Twentieth day

2 yen 9 sen for train from Shidzuoka to Hama.
6 sen for postage-stamps for two letters.
14 sen in Kiyomidzu.
12 sen 5 rin for umbrella given to kurumaya.

But in strange contrast to the methodical faculty thus manifested was the poetry of a farewell letter, containing such thoughts as these:

The eighty-eighth night [that is, from the festival of the Setsubun] having passed like a dream, ice changed itself into clear drops, and snow gave place to rain. Then cherry-blossoms came to please everybody; but now, poor things! they begin to fall even before the wind touches them. Again a little while, and the wind will make them fly through the bright air in the pure spring weather. Yet it may be that the hearts of those who love me will not be bright, will feel no pleasant spring. The season of rains will come next, and there will be no joy in their hearts. . . . Oh! what shall I do? There has been no moment in which I have not thought of you. . . . But all ice, all snow, becomes at last free water; the incense buds of the kiku will open even in frost. I pray you, think later about these things. . . . Even now, for me, is the time of frost, the time of kiku buds: if only they can blossom, perhaps I shall please you much. Placed in this world of sorrow, but not to stay, is the destiny of all. I beseech you, think me not unfilial; say to none that you have lost me, that I

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have passed into the darkness. Rather wait and hope for the fortunate time that shall come.

The editor of the pamphlet betrayed rather too much of the Oriental manner of judging woman, even while showering generous praise upon one typical woman. In a letter to the authorities Yuko had spoken of a family claim, and this was criticised as a feminine weakness. She had, indeed, achieved the extinction of personal selfishness, but she had been "very foolish" to speak about her family. In some other ways the book was disappointing. Under the raw, strong light of its commonplace revelations, my little sketch, "Yuko," written in 1894, seemed for the moment much too romantic. And yet the real poetry of the event remained unlessened — the pure ideal that impelled a girl to take her own life merely to give proof of the love and loyalty of a nation. No small, mean, dry facts could ever belittle that large fact.

The sacrifice had stirred the feelings of the nation much more than it had touched my own. Thousands of photographs of Yuko and thousands of copies of the little book about her were sold. Multitudes visited her tomb and made offerings there, and gazed with tender reverence at the relics in Makkeiji; and all this, I thought, for the best of reasons. If commonplace facts are repellent to what we are pleased, in the West, to call "refined feeling," it is proof that the refinement is factitious and the feeling shallow. To the Japanese, who recognize that

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the truth of beauty belongs to the inner being, commonplace details are precious: they help to accentuate and verify the conception of a heroism. Those poor blood-stained trifles — the coarse honest robes and girdle, the little cheap purse, the memoranda of a visit to the pawnbroker, the glimpses of plain, humble, every-day humanity shown by the letters and the photographs and the infinitesimal precision of police records — all serve, like so much ocular evidence, to perfect the generous comprehension of the feeling that made the fact. Had Yuko been the most beautiful person in Japan, and her people of the highest rank, the meaning of her sacrifice would have been far less intimately felt. In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon person who does noble things; and the people, seeing best, by the aid of ordinary facts, what is heroic in one of their own class, feel themselves honored. Many of us in the West will have to learn our ethics over again from the common people. Our cultivated classes have lived so long in an atmosphere of false idealism, mere conventional humbug, that the real, warm, honest human emotions seem to them vulgar; and the natural and inevitable punishment is inability to see, to hear, to feel, and to think. There is more truth in the little verse poor Yuko wrote on the back of her mirror than in most of our conventional idealism:

By one keeping the heart free from stain, virtue and right and wrong are seen clearly as forms in a mirror.

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VIII

I RETURNED by another way, through a quarter which I had never seen before — all temples. A district of great spaces — vast and beautiful and hushed as by enchantment. No dwellings or shops. Pale yellow walls only, sloping back from the roadway on both sides, like fortress walls, but coped with a coping or roofiet of blue tiles; and above these yellow sloping walls (pierced with elfish gates at long, long intervals), great soft hilly masses of foliage — cedar and pine and bamboo — with superbly curved roofs sweeping up through them. Each vista of those silent streets of temples, bathed in the gold of the autumn afternoon, gave me just such a thrill of pleasure as one feels on finding in some poem the perfect utterance of a thought one has tried for years in vain to express.

Yet what was the charm made with? The wonderful walls were but painted mud; the gates and the temples only frames of wood supporting tiles; the shubbery, the stonework, the lotus-ponds, mere landscape-gardening. Nothing solid, nothing enduring; but a combination so beautiful of lines and colors and shadows that no speech could paint it. Nay! even were those earthen walls turned into lemon-colored marble, and their tiling into amethyst; even were the material of the temples transformed into substance precious as that of the palace described in the Sutra of the Great King of Glory — still the

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æsthetic suggestion, the dreamy repose, the mellow loveliness and softness of the scene, could not be in the least enhanced. Perhaps it is just because the material of such creation is so frail that its art is so marvelous. The most wonderful architecture, the most entrancing landscapes, are formed with substance the most imponderable — the substance of clouds.

But those who think of beauty only in connection with costliness, with stability, with "firm reality," should never look for it in this land — well called the Land of Sunrise, for sunrise is the hour of illusions. Nothing is more lovely than a Japanese village among the hills or by the coast when seen just after sunrise — through the slowly lifting blue mists of a spring or autumn morning. But for the matter-of-fact observer, the enchantment passes with the vapors: in the raw, clear light he can find no palaces of amethyst, no sails of gold, but only flimsy sheds of wood and thatch and the unpainted queerness of wooden junks.

So perhaps it is with all that makes life beautiful in any land. To view men or nature with delight, we must see them through illusions, subjective or objective. How they appear to us depends upon the ethical conditions within us. Nevertheless, the real and the unreal are equally illusive in themselves. The vulgar and the rare, the seemingly transient and the seemingly enduring, are all alike mere ghostliness. Happiest he who, from birth to death,

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sees ever through some beautiful haze of the soul — best of all, that haze of love which, like the radiance of this Orient day, turns common things to gold.

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IV

DUST

Let the Bodhisattva look upon all things as having the nature of space, — as permanently equal to space; without essence, without substantiality.

SADDHARMA-PUNDARÎKA

I HAVE wandered to the verge of the town; and the street I followed has roughened into a country road, and begins to curve away through rice-fields toward a hamlet at the foot of the hills. Between town and rice-fields a vague unoccupied stretch of land makes a favorite playground for children. There are trees, and spaces of grass to roll on, and many butterflies, and plenty of little stones. I stop to look at the children.

By the roadside some are amusing themselves with wet clay, making tiny models of mountains and rivers and rice-fields; tiny mud villages, also — imitations of peasants' huts — and little mud temples, and mud gardens with ponds and humped bridges and imitations of stone-lanterns (tōrō); likewise miniature cemeteries, with bits of broken stone for monuments. And they play at funerals, — burying corpses of butterflies and semi (cicadæ), and pretending to repeat Buddhist sutras over the grave. To-morrow they will not dare to do this; for to-morrow will be the first day of the festival of the Dead. During that festival it is strictly forbidden to

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A Farmhouse near Matsue

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molest insects, especially semi, some of which have on their heads little red characters said to be names of Souls.

Children in all countries play at death. Before the sense of personal identity comes, death cannot be seriously considered; and childhood thinks in this regard more correctly, perhaps, than self-conscious maturity. Of course, if these little ones were told, some bright morning, that a playfellow had gone away forever — gone away to be reborn elsewhere — there would be a very real though vague sense of loss, and much wiping of eyes with many-colored sleeves; but presently the loss would be forgotten and the playing resumed. The idea of ceasing to exist could not possibly enter a child-mind: the butterflies and birds, the flowers, the foliage, the sweet summer itself, only play at dying; — they seem to go, but they all come back again after the snow is gone. The real sorrow and fear of death arise in us only through slow accumulation of experience with doubt and pain; and these little boys and girls, being Japanese and Buddhists, will never, in any event, feel about death just as you or I do. They will find reason to fear it for somebody else's sake, but not for their own, because they will learn that they have died millions of times already, and have forgotten the trouble of it, much as one forgets the pain of successive toothaches. In the strangely penetrant light of their creed, teaching the ghostliness of all substance, granite or gossamer — just as

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those lately found X-rays make visible the ghostliness of flesh — this their present world, with its bigger mountains and rivers and rice-fields, will not appear to them much more real than the mud landscapes which they made in childhood. And much more real it probably is not.

At which thought I am conscious of a sudden soft shock, a familiar shock, and know myself seized by the idea of Substance as Non-Reality.

This sense of the voidness of things comes only when the temperature of the air is so equably related to the temperature of life that I can forget having a body. Cold compels painful notions of solidity; cold sharpens the delusion of personality; cold quickens egotism; cold numbs thought, and shrivels up the little wings of dreams.

To-day is one of those warm, hushed days when it is possible to think of things as they are — when ocean, peak, and plain seem no more real than the arching of blue emptiness above them. All is mirage — my physical self, and the sunlit road, and the slow rippling of the grain under a sleepy wind, and the thatched roofs beyond the haze of the rice-fields, and the blue crumpling of the naked hills behind everything. I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted — haunted by the prodigious luminous Spectre of the World.

There are men and women working in those fields.

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Colored moving shadows they are; and the earth under them — out of which they rose, and back to which they will go — is equally shadow. Only the Forces behind the shadow, that make and unmake, are real — therefore viewless.

Somewhat as Night devours all lesser shadow will this phantasmal earth swallow us at last, and itself thereafter vanish away. But the little shadows and the Shadow-Eater must as certainly reappear — must rematerialize somewhere and somehow. This ground beneath me is old as the Milky Way. Call it what you please — clay, soil, dust: its names are but symbols of human sensations having nothing in common with it. Really it is nameless and unnamable, being a mass of energies, tendencies, infinite possibilities; for it was made by the beating of that shoreless Sea of Birth and Death whose surges billow unseen out of eternal Night to burst in foam of stars. Lifeless it is not: it feeds upon life, and visible life grows out of it. Dust it is of Karma, waiting to enter into novel combinations — dust of elder Being in that state between birth and birth which the Buddhist calls Chū-U. It is made of forces, and of nothing else; and those forces are not of this planet only, but of vanished spheres innumerable.

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed with sentiency? — atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? — air that has never been cry or speech? — drop that has

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never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. Deity also it has been, — the Sun-God of worlds that circled and worshiped in other æons. "Remember, Man, thou art but dust!" — a saying profound only as materialism, which stops short at surfaces. For what is dust?

> Remember, Dust, thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! . . . Thou hast been Light, Life, Love; — and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!

For this Cosmic Apparition is more than evolution alternating with dissolution: it is infinite metempsychosis; it is perpetual palingenesis. Those old predictions of a bodily resurrection were not falsehoods; they were rather foreshadowings of a truth vaster than all myths and deeper than all religions.

Suns yield up their ghosts of flame; but out of their graves new suns rush into being. Corpses of worlds pass all to some solar funeral pyre; but out of their own ashes they are born again. This earth must die; her seas shall be Saharas. But those seas once existed in the sun; and their dead tides, revived by fire, will pour their thunder upon the coasts of another world. Transmigration — transmutation: these are not fables! What is impossible? Not the dreams of alchemists and poets; — dross may indeed

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be changed to gold, the jewel to the living eye, the flower into flesh. What is impossible? If seas can pass from world to sun, from sun to world again, what of the dust of dead selves — dust of memory and thought? Resurrection there is — but a resurrection more stupendous than any dreamed of by Western creeds. Dead emotions will revive as surely as dead suns and moons. Only, so far as we can just now discern, there will be no return of identical individualities. The reapparition will always be a recombination of the preëxisting, a readjustment of affinities, a reintegration of being informed with the experience of anterior being. The Cosmos is a Karma.

Merely by reason of illusion and folly do we shrink from the notion of self-instability. For what is our individuality? Most certainly it is not individuality at all: it is multiplicity incalculable. What is the human body? A form built up out of billions of living entities, an impermanent agglomeration of individuals called cells. And the human soul? A composite of quintillions of souls. We are, each and all, infinite compounds of fragments of anterior lives. And the universal process that continually dissolves and continually constructs personality has always been going on, and is even at this moment going on, in every one of us. What being ever had a totally new feeling, an absolutely new idea? All our emotions and thoughts and wishes, however chang-

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ing and growing through the varying seasons of life, are only compositions and recompositions of the sensation and ideas and desires of other folk, mostly of dead people — millions of billions of dead people. Cells and souls are themselves recombinations, present aggregations of past knittings of forces, — forces about which nothing is known save that they belong to the Shadow-Makers of universes.

Whether you (by *you* I mean any other agglomeration of souls) really wish for immortality as an agglomeration, I cannot tell. But I confess that "my mind to me a kingdom is" — not! Rather it is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America; and the nominal government, supposed to be rational, declares that an eternity of such anarchy is not desirable. I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water (sea-water, I think), and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops. I have souls longing for the tumult of great cities, and souls longing to dwell in tropical solitude; — souls, also, in various stages of naked savagery; — souls demanding nomad freedom without tribute; — souls conservative, delicate, loyal to empire and to feudal tradition, and souls that are Nihilists, deserving Siberia; — sleepless souls, hating inaction, and hermit souls, dwelling in such meditative isolation that only at intervals of years can I feel them moving about; — souls that have faith in fetiches; — polytheistic souls; — souls proclaiming Islam; —

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and souls mediæval, loving cloister shadow and incense and glimmer of tapers and the awful altitude of Gothic glooms. Coöperation among all these is not to be thought of: always there is trouble — revolt, confusion, civil war. The majority detest this state of things: multitudes would gladly emigrate. And the wiser minority feel that they need never hope for better conditions until after the total demolition of the existing social structure.

I an individual — an individual soul! Nay, I am a population — a population unthinkable for multitude, even by groups of a thousand millions! Generations of generations I am, æons of æons! Countless times the concourse now making me has been scattered, and mixed with other scatterings. Of what concern, then, the next disintegration? Perhaps, after trillions of ages of burning in different dynasties of suns, the very best of me may come together again.

If one could only imagine some explanation of the Why! The questions of the Whence and the Whither are much less troublesome, since the Present assures us, even though vaguely, of Future and Past. But the Why!

The cooing voice of a little girl dissolves my reverie. She is trying to teach a child brother how to make the Chinese character for Man — I mean

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Man with a big M. First she draws in the dust a stroke sloping downwards from right to left, so:

then she draws another curving downwards from left to right, thus:

joining the two so as to form the perfect ji, or character, hito, meaning a person of either sex, or mankind:

Then she tries to impress the idea of this shape on the baby memory by help of a practical illustration — probably learned at school. She breaks a slip of wood in two pieces, and manages to balance the pieces against each other at about the same angle as that made by the two strokes of the character. "Now see," she says: "each stands only by help of the other. One by itself cannot stand. Therefore the ji is like mankind. Without help one person cannot live in this world; but by getting help and giving help everybody can live. If nobody helped anybody, all people would fall down and die."

This explanation is not philologically exact; the two strokes evolutionally standing for a pair of legs — all that survives in the modern ideograph of the whole man figured in the primitive picture-writing. But the pretty moral fancy is much more important

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than the scientific fact. It is also one charming example of that old-fashioned method of teaching which invested every form and every incident with ethical signification. Besides, as a mere item of moral information, it contains the essence of all earthly religion, and the best part of all earthly philosophy. A world-priestess she is, this dear little maid, with her dove's voice and her innocent gospel of one letter! Verily in that gospel lies the only possible present answer to ultimate problems. Were its whole meaning universally felt — were its whole suggestion of the spiritual and material law of love and help universally obeyed — forthwith, according to the Idealists, this seemingly solid visible world would vanish away like smoke! For it has been written that in whatsoever time all human minds accord in thought and will with the mind of the Teacher, *there shall not remain even one particle of dust that does not enter into Buddhahood.*

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V

ABOUT FACES IN JAPANESE ART

I

A VERY interesting essay upon the Japanese art collections in the National Library was read by Mr. Edward Strange at a meeting of the Japan Society held last year in London. Mr. Strange proved his appreciation of Japanese art by an exposition of its principles — the subordination of detail to the expression of a sensation or idea, the subordination of the particular to the general. He spoke especially of the decorative element in Japanese art, and of the Ukiyo-yé school of color-printing. He remarked that even the heraldry of Japan, as illustrated in little books costing only a few pence each, contained "an education in the planning of conventional ornament." He referred to the immense industrial value of Japanese stencil designs. He tried to explain the nature of the advantage likely to be gained in the art of book illustration from the careful study of Japanese methods; and he indicated the influence of those methods in the work of such artists as Aubrey Beardsley, Edgar Wilson, Steinlen Ibels, Whistler, Grasset, Cheret, and Lantrec. Finally, he pointed out the harmony between certain Japanese principles and the doctrines of one of the modern Western schools of Impressionism.

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Such an address could hardly fail to provoke adverse criticism in England, because it suggested a variety of new ideas. English opinion does not prohibit the importation of ideas: the public will even complain if fresh ideas be not regularly set before it. But its requirement of them is aggressive: it wants to have an intellectual battle over them. To persuade its unquestioning acceptance of new beliefs or thoughts — to coax it to jump to a conclusion — were about as easy as to make the mountains skip like rams. Though willing to be convinced, providing the idea does not appear "morally dangerous," it must first be assured of the absolute correctness of every step in the mental process by which the novel conclusion has been reached. That Mr. Strange's just but almost enthusiastic admiration of Japanese art could pass without challenge was not possible; yet one would scarcely have anticipated a challenge from the ranks of the Japan Society itself. The report, however, shows that Mr. Strange's views were received even by that society in the characteristic English way. The idea that English artists could learn anything important from the study of Japanese methods was practically poohpoohed; and the criticisms made by various members indicated that the philosophic part of the paper had been either misunderstood or unnoticed. One gentleman innocently complained that he could not imagine "why Japanese art should be utterly wanting in facial expression." Another

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declared that there could never have been any lady like the ladies of the Japanese prints; and he described the faces therein portrayed as "absolutely insane."

Then came the most surprising incident of the evening — the corroboration of these adverse criticisms by His Excellency the Japanese Minister, with the apologetic remark that the prints referred to "were only regarded as common things in Japan." Common things! Common, perhaps, in the judgment of other generations; æsthetic luxuries today. The artists named were Hokusai, Toyokuni, Hiroshigé, Kuniyoshi, Kunisada! But His Excellency seemed to think the subject trifling; for he took occasion to call away the attention of the meeting, irrelevantly as patriotically, to the triumphs of the war. In this he reflected faithfully the Japanese Zeitgeist, which can scarcely now endure the foreign praise of Japanese art. Unfortunately, those dominated by the just and natural martial pride of the hour do not reflect that while the development and maintenance of great armaments — unless effected with the greatest economical caution — might lead in short order to national bankruptcy, the future industrial prosperity of the country is likely to depend in no small degree upon the conservation and cultivation of the national art sense. Nay, those very means by which Japan won her late victories were largely purchased by the commercial results of that very art sense to which His Excellency seemed

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to attach no importance. Japan must continue to depend upon her æsthetic faculty, even in so commonplace a field of industry as the manufacture of mattings; for in mere cheap production she will never be able to undersell China.

II

ALTHOUGH the criticisms provoked by Mr. Strange's essay were unjust to Japanese art, they were natural, and indicated nothing worse than ignorance of that art and miscomprehension of its purpose. It is not an art of which the meaning can be read at a glance: years of study are necessary for a right comprehension of it. I cannot pretend that I have mastered the knowledge of its moods and tenses, but I can say truthfully that the faces in the old picture-books and in the cheap prints of to-day, especially those of the illustrated Japanese newspapers, do not seem to me in the least unreal, much less "absolutely insane." There was a time when they did appear to me fantastic. Now I find them always interesting, occasionally beautiful. If I am told that no other European would say so, then I must declare all other Europeans wrong. I feel sure that, if these faces seem to most Occidentals either absurd or soulless, it is only because most Occidentals do not understand them; and even if his excellency the Japanese Minister to England be willing to accept the statement that no Japanese women ever resembled the women of the Japanese picture-books and cheap

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prints, I must still refuse to do so.[1] Those pictures, I contend, are true, and reflect intelligence, grace, and beauty. I see the women of the Japanese picture-books in every Japanese street. I have beheld in actual life almost every normal type of face to be found in a Japanese picture-book: the child and the girl, the bride and the mother, the matron and the grandparent; poor and rich; charming or commonplace or vulgar. If I am told that trained art critics who have lived in Japan laugh at this assertion, I reply that they cannot have lived in Japan long enough, or felt her life intimately enough, or studied her art impartially enough, to qualify themselves to understand even the commonest Japanese drawing.

Before I came to Japan I used to be puzzled by the absence of facial expression in certain Japanese pictures. I confess that the faces, although not even then devoid of a certain weird charm, seemed to me impossible. Afterwards, during the first two years of Far-Eastern experience — that period in which the stranger is apt to imagine that he is learning all about a people whom no Occidental can ever really understand — I could recognize the

[1] That Japanese art is capable of great things in ideal facial expression is sufficiently proved by its Buddhist images. In ordinary prints the intentional conventionalism of the faces is hardly noticeable when the drawing is upon a small scale; and the suggestion of beauty is more readily perceived in such cases. But when the drawing has a certain dimension — when the face-oval, for instance, has a diameter of more than an inch — the same treatment may seem inexplicable to eyes accustomed to elaborated detail.

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grace and truth of certain forms, and feel something of the intense charm of color in Japanese prints; but I had no perception of the deeper meaning of that art. Even the full significance of its color I did not know: much that was simply true I then thought outlandish. While conscious of the charm of many things, the reason of the charm I could not guess. I imagined the apparent conventionalism of the faces to indicate the arrested development of an otherwise marvelous art faculty. It never occurred to me that they might be conventional only in the sense of symbols which, once interpreted, would reveal more than ordinary Western drawing can express. But this was because I still remained under old barbaric influences — influences that blinded me to the meaning of Japanese drawing. And now, having at last learned a little, it is the Western art of illustration that appears to me conventional, undeveloped, semi-barbarous. The pictorial attractions of English weeklies and of American magazines now impress me as flat, coarse, and clumsy. My opinion on the subject, however, is limited to the ordinary class of Western illustration as compared with the ordinary class of Japanese prints.

Perhaps somebody will say that, even granting my assertion, the meaning of any true art should need no interpretation, and that the inferior character of Japanese work is proved by the admission that its meaning is not universally recognizable. Whoever makes such a criticism must imagine West-

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ern art to be everywhere equally intelligible. Some of it — the very best — probably is; and some of Japanese art also is. But I can assure the reader that the ordinary art of Western book illustration or magazine engraving is just as incomprehensible to Japanese as Japanese drawings are to Europeans who have never seen Japan. For a Japanese to understand our common engravings, he must have lived abroad. For an Occidental to perceive the truth, or the beauty, or the humor of Japanese drawings, he must know the life which those drawings reflect.

One of the critics at the meeting of the Japan Society found fault with the absence of facial expression in Japanese drawing as conventional. He compared Japanese art on this ground with the art of the old Egyptians, and held both inferior because restricted by convention. Yet surely the age which makes Laocoön a classic ought to recognize that Greek art itself was not free from conventions. It was an art which we can scarcely hope ever to equal; but it was more conventional than any existing form of art. And since it proved that even the divine could find development within the limits of artistic convention, the charge of formality is not a charge worth making against Japanese art. Somebody may respond that Greek conventions were conventions of beauty, while those of Japanese drawing have neither beauty nor meaning. But such a statement is possible only because Japanese art has not yet

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found its Winckelmann nor its Lessing, whereas Greek art, by the labor of generations of modern critics and teachers, has been made somewhat more comprehensible to us than it could have been to our barbarian forefathers. The Greek conventional face cannot be found in real life, no living head presenting so large a facial angle; but the Japanese conventional face can be seen everywhere, when once the real value of its symbol in art is properly understood. The face of Greek art represents an impossible perfection, a superhuman evolution. The seemingly inexpressive face drawn by the Japanese artists represents the living, the actual, the everyday. The former is a dream; the latter is a common fact.

III

A PARTIAL explanation of the apparent physiognomical conventionalism in Japanese drawing is just that law of the subordination of individualism to type, of personality to humanity, of detail to feeling, which the miscomprehended lecturer, Mr. Edward Strange, vainly tried to teach the Japan Society something about. The Japanese artist depicts an insect, for example, as no European artist can do: he makes it live; he shows its peculiar motion, its character, everything by which it is at once distinguished as a type — and all this with a few brush-strokes. But he does not attempt to represent every vein upon each of its wings, every separate joint of its anten-

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næ:[1] he depicts it as it is really seen at a glance, not as studied in detail. We never see all the details of the body of a grasshopper, a butterfly, or a bee, in the moment that we perceive it perching somewhere; we observe only enough to enable us to decide what kind of a creature it is. We see the typical, never the individual peculiarities. Therefore the Japanese artist paints the type alone. To reproduce every detail would be to subordinate the type character to the individual peculiarity. A very minute detail is rarely brought out except when the instant recognition of the type is aided by the recognition of the detail; as, for example, when a ray of light happens to fall upon the joint of a cricket's leg, or to reverberate from the mail of a dragonfly in a double-colored metallic flash. So likewise in painting a flower, the artist does not depict a particular, but a typical flower: he shows the morphological law of the species, or, to speak symbolically, nature's thought behind the form. The results of this method may astonish even scientific men. Alfred Russel Wallace speaks of a collection of Japanese sketches of plants as "the most masterly things" that he ever saw. "Every stem, twig, and leaf," he declares, "is *produced by single touches of the brush;* the character and perspective of very complicated plants being admirably

[1] Unless he carves it. In that case, his insect — cut in bone or horn or ivory, and appropriately colored — can sometimes scarcely be distinguished from a real insect, except by its weight, when held in the hand. Such absolute realism, however, is only curious, not artistic.

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given, and the articulations of stem and leaves shown in a most scientific manner." (The italics are my own.) Observe that while the work is simplicity itself, "produced by single touches of the brush," it is nevertheless, in the opinion of one of the greatest living naturalists, "most scientific." And why? Because it shows the type character and the law of the type. So again, in portraying rocks and cliffs, hills and plains, the Japanese artist gives us the general character, not the wearisome detail of masses; and yet the detail is admirably suggested by this perfect study of the larger law. Or look at his color studies of sunsets and sunrises: he never tries to present every minute fact within range of vision, but offers us only those great luminous tones and chromatic blendings which, after a thousand petty details have been forgotten, still linger in the memory, and there re-create the *feeling* of what has been seen.

Now this general law of the art applies to Japanese representations of the human figure, and also (though here other laws too come into play) of the human face. The general types are given, and often with a force that the cleverest French sketcher could scarcely emulate; the personal trait, the individual peculiarity, is not given. Even when, in the humor of caricature or in dramatic representation, facial expression is strongly marked, it is rendered by typical, not by individual characteristics, just as it was rendered upon the antique stage by the conventional masks of Greek actors.

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IV

A FEW general remarks about the treatment of faces in ordinary Japanese drawing may help to the understanding of what that treatment teaches.

Youth is indicated by the absence of all but essential touches, and by the clean, smooth curves of the face and neck. Excepting the touches which suggest eyes, nose, and mouth, there are no lines. The curves speak sufficiently of fullness, smoothness, ripeness. For story-illustration it is not necessary to elaborate feature, as the age or condition is indicated by the style of the coiffure and the fashion of the dress. In female figures, the absence of eyebrows indicates the wife or widow; a straggling tress signifies grief; troubled thought is shown by an unmistakable pose or gesture. Hair, costume, and attitude are indeed enough to explain almost everything. But the Japanese artist knows how, by means of extremely delicate variations in the direction and position of the half dozen touches indicating feature, to give some hint of character, whether sympathetic or unsympathetic; and this hint is seldom lost upon a Japanese eye.[1] Again, an almost imperceptible

[1] In modern Japanese newspaper illustrations (I refer particularly to the admirable woodcuts illustrating the feuilletons of the Ōsaka *Asahi Shimbun*) these indications are quite visible even to a practiced foreign eye. The artist of the *Asahi Shimbun* is a woman.

I am here reminded of a curious fact which I do not remember having seen mention of in any book about Japan. The newly arrived Westerner often complains of his inability to distinguish one Japanese from another, and attributes this difficulty to the absence of strongly marked

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hardening or softening of these touches has moral significance. Still, this is never individual: it is only the hint of a physiognomical law. In the case of immature youth (boy and girl faces), there is merely a general indication of softness and gentleness — the abstract rather than the concrete charm of childhood.

In the portrayal of maturer types the lines are more numerous and more accentuated — illustrating the fact that character necessarily becomes more marked in middle age, as the facial muscles begin to show. But there is only the suggestion of this change, not any study of individualism.

In the representation of old age, the Japanese artist gives us all the wrinkles, the hollows, the shrinking of tissues, the "crow's-feet," the gray hairs, the change in the line of the face following upon loss of teeth. His old men and women show character. They delight us by a certain worn sweetness of expression, a look of benevolent resignation; or they repel us by an aspect of hardened cunning, avarice, or envy. There are many types of old age; but they are types of human conditions, not of personality. The picture is not drawn from a model; it is not the reflection of an individual existence: its value is made by the recognition which it exhibits of a general physiognomical or biological law.

physiognomy in the race. He does not imagine that our more sharply accentuated Occidental physiognomy produces the very same effect upon the Japanese. Many and many a one has said to me, "For a long time I found it very hard to tell one foreigner from another: they all seemed to me alike."

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Here it is worth while to notice that the reserves of Japanese art in the matter of facial expression accord with the ethics of Oriental society. For ages the rule of conduct has been to mask all personal feeling as far as possible — to hide pain and passion under an exterior semblance of smiling amiability or of impassive resignation. One key to the enigmas of Japanese art is Buddhism.

V

I HAVE said that when I now look at a foreign illustrated newspaper or magazine I can find little pleasure in the engravings. Most often they repel me. The drawing seems to me coarse and hard, and the realism of the conception petty. Such work leaves nothing to the imagination, and usually betrays the effort which it cost. A common Japanese drawing leaves much to the imagination — nay, irresistibly stimulates it — and never betrays effort. Everything in a common European engraving is detailed and individualized. Everything in a Japanese drawing is impersonal and suggestive. The former reveals no law: it is a study of particularities. The latter invariably teaches something of law, and suppresses particularities except in their relation to law.

One may often hear Japanese say that Western art is too realistic; and the judgment contains truth. But the realism in it which offends Japanese taste, especially in the matter of facial expression, is not found fault with merely because of minuteness of

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detail. Detail in itself is not condemned by any art; and the highest art is that in which detail is most exquisitely elaborated. The art which saw the divine, which rose above nature's best, which discovered supramundane ideals for animal and even floral shapes, was characterized by the sharpest possible perfection of detail. And in the higher Japanese art, as in the Greek, the use of detail aids rather than opposes the aspirational aim. What most displeases in the realism of our modern illustration is not multiplicity of detail, but, as we shall presently see, *signification* of detail.

The queerest fact about the suppression of physiognomical detail in Japanese art is that this suppression is most evident just where we should least expect to find it, namely, in those creations called "This-miserable-world pictures" (Ukiyo-yé), or, to use a corresponding Western term, "Pictures of this Vale of Tears." For although the artists of this school have really given us pictures of a very beautiful and happy world, they professed to reflect truth. One form of truth they certainly presented, but after a manner at variance with our common notions of realism. The Ukiyo-yé artist drew actualities, but not repellent or meaningless actualities; proving his rank even more by his refusal than by his choice of subjects. He looked for dominant laws of contrast and color, for the general character of nature's combinations, for the order of the beautiful as it was and is. Otherwise his art was in no sense aspirational; it

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was the art of the larger comprehension of things as they are. Thus he was rightly a realist, notwithstanding that his realism appears only in the study of constants, generalities, types. And as expressing the synthesis of common fact, the systematization of natural law, this Japanese art is by its method scientific in the true sense. The higher art, the aspirational art (whether Japanese or old Greek), is, on the contrary, essentially religious by its method.

Where the scientific and the aspirational extremes of art touch, one may expect to find some universal æsthetic truth recognized by both. They agree in their impersonality: they refuse to individualize. And the lesson of the very highest art that ever existed suggests the true reason for this common refusal.

What does the charm of an antique head express, whether in marble, gem, or mural painting — for instance, that marvelous head of Leucothea which prefaces the work of Winckelmann? Needless to seek the reply from works of mere art critics. Science alone can furnish it. You will find it in Herbert Spencer's essay on "Personal Beauty." The beauty of such a head signifies a superhumanly perfect development and balance of the intellectual faculties. All those variations of feature constituting what we call "expression" represent departures from a perfect type just in proportion as they represent what is termed "character"; — and they are, or ought to be, more or less disagreeable or painful

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because "the aspects which please us are the outward correlatives of inward perfections, and the aspects which displease us are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections." Mr. Spencer goes on to say that although there are often grand natures behind plain faces, and although fine countenances frequently hide small souls, "these anomalies do not destroy the general truth of the law any more than the perturbations of planets destroy the general ellipticity of their orbits."

Both Greek and Japanese art recognized the physiognomical truth which Mr. Spencer put into the simple formula, "*Expression is feature in the making.*" The highest art, Greek art, rising above the real to reach the divine, gives us the dream of feature perfected. Japanese realism, so much larger than our own as to be still misunderstood, gives us only "feature in the making," or rather, the general law of feature in the making.

VI

THUS we reach the common truth recognized equally by Greek art and by Japanese art, namely, the non-moral significance of individual expression. And our admiration of the art reflecting personality is, of course, non-moral, since the delineation of individual imperfection is not, in the ethical sense, a subject for admiration.

Although the facial aspects which really attract us may be considered the outward correlatives of

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inward perfections, or of approaches to perfections, we generally confess an interest in physiognomy which by no means speaks to us of inward *moral* perfections, but rather suggests perfections of the reverse order. This fact is manifested even in daily life. When we exclaim, "What force!" on seeing a head with prominent bushy brows, incisive nose, deep-set eyes, and a massive jaw, we are indeed expressing our recognition of force, but only of the sort of force underlying instincts of aggression and brutality. When we commend the character of certain strong aquiline faces, certain so-called Roman profiles, we are really commending the traits that mark a race of prey. It is true that we do not admire faces in which only brutal, or cruel, or cunning traits exist; but it is true also that we admire the indications of obstinacy, aggressiveness, and harshness when united with certain indications of intelligence. It may even be said that we associate the idea of manhood with the idea of aggressive power more than with the idea of any other power. Whether this power be physical or intellectual, we estimate it in our popular preferences, at least, above the really superior powers of the mind, and call intelligent cunning by the euphemism of "shrewdness." Probably the manifestation in some modern human being of the Greek ideal of masculine beauty would interest the average observer less than a face presenting an abnormal development of traits the reverse of noble — since the intellectual significance of per-

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fect beauty could be realized only by persons capable of appreciating the miracle of a perfect balance of the highest possible human faculties. In modern art we look for the feminine beauty which appeals to the feeling of sex, or for that child-beauty which appeals to the instincts of parenthood; and we should characterize real beauty in the portrayal of manhood not only as unnatural, but as effeminate. War and love are still the two dominant tones in that reflection of modern life which our serious art gives. But it will be noticed that when the artist would exhibit the ideal of beauty or of virtue, he is still obliged to borrow from antique knowledge. As a borrower, he is never quite successful, since he belongs to a humanity in many respects much below the ancient Greek level. A German philosopher has well said, "The resuscitated Greeks would, with perfect truth, declare our works of art in all departments to be thoroughly barbarous." How could they be otherwise in an age which openly admires intelligence less because of its power to create and preserve than because of its power to crush and destroy?

Why this admiration of capacities which we should certainly not like to have exercised against ourselves? Largely, no doubt, because we admire what we wish to possess, and we understand the immense value of aggressive power, intellectual especially, in the great competitive struggle of modern civilization.

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As reflecting both the trivial actualities and the personal emotionalism of Western life, our art would be found ethically not only below Greek art, but even below Japanese. Greek art expressed the aspiration of a race toward the divinely beautiful and the divinely wise. Japanese art reflects the simple joy of existence, the perception of natural law in form and color, the perception of natural law in change, and the sense of life made harmonious by social order and by self-suppression. Modern Western art reflects the thirst of pleasure, the idea of life as a battle for the right to enjoy, and the unamiable qualities which are indispensable to success in the competitive struggle.

It has been said that the history of Western civilization is written in Western physiognomy. It is at least interesting to study Western facial expression through Oriental eyes. I have frequently amused myself by showing European or American illustrations to Japanese children, and hearing their artless comments upon the faces therein depicted. A complete record of these comments might prove to have value as well as interest; but for present purposes I shall offer only the results of two experiments.

The first was with a little boy, nine years old, before whom, one evening, I placed several numbers of an illustrated magazine. After turning over a few of the pages, he exclaimed, "Why do foreign artists like to draw horrible things?"

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"What horrible things?" I inquired.

"These," he said, pointing to a group of figures representing voters at the polls.

"Why, those are not horrible," I answered. "We think those drawings very good."

"But the faces! There cannot really be such faces in the world."

"We think those are ordinary men. Really horrible faces we very seldom draw."

He stared in surprise, evidently suspecting that I was not in earnest.

To a little girl of eleven I showed some engravings representing famous European beauties.

"They do not look bad," was her comment. "But they seem so much like men, and their eyes are so big! . . . Their mouths are pretty."

The mouth signifies a great deal in Japanese physiognomy, and the child was in this regard appreciative. I then showed her some drawings from life, in a New York periodical. She asked, "Is it true that there are people like those pictures?"

"Plenty," I said. "Those are good, common faces — mostly country folk, farmers."

"Farmers! They are like Oni [demons] from the jigoku [Buddhist hell]."

"No," I answered, "there is nothing very bad in those faces. We have faces in the West very much worse."

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"Only to see them," she exclaimed, "I should die! I do not like this book."

I set before her a Japanese picture-book — a book of views of the Tokaido. She clapped her hands joyfully, and pushed my half-inspected foreign magazine out of the way.

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VI

NINGYŌ-NO-HAKA

MANYEMON had coaxed the child indoors, and made her eat. She appeared to be about eleven years old, intelligent, and pathetically docile. Her name was Iné, which means "springing rice"; and her frail slimness made the name seem appropriate.

When she began, under Manyemon's gentle persuasion, to tell her story, I anticipated something queer from the accompanying change in her voice. She spoke in a high thin sweet tone, perfectly even — a tone changeless and unemotional as the chanting of the little kettle over its charcoal bed. Not unfrequently in Japan one may hear a girl or a woman utter something touching or cruel or terrible in just such a steady, level, penetrating tone, but never anything indifferent. It always means that feeling is being kept under control.

"There were six of us at home," said Iné — "mother and father and father's mother, who was very old, and my brother and myself, and a little sister. Father was a hyōguya, a paper-hanger: he papered sliding-screens and also mounted kakemono. Mother was a hairdresser. My brother was apprenticed to a seal-cutter.

"Father and mother did well: mother made even

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more money than father. We had good clothes and good food; and we never had any real sorrow until father fell sick.

"It was the middle of the hot season. Father had always been healthy; we did not think that his sickness was dangerous, and he did not think so himself. But the very next day he died. We were very much surprised. Mother tried to hide her heart, and to wait upon her customers as before. But she was not very strong, and the pain of father's death came too quickly. Eight days after father's funeral, mother also died. It was so sudden that everybody wondered. Then the neighbors told us that we must make a ningyō-no-haka at once — or else there would be another death in our house. My brother said they were right; but he put off doing what they told him. Perhaps he did not have money enough, I do not know; but the haka was not made." . . .

"What is a ningyō-no-haka?" I interrupted.

"I think," Manyemon made answer, "that you have seen many ningyō-no-haka without knowing what they were; — they look just like graves of children. It is believed that when two of a family die in the same year, a third also must soon die. There is a saying, *Always three graves*. So when two out of one family have been buried in the same year, a third grave is made next to the graves of those two, and in it is put a coffin containing only a little figure of straw — wara-ningyō; and over that grave a small

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A Funeral Procession

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tombstone is set up, bearing a kaimyō.[1] The priests of the temple to which the graveyard belongs write the kaimyō for these little gravestones. By making a ningyō-no-haka it is thought that a death may be prevented. . . . We listen for the rest, Iné."

The child resumed:

"There were still four of us — grandmother, brother, myself, and my little sister. My brother was nineteen years old. He had finished his apprenticeship just before father died: we thought that was like the pity of the gods for us. He had become the head of the house. He was very skillful in his business, and had many friends: therefore he could maintain us. He made thirteen yen the first month; — that is very good for a seal-cutter. One evening he came home sick: he said that his head hurt him. Mother had then been dead forty-seven days. That evening he could not eat. Next morning he was not able to get up; — he had a very hot fever: we nursed him as well as we could, and sat up at night to watch by him; but he did not get better. On the morning of the third day of his sickness we became frightened because he began to talk to mother. It was the forty-ninth day after mother's death — the day the Soul leaves the house; — and brother spoke as if mother was calling him: 'Yes, mother, yes! — in a little while I shall come!' Then he told us that mother was pulling him by the sleeve. He would point with

[1] The posthumous Buddhist name of the person buried is chiseled upon the tomb or haka.

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his hand and call to us: 'There she is! — there! — do you not see her?' We would tell him that we could not see anything. Then he would say, 'Ah! you did not look quick enough: she is hiding now; — she has gone down under the floormats.' All the morning he talked like that. At last grandmother stood up, and stamped her foot on the floor, and reproached mother — speaking very loud. 'Taka!' she said, 'Taka, what you do is very wrong. When you were alive we all loved you. None of us ever spoke unkind words to you. Why do you now want to take the boy? You know that he is the only pillar of our house. You know that if you take him there will not be any one to care for the ancestors. You know that if you take him, you will destroy the family name! O Taka, it is cruel! it is shameful! it is wicked!' Grandmother was so angry that all her body trembled. Then she sat down and cried; and I and my little sister cried. But our brother said that mother was still pulling him by the sleeve. When the sun went down, he died.

"Grandmother wept, and stroked us, and sang a little song that she made herself. I can remember it still:

Oya no nai ko to
Hamabé no chidori:
Higuré-higuré ni
Sodé shiboru.[1]

[1] "Children without parents, like the seagulls of the coast. Evening after evening the sleeves are wrung." The word chidori — indiscriminately applied to many kinds of birds — is here used for seagull. The

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"So the third grave was made, — but it was not a ningyō-no-haka; — and that was the end of our house. We lived with kindred until winter, when grandmother died. She died in the night — when, nobody knew: in the morning she seemed to be sleeping, but she was dead. Then I and my little sister were separated. My sister was adopted by a tatamiya, a mat-maker — one of father's friends. She is kindly treated: she even goes to school!"

"Aa fushigi na koto da! — aa komatta ne?" murmured Manyemon. Then there was a moment or two of sympathetic silence. Iné prostrated herself in thanks, and rose to depart. As she slipped her feet under the thongs of her sandals, I moved toward the spot where she had been sitting, to ask the old man a question. She perceived my intention, and immediately made an indescribable sign to Manyemon, who responded by checking me just as I was going to sit down beside him.

"She wishes," he said, "that the master will honorably strike the matting first."

"But why?" I asked in surprise — noticing only that under my unshod feet, the spot where the child had been kneeling felt comfortably warm.

Manyemon answered:

"She believes that to sit down upon the place

cries of the seagull are thought to express melancholy and desolation: hence the comparison. The long sleeve of the Japanese robe is used to wipe the eyes as well as to hide the face in moments of grief. To "wring the sleeve" — that is, to wring the moisture from a tear-drenched sleeve — is a frequent expression in Japanese poetry.

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made warm by the body of another is to take into one's own life all the sorrow of that other person — unless the place be stricken first."

Whereat I sat down without performing the rite; and we both laughed.

"Iné," said Manyemon, "the master takes your sorrows upon him. He wants" — I cannot venture to render Manyemon's honorifics — "to understand the pain of other people. You need not fear for him, Iné."

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VII

IN ŌSAKA

Takaki ya ni
Noborité miréba
Kemuri tatsu; —
Tami no kamado wa
Nigiwai ni kéri.

(When I ascend a high place and look about me, lo! the smoke is rising: the cooking ranges of the people are busy.)

Song of the Emperor Nintoku

I

NEARLY three hundred years ago, Captain John Saris, visiting Japan in the service of the "Right Honourable Companye, ye. marchants of London trading into ye. East Indyes," wrote concerning the great city of Ōsaka (as the name is now transliterated):

We found Osaca to be a very great towne, as great as London within the walls, with many faire timber bridges of a great height, seruing to passe ouer a riuer there as wide as the Thames at London. Some faire houses we found there, but not many. It is one of the chiefe seaports of all Iapan; hauing a castle in it, maruellous large and strong . . .

What Captain Saris said of the Ōsaka of the seventeenth century is almost equally true of the Ōsaka of to-day. It is still a very great city and one of the chief seaports of all Japan; it contains, according to the Occidental idea, "some faire houses"; it has

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many "faire timber bridges" (as well as bridges of steel and stone) — "seruing to passe ouer a river as wide as the Thames at London" — the Yodogawa; and the castle "marvellous large and strong," built by Hideyoshi after the plan of a Chinese fortress of the Han dynasty, still remains something for military engineers to wonder at, in spite of the disappearance of the many-storied towers, and the destruction (in 1868) of the magnificent palace.

Ōsaka is more than two thousand five hundred years old, and therefore one of the most ancient cities of Japan — though its present name, a contraction of Oye no Saka, meaning the High Land of the Great River, is believed to date back only to the fifteenth century, before which time it was called Naniwa. Centuries before Europe knew of the existence of Japan, Ōsaka was the great financial and commercial centre of the empire; and it is that still. Through all the feudal era, the merchants of Ōsaka were the bankers and creditors of the Japanese princes: they exchanged the revenues of rice for silver and gold; — they kept in their miles of fireproof warehouses the national stores of cereals, of cotton, and of silk; — and they furnished to great captains the sinews of war. Hideyoshi made Ōsaka his military capital; — Iyeyasu, jealous and keen, feared the great city, and deemed it necessary to impoverish its capitalists because of their financial power.

The Ōsaka of 1896, covering a vast area has a

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population of about 670,000. As to extent and population, it is now only the second city of the empire; but it remains, as Count Okuma remarked in a recent speech, financially, industrially, and commercially superior to Tōkyō. Sakai, and Hyōgo, and Kobé are really but its outer ports; and the last-named is visibly outgrowing Yokohama. It is confidently predicted, both by foreigners and by Japanese, that Kobé will become the chief port of foreign trade, because Ōsaka is able to attract to herself the best business talent of the country. At present the foreign import and export trade of Ōsaka represents about $120,000,000 a year; and its inland and coasting trade are immense. Almost everything which everybody wants is made in Ōsaka; and there are few comfortable Japanese homes in any part of the empire to the furnishing of which Ōsaka industry has not contributed something. This was probably the case long before Tōkyō existed. There survives an ancient song of which the burden runs — "Every day to Ōsaka come a thousand ships." Junks only, in the time when the song was written; steamers also to-day, and deep-sea travelers of all rigs. Along the wharves you can ride for miles by a seemingly endless array of masts and funnels — though the great Trans-Pacific liners and European mail-steamers draw too much water to enter the harbor, and receive their Ōsaka freight at Kobé. But the energetic city, which has its own steamship companies, now proposes to im-

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prove its port, at a cost of $16,000,000. An Ōsaka with a population of two millions, and a foreign trade of at least $300,000,000 a year, is not a dream impossible to realize in the next half-century. I need scarcely say that Ōsaka is the centre of the great trade-guilds,[1] and the headquarters of those cotton-spinning companies whose mills, kept running with a single shift twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, turn out double the quantity of yarn per spindle that English mills turn out, and from thirty to forty per cent more than the mills of Bombay.

Every great city in the world is believed to give a special character to its inhabitants; and in Japan the man of Ōsaka is said to be recognizable almost at sight. I think it can be said that the character of the man of the capital is less marked than that of the man of Ōsaka — as in America the man of Chicago is more quickly recognized than the New Yorker or Bostonian. He has a certain quickness of perception, ready energy, and general air of being "well up to date," or even a little in advance of it, which represent the result of industrial and commercial intercompetition. At all events, the Ōsaka merchant or manufacturer has a much longer inheritance of business experience than his rival of the political capital. Perhaps this may partly account for the acknowledged superiority of Ōsaka commercial travelers; a modernized class, offering some remarkable

[1] There are upwards of four hundred commercial companies in Ōsaka.

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types. While journeying by rail or steamer you may happen to make the casual acquaintance of a gentleman whose nationality you cannot safely decide even after some conversation. He is dressed with the most correct taste in the latest and best mode; he can talk to you equally well in French, German, or English; he is perfectly courteous, but able to adapt himself to the most diverse characters; he knows Europe; and he can give you extraordinary information about parts of the Far East which you have visited, and also about other parts of which you do not even know the names. As for Japan, he is familiar with the special products of every district, their comparative merits, their history. His face is pleasing — nose straight or slightly aquiline — mouth veiled by a heavy black mustache: the eyelids alone give you some right to suppose that you are conversing with an Oriental. Such is one type of the Ōsaka commercial traveler of 1896 — a being as far superior to the average Japanese petty official as a prince to a lackey. Should you meet the same man in his own city, you would probably find him in Japanese costume — dressed as only a man of fine taste can learn how to dress, and looking rather like a Spaniard or Italian in disguise than a Japanese.

II

From the reputation of Ōsaka as a centre of production and distribution, one would imagine it the most

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modernized, the least characteristically Japanese, of all Japanese cities. But Ōsaka is the reverse. Fewer Western costumes are to be seen in Ōsaka than in any other large city of Japan. No crowds are more attractively robed, and no streets more picturesque, than those of the great mart.

Ōsaka is supposed to set many fashions; and the present ones show an agreeable tendency to variety of tint. When I first came to Japan the dominant colors of male costume were dark — especially dark blue; any crowd of men usually presenting a mass of this shade. To-day the tones are lighter; and grays — warm grays, steel grays, bluish grays, purplish grays — seem to predominate. But there are also many pleasing variations — bronze-colors, gold-browns, "tea-colors," for example. Women's costumes are of course more varied; but the character of the fashions for adults of either sex indicates no tendency to abandon the rules of severe good taste; — gay colors appearing only in the attire of children and of dancing-girls — to whom are granted the privileges of perpetual youth. I may observe that the latest fashion in the silk upper-dress, or haori, of geisha, is a burning sky-blue — a tropical color that makes the profession of the wearer distinguishable miles away. The higher-class geisha, however, affect sobriety in dress. I must also speak of the long overcoats or overcloaks worn out-of-doors in cold weather by both sexes. That of the men looks like an adaptation and modification of our "ulster," and

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A Canal in Osaka

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has a little cape attached to it: the material is wool, and the color usually light brown or gray. That of the ladies, which has no cape, is usually of black broadcloth, with much silk binding, and a collar cut low in front. It is buttoned from throat to feet, and looks decidedly genteel, though left very wide and loose at the back to accommodate the bow of the great heavy silk girdle beneath.

Architecturally not less than fashionably, Ōsaka remains almost as Japanese as anybody could wish. Although some wide thoroughfares exist, most of the streets are very narrow — even more narrow than those of Kyōto. There are streets of three-story houses and streets of two-story houses; but there are square miles of houses one story high. The great mass of the city is an agglomeration of low wooden buildings with tiled roofs. Nevertheless the streets are more interesting, brighter, quainter in their signs and sign-painting, than the streets of Tōkyō; and the city as a whole is more picturesque than Tōkyō because of its waterways. It has not inaptly been termed the Venice of Japan; for it is traversed in all directions by canals, besides being separated into several large portions by the branchings of the Yodogawa. The streets facing the river are, however, much less interesting than the narrow canals.

Anything more curious in the shape of a street vista than the view looking down one of these waterways can scarcely be found in Japan. Still as a mir-

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ror surface, the canal flows between high stone embankments supporting the houses — houses of two or three stories, all sparred out from the stonework so that their façades bodily overhang the water. They are huddled together in a way suggesting pressure from behind; and this appearance of squeezing and crowding is strengthened by the absence of regularity in design, — no house being exactly like another, but all having an indefinable Far-Eastern queerness — a sort of racial character — that gives the sensation of the very-far-away in place and time. They push out funny little galleries with balustrades; barred, projecting, glassless windows with elfish balconies under them, and rooflets over them like eyebrows; tiers of tiled and tilted awnings; and great eaves which, in certain hours, throw shadows down to the foundation. As most of the timberwork is dark — either with age or staining — the shadows look deeper than they really are. Within them you catch glimpses of balcony pillars, bamboo ladders from gallery to gallery, polished angles of joinery — all kinds of jutting things. At intervals you can see mattings hanging out, and curtains of split bamboo, and cotton hangings with big white ideographs upon them; and all this is faithfully repeated upside down in the water. The colors ought to delight an artist — umbers and chocolates and chestnut-browns of old polished timber; warm yellows of mattings and bamboo screens; creamy tones of stuccoed surfaces; cool grays of tiling. . . . The

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last such vista I saw was bewitched by a spring haze. It was early morning. Two hundred yards from the bridge on which I stood, the house fronts began to turn blue; farther on, they were transparently vapory; and yet farther, they seemed to melt away suddenly into the light — a procession of dreams. I watched the progress of a boat propelled by a peasant in straw hat and straw coat — like the peasants of the old picture-books. Boat and man turned bright blue and then gray, and then, before my eyes — glided into Nirvana. The notion of immateriality so created by that luminous haze was supported by the absence of sound; for these canal-streets are as silent as the streets of shops are noisy.

No other city in Japan has so many bridges as Ōsaka: wards are named after them, and distances marked by them — reckoning always from Koraibashi, the Bridge of the Koreans, as a centre. Ōsaka people find their way to any place most readily by remembering the name of the bridge nearest to it. But as there are one hundred and eighty-nine principal bridges, this method of reckoning can be of little service to a stranger. If a business man, he can find whatever he wants without learning the names of the bridges. Ōsaka is the best-ordered city, commercially, in the empire, and one of the best-ordered in the world. It has always been a city of guilds; and the various trades and industries are congregated still, according to ancient custom, in special dis-

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tricts or particular streets. Thus all the money-changers are in Kitahama — the Lombard Street of Japan; the dry-goods trade monopolizes Honmachi; the timber merchants are all in Nagobori and Nishi-Yokobori; the toy-makers are in Minami Kiuhojima-chi and Kita Midōmae; the dealers in metal wares have Andojibashidōri to themselves; the druggists are in Doshiōmachi, and the cabinet-makers in Hachimansuji. So with many other trades; and so with the places of amusement. The theatres are in the Dōtombori; the jugglers, singers, dancers, acrobats, and fortune-tellers in the Sennichimae, close by.

The central part of Ōsaka contains many very large buildings — including theatres, refreshment-houses, and hotels having a reputation throughout the country. The number of edifices in Western style is nevertheless remarkably small. There are indeed between eight and nine hundred factory chimneys; but the factories, with few exceptions, are not constructed on Western plans. The really "foreign" buildings include a hotel, a prefectual hall with a mansard roof, a city hall with a classical porch of granite pillars, a good modern post-office, a mint, an arsenal, and sundry mills and breweries. But these are so scattered and situated that they really make no particular impression at variance with the Far-Eastern character of the city. However, there is one purely foreign corner — the old Concession, dating back to a time before Kobé ex-

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Street of the Theatres, Osaka

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isted. Its streets were well laid out, and its buildings solidly constructed; but for various reasons it has been abandoned to the missionaries — only one of the old firms, with perhaps an agency or two, remaining open. This deserted settlement is an oasis of silence in the great commercial wilderness.[1] No attempts have been made by the native merchants to imitate its styles of building: indeed, no Japanese city shows less favor than Ōsaka to Occidental architecture. This is not through want of appreciation, but because of economical experience. Ōsaka will build in Western style — with stone, brick, and iron — only when and where the advantage of so doing is indubitable. There will be no speculation in such constructions, as there has been at Tōkyō: Ōsaka "goes slow" and invests upon certainties. When there is a certainty, her merchants can make remarkable offers — like that to the Government two years ago of $56,000,000 for the purchase and reconstruction of a railway. Of all the houses in Ōsaka the office of the "Asahi Shimbun" most surprised me. The "Asahi Shimbun" is the greatest of Japanese newspapers — perhaps the greatest journal published in any Oriental language. It is an illustrated daily, conducted very much like a Paris newspaper — publishing a feuilleton, translations from foreign fiction, and columns of light, witty chatter

[1] The foreign legations left Ōsaka to take shelter at Kobé in 1868, during the civil war; for they could not be very well protected by their men-of-war in Ōsaka. Kobé once settled, the advantages offered by its deep harbor settled the fate of the Ōsaka Concession.

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about current events. It pays big sums to popular writers, and spends largely for correspondence and telegraphic news. Its illustrations — now made by a woman — offer as full a reflection of all phases of Japanese life, old or new, as "Punch" gives of English life. It uses perfecting presses, charters special trains, and has a circulation reaching into most parts of the empire. So I certainly expected to find the "Asahi Shimbun" office one of the handsomest buildings in Ōsaka. But it proved to be an old-time Samurai-yashiki — about the most quiet and modest-looking place in the whole district where it was situated.

I must confess that all this sober and sensible conservatism delighted me. The competitive power of Japan must long depend upon her power to maintain the old simplicity of life.

III

ŌSAKA is the great commercial school of the empire. From all parts of Japan lads are sent there to learn particular branches of industry or trade. There are hosts of applications for any vacancy; and the business men are said to be very cautious in choosing their detchi, or apprentice-clerks. Careful inquiries are made as to the personal character and family history of applicants. No money is paid by the parents or relatives of the apprentices. The term of service varies according to the nature of the trade or industry; but it is generally quite as long as the

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term of apprenticeship in Europe; and in some branches of business it may be from twelve to fourteen years. Such, I am told, is the time of service usually exacted in the dry-goods business; and the detchi in a dry-goods house may have to work fifteen hours a day, with not more than one holiday a month. During the whole of his apprenticeship he receives no wages whatever — nothing but his board, lodging, and absolutely necessary clothing. His master is supposed to furnish him with two robes a year, and to keep him in sandals, or geta. Perhaps on some great holiday he may be presented with a small gift of pocket money; — but this is not in the bond. When his term of service ends, however, his master either gives him capital enough to begin trade for himself on a small scale, or finds some other way of assisting him substantially — by credit, for instance. Many detchi marry their employers' daughters, in which event the young couple are almost sure of getting a good start in life.

The discipline of these long apprenticeships may be considered a severe test of character. Though a detchi is never addressed harshly, he has to bear what no European clerk would bear. He has no leisure — no time of his own except the time necessary for sleep; he must work quietly but steadily from dawn till late in the evening; he must content himself with the simplest diet, must keep himself neat, and must never show ill-temper. Wild oats he is not supposed to have, and no chance is given

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him to sow them. Some detchi never even leave their shop, night or day, for months at a time — sleeping on the same mats where they sit in business hours. The trained salesmen in the great silk stores are especially confined within doors — and their unhealthy pallor is proverbial. Year after year they squat in the same place, for twelve or fifteen hours every day; and you wonder why their legs do not fall off, like those of Daruma.[1]

Occasionally there are moral break-downs. Perhaps a detchi misappropriates some of the shop money, and spends the same in riotous living. Perhaps he does even worse. But, whatever the matter may be, he seldom thinks of running away. If he takes a spree, he hides himself after it for a day or two; — then returns of his own accord to confess, and ask pardon. He will be forgiven for two, three, perhaps even four escapades — provided that he shows no signs of a really evil heart — and be lectured about his weakness in its relation to his prospects, to the feelings of his family, to the honor of his ancestors, and to business requirements in general. The difficulties of his position are kindly considered, and he is never discharged for a small misdemeanor. A dismissal would probably ruin him for

[1] In Japanese popular legend, Daruma (Bodhidharma), the great Buddhist patriarch and missionary, is said to have lost his legs during a meditation which lasted uninterruptedly for nine years. A common child's toy is a comical figure of Daruma, without legs, and so weighted within that, no matter how thrown down, it will always assume an upright position.

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life; and every care is taken to open his eyes to certain dangers. Ōsaka is really the most unsafe place in Japan to play the fool in; — its dangerous and vicious classes are more to be feared than those of the capital; and the daily news of the great city furnishes the apprentice with terrible examples of men reduced to poverty or driven to self-destruction through neglect of those very rules of conduct which it is part of his duty to learn.

In cases where detchi are taken into service at a very early age, and brought up in the shop almost like adopted sons, a very strong bond of affection between master and apprentice is sometimes established. Instances of extraordinary devotion to masters, or members of masters' households, are often reported. Sometimes the bankrupt merchant is re-established in business by his former clerk. Sometimes, again, the affection of a detchi may exhibit itself in strange extremes. Last year there was a curious case. The only son of a merchant — a lad of twelve — died of cholera during the epidemic. A detchi of fourteen, who had been much attached to the dead boy, committed suicide shortly after the funeral by throwing himself down in front of a train. He left a letter, of which the following is a tolerably close translation — the selfish pronouns being absent in the original.

Very long time in, august help received; — honorable mercy even, not in words to be declared. Now going to die, unfaithful in excess; — yet another state in, making

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rebirth, honorable mercy will repay. Spirit anxious only in the matter of little sister O-Noto; — with humble salutation, that she be honorably seen to, supplicate.

To the August Lord Master
From

MANO YOSHIMATSU

IV

IT is not true that Old Japan is rapidly disappearing. It cannot disappear within at least another hundred years; perhaps it will never entirely disappear. Many curious and beautiful things have vanished; but Old Japan survives in art, in faith, in customs and habits, in the hearts and the homes of the people: it may be found everywhere by those who know how to look for it — and nowhere more easily than in this great city of ship-building, watch-making, beer-brewing, and cotton-spinning. I confess that I went to Ōsaka chiefly to see the temples, especially the famous Tennōji.

Tennōji, or, more correctly, Shitennōji, the Temple of the Four Deva Kings,[1] is one of the oldest Buddhist temples in Japan. It was founded early in the seventh century by Umayado-no-Oji, now called Shōtoku Taishi, son of the Emperor Yōmei, and prince regent under the Empress Suiko (572–621 A.D.). He has been well called the Constantine of Japanese Buddhism; for he decided the future of

[1] They defend the four quarters of the world. In Japanese their names are Jikoku, Komoku, Zocho, Bishamon (or Tamon); — in Sanscrit, Dhritarashtra, Virupaksha, Virudhaka, and Vaisravana — the Kuvera of Brahmanism.

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Tennōji, the Temple of the Four Deva Kings, Osaka

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Buddhism in the Empire, first by a great battle in the reign of his father, Yomei Tennō, and afterwards by legal enactments and by the patronage of Buddhist learning. The previous Emperor, Bitatsu Tennō, had permitted the preaching of Buddhism by Korean priests, and had built two temples. But under the reign of Yomei, one Mononobé no Moriya, a powerful noble, and a bitter opponent of the foreign religion, rebelled against such tolerance, burned the temples, banished the priests, and offered battle to the imperial forces. These, tradition says, were being driven back when the Emperor's son — then only sixteen years old — vowed if victorious to build a temple to the Four Deva Kings. Instantly at his side in the fight there towered a colossal figure from before whose face the powers of Moriya broke and fled away. The rout of the enemies of Buddhism was complete and terrible; and the young prince, thereafter called Shōtoku Taishi, kept his vow. The temple of Tennōji was built, and the wealth of the rebel Moriya applied to its maintenance. In that part of it called the Kondō, or Hall of Gold, Shōtoku Taishi enshrined the first Buddhist image ever brought to Japan — a figure of Nyo-i-rin Kwannon, or Kwannon of the Circle of Wishes — and the statue is still shown to the public on certain festival days. The tremendous apparition in the battle is said to have been one of the Four Kings — Bishamon (Vaisravana), worshiped to this day as a giver of victory.

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The sensation received on passing out of the bright, narrow, busy streets of shops into the mouldering courts of Tennōji is indescribable. Even for a Japanese I imagine it must be like a sensation of the supernatural — a return in memory to the life of twelve hundred years ago, to the time of the earliest Buddhist mission work in Japan. Symbols of the faith, that elsewhere had become for me conventionally familiar, here seemed but half familiar, exotic, prototypal; and things never before seen gave me the startling notion of a time and place out of existing life. As a matter of fact, very little remains of the original structure of the temple; parts have been burned, parts renovated. But the impression is still very peculiar, because the rebuilders and the renovators always followed the original plans, made by some great Korean or Chinese architect. Any attempt to write of the antique aspect, the queer melancholy beauty of the place, would be hopeless. To know what Tennōji is, one must see the weirdness of its decay — the beautiful neutral tones of old timbers, the fading spectral grays and yellows of wall-surfaces, the eccentricities of disjointing, the extraordinary carvings under eaves — carvings of waves and clouds and dragons and demons, once splendid with lacquer and gold, now time-whitened to the tint of smoke, and looking as if about to curl away like smoke and vanish. The most remarkable of these carvings belong to a fantastic five-storied pagoda, now ruinous: nearly all the

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brazen wind-bells suspended to the angles of its tiers of roofs have fallen. Pagoda and temple proper occupy a quadrangular court surrounded by an open cloister. Beyond are other courts, a Buddhist school, and an immense pond peopled by tortoises and crossed by a massive stone bridge. There are statues and stone lamps and lions and an enormous temple-drum; — there are booths for the sale of toys and oddities; — there are resting-places where tea is served, and cake-stands where you can buy cakes for the tortoises or for a pet deer, which approaches the visitor, bowing its sleek head to beg. There is a two-storied gateway guarded by huge images of the Ni-Ō — Ni-Ō with arms and legs muscled like the limbs of kings in the Assyrian sculptures, and bodies speckled all over with little balls of white paper spat upon them by the faithful. There is another gateway whose chambers are empty; — perhaps they once contained images of the Four Deva Kings. There are ever so many curious things; but I shall only venture to describe two or three of my queerest experiences.

First of all, I found the confirmation of a certain suspicion that had come to me as I entered the temple precincts — the suspicion that the forms of worship were peculiar as the buildings. I can give no reason for this feeling; I can only say that, immediately after passing the outer gate, I had a premonition of being about to see the extraordinary in religion as well as in architecture. And I presently

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saw it in the bell-tower — a two-story Chinese-looking structure, where there is a bell called the Indō-no-Kané, or Guiding-Bell, because its sounds guide the ghosts of children through the dark. The lower chamber of the bell-tower is fitted up as a chapel. At the first glance I noticed only that a Buddhist service was going on; I saw tapers burning, the golden glimmer of a shrine, incense smoking, a priest at prayer, women and children kneeling. But as I stopped for a moment before the entrance to observe the image in the shrine, I suddenly became aware of the unfamiliar, the astonishing. On shelves and stands at either side of the shrine, and above it and below it and beyond it, were ranged hundreds of children's ihai, or mortuary tablets, and with them thousands of toys; little dogs and horses and cows, and warriors and drums and trumpets, and paste-board armor and wooden swords, and dolls and kites and masks and monkeys, and models of boats, and baby tea-sets and baby-furniture, and whirligigs and comical images of the Gods of Good Fortune — toys modern and toys of fashion forgotten — toys accumulated through centuries — toys of whole generations of dead children. From the ceiling, and close to the entrance, hung down a great heavy bell-rope, nearly four inches in diameter and of many colors — the rope of the Indō-Kané. *And that rope was made of the bibs of dead children* — yellow, blue, scarlet, purple bibs, and bibs of all intermediate shades. The ceiling itself was invisible — hidden

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from view by hundreds of tiny dresses suspended — dresses of dead children. Little boys and girls, kneeling or playing on the matting beside the priest, had brought toys with them, to be deposited in the chapel, before the tablet of some lost brother or sister. Every moment some bereaved father or mother would come to the door, pull the bell-rope, throw some copper money on the matting, and make a prayer. Each time the bell sounds, some little ghost is believed to hear — perhaps even to find its way back for one more look at loved toys and faces. The plaintive murmur of "Namu Amida Butsu"; the clanging of the bell; the deep humming of the priest's voice, reciting the Sutras; the tinkle of falling coin; the sweet, heavy smell of incense; the passionless golden beauty of the Buddha in his shrine; the colorific radiance of the toys; the shadowing of the baby-dresses; the variegated wonder of that bell-rope of bibs; the happy laughter of the little folk at play on the floor — all made for me an experience of weird pathos never to be forgotten.

Not far from the bell-tower is another curious building, which shelters a sacred spring. In the middle of the floor is an opening, perhaps ten feet long by eight wide, surrounded by a railing. Looking down over the railing, you see, in the dimness below, a large stone basin, into which water is pouring from the mouth of a great stone tortoise, black with age,

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and only half visible — its hinder part reaching back into the darkness under the floor. This water is called the Spring of the Tortoise — Kamé-i-Sui. The basin into which it flows is more than half-full of white paper — countless slips of white paper, each bearing in Chinese text the kaimyō, or Buddhist posthumous name of a dead person. In a matted recess of the building sits a priest who for a small fee writes the kaimyō. The purchaser — relative or friend of the dead — puts one end of the written slip into the mouth of a bamboo cup, or rather bamboo joint, fixed at right angles to the end of a long pole. By aid of this pole he lowers the paper, with the written side up, to the mouth of the tortoise, and holds it under the gush of water — repeating a Buddhist invocation the while — till it is washed out into the basin. When I visited the spring there was a dense crowd; and several kaimyō were being held under the mouth of the tortoise; — numbers of pious folk meantime waiting, with papers in their hands, for a chance to use the poles. The murmuring of "Namu Amida Butsu" was itself like the sound of rushing water. I was told that the basin becomes filled with kaimyō every few days; — then it is emptied, and the papers burned. If this be true, it is a remarkable proof of the force of Buddhist faith in this busy commercial city; for many thousands of such slips of paper would be needed to fill the basin. It is said that the water bears the names of the dead and the prayers of the living to Shōtoku

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Taishi, who uses his powers of intercession with Amida on behalf of the faithful.

In the chapel called the Taishi-Dō there are statues of Shōtoku Taishi and his attendants. The figure of the prince, seated upon a chair of honor, is life-size and colored; he is attired in the fashion of twelve hundred years ago, wearing a picturesque cap, and Chinese or Korean shoes with points turned up. One may see the same costume in the designs upon very old porcelains or very old screens. But the face, in spite of its drooping Chinese mustaches, is a typical Japanese face — dignified, kindly, passionless. I turned from the faces of the statues to the faces of the people about me to see the same types — to meet the same quiet, half-curious, inscrutable gaze.

In powerful contrast to the ancient structures of Tennōji are the vast Nishi and Higashi Hongwanji, almost exact counterparts of the Nishi and Higashi Hongwanji of Tōkyō. Nearly every great city of Japan has a pair of such Hongwanji (Temples of the True Vow) — one belonging to the Western (Nishi), the other to the Eastern (Higashi) branch of this great Shin sect, founded in the thirteenth century.[1]

[1] The division of the sect during the seventeenth century into two branches had a political, not a religious cause; and the sections remain religiously united. Their abbots are of Imperial descent, whence their title of Monzeki, or Imperial Offspring. Travelers may observe that the walls inclosing the temple grounds of this sect bear the same decorative mouldings as those of the walls of the Imperial residences.

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Varying in dimension according to the wealth and religious importance of the locality, but usually built upon the same general plan, they may be said to represent the most modern and the most purely Japanese form of Buddhist architecture — immense, dignified, magnificent.

But they likewise represent the almost protestant severity of the rite in regard to symbols, icons, and external forms. Their plain and ponderous gates are never guarded by the giant Ni-Ō; — there is no swarming of dragons and demons under their enormous eaves; — no golden hosts of Buddhas or Bodhisattvas rise, rank on rank, by tiers of aureoles, through the twilight of their sanctuaries; — no curious or touching witnesses of grateful faith are ever suspended from their high ceilings, or hung before their altars, or fastened to the gratings of their doorways; — they contain no ex-votos, no paper knots recording prayer, no symbolic image but one — and that usually small — the figure of Amida. Probably the reader knows that the Hongwanji sect represents a movement in Buddhism not altogether unlike that which Unitarianism represents in Liberal Christianity. In its rejection of celibacy and of all ascetic practices; its prohibition of charms, divinations, votive offerings, and even of all prayer excepting prayer for salvation; its insistence upon industrious effort as the duty of life; its maintenance of the sanctity of marriage as a religious bond; its doctrine of one eternal Buddha as Father and Saviour; its

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promise of Paradise after death as the immediate reward of a good life; and, above all, in its educational zeal — the religion of the "Sect of the Pure Land" may be justly said to have much in common with the progressive forms of Western Christianity, and it has certainly won the respect of the few men of culture who find their way into the missionary legion. Judged by its wealth, its respectability, and its antagonism to the grosser forms of Buddhist superstition, it might be supposed the least emotional of all forms of Buddhism. But in some respects it is probably the most emotional. No other Buddhist sect can make such appeals to the faith and love of the common people as those which brought into being the amazing Eastern Hongwanji temple of Kyōto. Yet while able to reach the simplest minds by special methods of doctrinal teaching, the Hongwanji cult can make equally strong appeal to the intellectual classes by reason of its scholarship. Not a few of its priests are graduates of the leading universities of the West; and some have won European reputations in various departments of Buddhist learning. Whether the older Buddhist sects are likely to dwindle away before the constantly increasing power of the Shinshū is at least an interesting question. Certainly the latter has everything in its favor — imperial recognition, wealth, culture, and solidity of organization. On the other hand, one is tempted to doubt the efficacy of such advantages in a warfare against habits of thought and feeling older by many

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centuries than Shinshū. Perhaps the Occident furnishes a precedent on which to base predictions. Remembering how strong Roman Catholicism remains to-day, how little it has changed since the days of Luther, how impotent our progressive creeds to satisfy the old spiritual hunger for some visible object of worship — something to touch, or put close to the heart — it becomes difficult to believe that the iconolatry of the more ancient Buddhist sects will not continue for hundreds of years to keep a large place in popular affection. Again, it is worthy of remark that one curious obstacle to the expansion of the Shinshū is to be found in a very deeply rooted race feeling on the subject of self-sacrifice. Although much corruption undoubtedly exists in the older sects — although numbers of their priests do not even pretend to observe the vows regarding diet and celibacy [1] — the ancient ideals are by no means dead; and the majority of Japanese Buddhists still disapprove of the relatively pleasurable lives of the Shinshū priesthood. In some of the remoter provinces, where Shinshū is viewed with especial disfavor, one may often hear children singing a naughty song ("Shinshū bozu e mon da!"), which might thus be freely rendered:

Shinshū priest to be —
What a nice thing!
Wife has, child has,
Good fish eats.

[1] This has been especially the case since the abrogation of the civil

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It reminded me of those popular criticisms of Buddhist conduct uttered in the time of the Buddha himself, and so often recorded in the Vinaya texts — almost like a refrain:

Then the people were annoyed; and they murmured and complained, saying: "These act like men who are still enjoying the pleasures of this world!" And they told the thing to the Blessed One.

Besides Tennōji, Ōsaka has many famous temples, both Buddhist and Shintō, with very ancient histories. Of such is Kōzu-no-yashiro, where the people pray to the spirit of Nintoku — most beloved in memory of all Japanese emperors. He had a palace on the same hill where his shrine now stands; and this site — whence a fine view of the city can be obtained — is the scene of a pleasing legend preserved in the Kojiki:

. . . Thereupon the Heavenly Sovereign, ascending a lofty mountain and looking on the land all round, spoke, saying: "In the whole land there rises no smoke; the land is all poverty-stricken. So I remit all the people's taxes and forced labor from now till three years hence." Thereupon the great palace became dilapidated, and the rain leaked in everywhere; but no repairs were made. The rain that leaked in was caught in troughs, and the inmates removed to places where there was no leakage. When later the Heavenly Sovereign looked upon the land, the smoke was abundant in the land. So, finding the people rich, he now exacted taxes and forced labor. There-

laws forbidding priests to marry. The wives of the priests of other sects than the Shinshū are called by a humorous and not very respectful appellation.

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fore the peasantry prospered, and did not suffer from the forced labor. So, in praise of that august reign, it was called the Reign of the Emperor-Sage.[1]

That was fifteen hundred years ago. Now, could the good Emperor see, from his shrine of Kōzu — as thousands must believe he does — the smoke of modern Ōsaka, he might well think, "My people are becoming too rich."

Outside of the city there is a still more famous Shintō temple, Sumiyoshi, dedicated to certain sea-gods who aided the Empress Jingō to conquer Korea. At Sumiyoshi there are pretty child-priestesses, and beautiful grounds, and an enormous pond spanned by a bridge so humped that, to cross it without taking off your shoes, you must cling to the parapet. At Sakai there is the Buddhist temple of Myōkokuji, in the garden of which are some very old palm-trees; — one of them, removed by Nobunaga in the sixteenth century, is said to have cried out and lamented until it was taken back to the temple. You see the ground under these palms covered with what looks like a thick, shiny, disordered mass of fur — half reddish and half silvery gray. It is not fur. It is a heaping of millions of needles thrown there by pilgrims "to feed the palms," because these trees are said to love iron and to be strengthened by absorbing its rust.

Speaking of trees, I may mention the Naniwaya "Kasa-matsu," or Hat-Pine — not so much because

[1] See Professor Chamberlain's translation of the Kojiki, section cxxi.

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it is an extraordinary tree as because it supports a large family who keep a little tea-house on the road to Sakai. The branches of the tree have been trained outwards and downwards over a framework of poles, so that the whole presents the appearance of an enormous green hat of the shape worn by peasants and called Kasa. The pine is scarcely six feet high, but covers perhaps twenty square yards; — its trunk, of course, not being visible at all from outside the framework supporting the branches. Many people visit the house to look at the pine and drink a cup of tea; and nearly every visitor buys some memento of it — perhaps a woodcut of the tree, or a printed copy of verses written by some poet in praise of it, or a girl's hairpin, the top of which is a perfect little green model of the tree — framework of poles and all — with one tiny stork perched on it. The owners of the Naniwaya, as their tea-house is called, are not only able to make a good living, but to educate their children, by the exhibition of this tree, and the sale of such mementos.

I do not intend to tax my reader's patience by descriptions of the other famous temples of Ōsaka — several of which are enormously old, and have most curious legends attached to them. But I may venture a few words about the cemetery of the Temple of One Soul — or better, perhaps, the Temple of a Single Mind: Isshinji. The monuments there are the most extraordinary I ever saw. Near the main

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gate is the tomb of a wrestler — Asahigorō Hachirō. His name is chiseled upon a big disk of stone, probably weighing a ton; and this disk is supported on the back of a stone image of a wrestler — a grotesque figure, with gilded eyes starting from their sockets, and features apparently distorted by effort. It is a very queer thing — half-comical, half-furious of aspect. Close by is the tomb of one Hirayama Hambei — a monument shaped like a hyōtan — that is to say, like a wine-gourd such as travelers use for carrying saké. The most usual form of hyōtan resembles that of an hour-glass, except that the lower part is somewhat larger than the upper; and the vessel can only stand upright when full or partly full — so that in a Japanese song the wine-lover is made to say to his gourd, "With you I fall." Apparently the mighty to drink wine have a district all to themselves in this cemetery; for there are several other monuments of like form in the same row — also one shaped like a very large saké-bottle (isshō-dokkuri),[1] on which is inscribed a verse not taken from the sutras. But the oddest monument of all is a great stone badger, sitting upright, and seeming to strike its belly with its forepaws. On the belly is cut a name, Inouyé Dennosuké, together with the verse:

Tsuki yo yoshi
Nembutsu tonaite
Hara tsudzumi.

Which means about as follows: "On fine moonlight-

[1] That is, a bottle containing one sho — about a quart and a half.

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nights, repeating the Nembutsu, I play the belly-drum." The flower-vases are in the form of saké-bottles. Artificial rock-work supports the monument; and here and there, among the rocks, are smaller figures of badgers, dressed like Buddhist priests (tanuki-bozu). My readers probably know that the Japanese tanuki[1] is credited with the power of assuming human shape, and of making musical sounds like the booming of a hand-drum by tapping upon its belly. It is said often to disguise itself as a Buddhist priest for mischievous purposes, and to be very fond of saké. Of course, such images in a cemetery represent nothing more than eccentricities, and are judged to be in bad taste. One is reminded of certain jocose paintings and inscriptions upon Greek and Roman tombs, expressing in regard to death — or rather in regard to life — a sentiment, or an affectation of sentiment, repellent to modern feeling.

V

I SAID in a former essay that a Japanese city is little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds, and Ōsaka is no exception. But interiorly a very large number of the frail wooden dwellings of any Japanese city are works of art; and perhaps no city possesses more charming homes than Ōsaka. Kyōto is, indeed,

[1] Although tanuki is commonly translated by "badger," the creature so called is not a real badger, but a kind of fruit-fox. It is also termed the "raccoon-faced dog." The true badger is, however, also found in Japan.

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much richer in gardens — there being comparatively little space for gardens in Ōsaka; but I am speaking of the houses only. Exteriorly a Japanese street may appear little better than a row of wooden barns or stables, but the interior of any dwelling in it may be a wonder of beauty. Usually the outside of a Japanese house is not at all beautiful, though it may have a certain pleasing oddity of form; and in many cases the walls of the rear or sides are covered with charred boards, of which the blackened and hardened surfaces are said to resist heat and damp better than any coating of paint or stucco could do. Except, perhaps, the outside of a coal-shed, nothing dingier-looking could be imagined. But the other side of the black walls may be an æsthetic delight. The comparative cheapness of the residence does not much affect this possibility; — for the Japanese excel all nations in obtaining the maximum of beauty with the minimum of cost; while the most industrially advanced of Western peoples — the practical Americans — have yet only succeeded in obtaining the minimum of beauty with the maximum of cost! Much about Japanese interiors can be learned from Morse's "Japanese Homes"; but even that admirable book gives only the black-and-white notion of the subject; and more than half of the charm of such interiors is the almost inexplicable caress of color. To illustrate Mr. Morse's work so as to interpret the colorific charm would be a dearer and a more difficult feat than the production of Racinet's

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"Costumes Historiques." Even thus the subdued luminosity, the tone of perfect repose, the revelations of delicacy and daintiness waiting the eye in every nook of chambers seemingly contrived to catch and keep the feeling of perpetual summer, would remain unguessed. Five years ago I wrote that a little acquaintance with the Japanese art of flower arrangement had made it impossible for me to endure the sight of that vulgarity, or rather brutality, which in the West we call a "bouquet." To-day I must add that familiarity with Japanese interiors has equally disgusted me with Occidental interiors, no matter how spacious or comfortable or richly furnished. Returning now to Western life, I should feel like Thomas-the-Rhymer revisiting a world of ugliness and sorrow after seven years of fairyland.

It is possible, as has been alleged (though I cannot believe it), that Western artists have little more to learn from the study of Japanese pictorial art. But I am quite sure that our house-builders have universes of facts to learn — especially as regards the treatment and tinting of surfaces — from the study of Japanese interiors. Whether the countless styles of these interiors can even be classed appears to me a doubtful question. I do not think that in a hundred thousand Japanese houses there are two interiors precisely alike — (excluding, of course, the homes of the poorest classes) — for the designer never repeats himself when he can help it. The lesson he has

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to teach is the lesson of perfect taste combined with inexhaustible variety. Taste! — what a rare thing it is in our Western world! — and how independent of material, — how intuitive — how incommunicable to the vulgar! But taste is a Japanese birthright. It is everywhere present — though varying in quality of development according to conditions and the inheritance depending upon conditions. The average Occidental recognizes only the commoner forms of it — chiefly those made familiar by commercial export. And, as a general rule, what the West most admires in Japanese conventional taste is thought rather vulgar in Japan. Not that we are wrong in admiring whatever is beautiful in itself. Even the designs printed in tints upon a two-cent towel may be really great pictures: they are sometimes made by excellent artists. But the aristocratic severity of the best Japanese taste — the exquisite complexity of its refinements in the determination of proportion, quality, tone, restraint — has never yet been dreamed of by the West. Nowhere is this taste so finely exhibited as in private interiors — particularly in regard to color. The rules of color in the composition of a set of rooms are not less exacting than the rules of color in the matter of dress — though permitting considerable variety. The mere tones of a private house are enough to indicate its owner's degree of culture. There is no painting, no varnishing, no wall-papering — only staining and polishing of particular parts, and a sort

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of paper border about fifteen inches broad fixed along the bottom of a wall to protect it during cleaning and dusting operations. The plastering may be made with sands of different hues, or with fragments of shell and nacre, or with quartz-crystal, or with mica; the surface may imitate granite, or may sparkle like copper pyrites, or may look exactly like a rich mass of bark; but, whatever the material, the tint given must show the same faultless taste that rules in the tints of silks for robes and girdles.... As yet, all this interior world of beauty — just because it is an interior world — is closed to the foreign tourist: he can find at most only suggestions of it in the rooms of such old-fashioned inns or tea-houses as he may visit in the course of his travels.

I wonder how many foreign travelers understand the charm of a Japanese inn, or even think how much is done to please them, not merely in the matter of personal attentions, but in making beauty for their eyes. Multitudes write of their petty vexations — their personal acquaintance with fleas, their personal dislikes and discomforts; but how many write of the charm of that alcove where every day fresh flowers are placed — arranged as no European florist could ever learn to arrange flowers — and where there is sure to be some object of real art, whether in bronze, lacquer, or porcelain, together with a picture suited to the feeling of the time and season? These little æsthetic gratifications, though

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never charged for, ought to be kindly remembered when the gift of "tea-money" is made. I have been in hundreds of Japanese hotels, and I remember only one in which I could find nothing curious or pretty — a ramshackle shelter hastily put up to catch custom at a newly-opened railway station.

A word about the alcove of my room in Ōsaka: The wall was covered only with a mixture of sand and metallic filings of some sort, but it looked like a beautiful surface of silver ore. To the pillar was fastened a bamboo cup containing a pair of exquisite blossoming sprays of wistaria — one pink and the other white. The kakemono — made with a few very bold strokes by a master-brush — pictured two enormous crabs about to fight after vainly trying to get out of each other's way; — and the humor of the thing was enhanced by a few Chinese characters signifying, Wōko-sekai, or, "Everything goes crookedly in this world."

VII

My last day in Ōsaka was given to shopping — chiefly in the districts of the toy-makers and of the silk merchants. A Japanese acquaintance, himself a shopkeeper, took me about, and showed me extraordinary things until my eyes ached. We went to a famous silk-house — a tumultuous place, so crowded that we had some trouble to squeeze our way to the floor-platform, which, in every Japanese shop, serves at once for chairs and counter. Scores of

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barefooted light-limbed boys were running over it, bearing bundles of merchandise to customers; — for in such shops there is no shelving of stock. The Japanese salesman never leaves his squatting-place on the mats; but, on learning what you want, he shouts an order, and boys presently run to you with armfuls of samples. After you have made your choice, the goods are rolled up again by the boys, and carried back into the fireproof storehouses behind the shop. At the time of our visit, the greater part of the matted floor-space was one splendid shimmering confusion of tossed silks and velvets of a hundred colors and a hundred prices. Near the main entrance an elderly superintendent, plump and jovial of aspect like the God of Wealth, looked after arriving customers. Two keen-eyed men, standing upon an elevation in the middle of the shop, and slowly turning round and round in opposite directions, kept watch for thieves; and other watchers were posted at the side doors. (Japanese shop thieves, by the way, are very clever; and I am told that nearly every large store loses considerably by them in the course of the year.) In a side wing of the building, under a low skylight, I saw busy ranks of bookkeepers, cashiers, and correspondents squatting before little desks less than two feet high. Each of the numerous salesmen was attending to many customers at once. The rush of business was big; and the rapidity with which the work was being done testified to the excellence of the organization estab-

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lished. I asked how many persons the firm employed, and my friend replied:

"Probably about two hundred here; there are several branch houses. In this shop the work is very hard; but the working-hours are shorter than in most of the silk-houses — not more than twelve hours a day."

"What about salaries?" I inquired.

"No salaries."

"Is all the work of this firm done without pay?"

"Perhaps one or two of the very cleverest salesmen may get something — not exactly a salary, but a little special remuneration every month; and the old superintendent — (he has been forty years in the house) — gets a salary. The rest get nothing but their food."

"Good food?"

"No, very cheap, coarse food. After a man has served his time here — fourteen or fifteen years — he may be helped to open a small store of his own."

"Are the conditions the same in all the shops of Ōsaka?"

"Yes — everywhere the same. But now many of the detchi are graduates of commercial schools. Those sent to a commercial school begin their apprenticeship much later; and they are said not to make such good detchi as those taught from childhood."

"A Japanese clerk in a foreign store is much better off."

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"We do not think so," answered my friend very positively. "Some who speak English well, and have learned the foreign way of doing business, may get fifty or sixty dollars a month for seven or eight hours' work a day. But they are not treated the same way as they are treated in a Japanese house. Clever men do not like to work under foreigners. Foreigners used to be very cruel to their Japanese clerks and servants."

"But not now?" I queried.

"Perhaps not often. They have found that it is dangerous. But they used to beat and kick them. Japanese think it shameful to even speak unkindly to detchi or servants. In a house like this there is no unkindness. The owners and the superintendents never speak roughly. You see how very hard all these men and boys are working without pay. No foreigner could get Japanese to work like that, even for big wages. I have worked in foreign houses, and I know."

It is not exaggeration to say that most of the intelligent service rendered in Japanese trade and skilled industry is unsalaried. Perhaps one third of the business work of the country is done without wages; the relation between master and servant being one of perfect trust on both sides, and absolute obedience being assured by the simplest of moral conditions. This fact was the fact most deeply impressed upon me during my stay in Ōsaka.

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I found myself wondering about it while the evening train to Nara was bearing me away from the cheery turmoil of the great metropolis. I continued to think of it while watching the deepening of the dusk over the leagues of roofs — over the mustering of factory chimneys forever sending up their offering of smoke to the shrine of good Nintoku. Suddenly above the out-twinkling of countless lamps — above the white star-points of electric lights — above the growing dusk itself — I saw, rising glorified into the last red splendor of sunset, the marvelous old pagoda of Tennōji. And I asked myself whether the faith it symbolized had not helped to create that spirit of patience and love and trust upon which have been founded all the wealth and energy and power of the mightiest city of Japan.

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VIII

BUDDHIST ALLUSIONS IN JAPANESE FOLK-SONG

PERHAPS only a Japanese representative of the older culture could fully inform us to what degree the mental soil of the race has been saturated and fertilized by Buddhist idealism. At all events, no European could do so; for to understand the whole relation of Far-Eastern religion to Far-Eastern life would require, not only such scholarship, but also such experience as no European could gain in a lifetime. Yet for even the Western stranger there are everywhere signs of what Buddhism has been to Japan in the past. All the arts and most of the industries repeat Buddhist legends to the eye trained in symbolism; and there is scarcely an object of handiwork possessing any beauty or significance of form — from the plaything of a child to the heirloom of a prince — which does not in some way proclaim the ancient debt to Buddhism of the craft that made it. One may discern Buddhist thoughts in the cheap cotton prints from an Ōsaka mill not less than in the figured silks of Kyōto. The reliefs upon an iron kettle, or the elephant-heads of bronze making the handles of a shopkeeper's hibachi; — the patterns of screen-paper, or the commonest ornamental woodwork of a gateway; the etchings upon a metal pipe, or the enameling upon a costly vase — may all

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relate, with equal eloquence, the traditions of faith. There are reflections or echoes of Buddhist teaching in the composition of a garden; — in the countless ideographs of the long vistas of shop-signs; — in the wonderfully expressive names given to certain fruits and flowers; — in the appellations of mountains, capes, waterfalls, villages — even of modern railway stations. And the new civilization would not yet seem to have much affected the influence thus manifested. Trains and steamers now yearly carry to famous shrines more pilgrims than visited them ever before in a twelvemonth; — the temple bells still, in despite of clocks and watches, mark the passing of time for the millions; — the speech of the people is still poetized with Buddhist utterances; — literature and drama still teem with Buddhist expressions; — and the most ordinary voices of the street — songs of children playing, a chorus of laborers at their toil, even cries of itinerant street-venders — often recall to me some story of saints and Bodhisattvas, or the text of some sutra.

Such an experience first gave me the idea of making a collection of songs containing Buddhist expressions or allusions. But in view of the extent of the subject I could not at once decide where to begin. A bewildering variety of Japanese songs — a variety of which the mere nomenclature would occupy pages — offers material of this description. Among noteworthy kinds may be mentioned the Utai, dramatic songs, mostly composed by high priests, of

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which probably no ten lines are without some allusion to Buddhism; — the Naga-uta, songs often of extraordinary length; — and the Jōruri, whole romances in verse, with which professional singers can delight their audiences for five or six hours at a time. The mere dimension of such compositions necessarily excluded them from my plan; but there remained a legion of briefer forms to choose among. I resolved at last to limit my undertaking mainly to dodoitsu — little songs of twenty-six syllables only, arranged in four lines (7, 7, 7, 5). They are more regular in construction than the street-songs treated of in a former paper; but they are essentially popular, and therefore more widely representative of Buddhist influences than many superior kinds of composition could be. Out of a very large number collected for me, I have selected between forty and fifty as typical of the class.

Perhaps those pieces which reflect the ideas of preexistence and of future rebirths will prove especially interesting to the Western reader — much less because of poetical worth than because of comparative novelty. We have very little English verse of any class containing fancies of this kind; but they swarm in Japanese poetry even as commonplaces and conventionalisms. Such an exquisite thing as Rossetti's "Sudden Light" — bewitching us chiefly through the penetrative subtlety of a thought anathematized by all our orthodoxies for eighteen hun-

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dred years — could interest a Japanese only as the exceptional rendering, by an Occidental, of fancies and feelings familiar to the most ignorant peasant. Certainly no one will be able to find in these Japanese verses — or, rather, in my own wretchedly prosy translations of them — even a hint of anything like the ghostly delicacy of Rossetti's imagining:

I have been here before —
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights along the shore.

You have been mine before —
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall — I knew it all of yore.

Yet what a queer *living* difference between such enigmatically delicate handling of thoughts classed as forbidden fruit in the Western Eden of Dreams and the every-day Japanese utterances that spring directly out of ancient Eastern faith!

Love, it is often said, has nothing to do with reason.
The cause of ours must be some En in a previous birth.[1]

Even the knot of the rope tying our boats together
Knotted was long ago by some love in a former birth.

---

[1] Iro wa shian no
Hoka to-wa iédo,
Koré mo saki-sho no
En de arō.

"En" is a Buddhist word signifying affinity — relation of cause and effect from life to life.

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If the touching even of sleeves be through En of a former existence,
Very much deeper must be the En that unites us now! [1]

Kwahō [2] this life must be — this dwelling with one so tender; —
I am reaping now the reward of deeds in a former birth!

Many songs of this class refer to the customary vow which lovers make to belong to each other for more lives than one — a vow perhaps originally inspired by the Buddhist aphorism —

Oya-ko wa, is-sé;
Fūfu wa, ni-sé;
Shujū wa, san-zé.

"The relation of parent and child is for one life; that of wife and husband, for two lives; that of master and servant, for three lives." Although the tender relation is thus limited to the time of two lives, the vow — as Japanese dramas testify, and as the letters of those who kill themselves for love bear witness — is often passionately made for seven. The following selections show a considerable variety of tone —

[1] Sodé suri-ō no mo
Tashō no en yo,
Mashité futari ga
Fukai naka.

Allusion is here made to the old Buddhist proverb: Sodé no furi-awasé mo tashō no en — "Even the touching of sleeves in passing is caused by some affinity operating from former lives."

[2] The Buddhist word "Kwahō" is commonly used instead of other synonyms for Karma (such as ingwa, innen, etc.), to signify the good, rather than the bad results of action in previous lives. But it is sometimes used in both meanings. Here there seems to be an allusion to the proverbial expression, "Kwahō no yoi hito" (literally, a person of good Kwahō), meaning a fortunate individual.

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ranging from the pathetic to the satirical — in the treatment of this topic:

I have cut my hair for his sake; but the deeper relation between us
Cannot be cut in this, nor yet in another life.[1]

She looks at the portrait of him to whom for two lives she is promised:
Happy remembrances come, and each brings a smile to her face.[2]

If in this present life we never can hope for union,
Then we shall first keep house in the Lotus-Palace beyond.[3]

Have we not spoken the vow that binds for a double existence?
If we must separate now, I can only wish to die.

---

[1] Kami wa kitté mo
Ni-sé madé kaketa
Fukai enishi wa
Kiru mono ka?

Literally: "Hair have-cut although, two existences until, deep relation, cut-how-can-it-be?" By the mention of the hair-cutting we know the speaker is a woman. Her husband, or possibly betrothed lover, is dead; and, according to the Buddhist custom, she signifies her desire to remain faithful to his memory by the sacrifice of her hair. For detailed information on this subject see, in my *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, the chapter, "Of Women's Hair."

[2] Ni-sé to chigirishi
Shashin wo nagamé
Omoi-idashité
Warai-gao.

Literally: "Two existences that made alliance, photograph look-at, thinking bring-out smiling face." The use of the term shashin, photograph, shows that the poem is not old.

[3] Totémo kono yo dé
Sowaré-nu naraba
Hasu no uténa dé
Ara sétai.

Literally: "By-any-means, this-world-in, cannot-live-together if, Lotus-of Palace-in, new-housekeeping." It is with this thought that

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There! — oh, what shall we do? . . . Pledged for a double existence, —
And now, as we sit together, the string of the samisen snaps! [1]

He woos by teaching the Law of Cause and Effect for three lives,
And makes a contract for two — the crafty-smiling priest! [2]

Every mortal has lived and is destined to live countless lives; yet the happy moments of any single existence are not therefore less precious in themselves:

Not to have met one night is verily cause for sorrow;
Since twice in a single birth the same night never comes.

But even as a summer unusually warm is apt to herald a winter of exceptional severity, so too much happiness in this life may signify great suffering in the next:

Always I suffer thus! . . . Methinks, in my last existence,
Too happy I must have been — did not suffer enough.

Next in point of exotic interest to the songs expressing belief in preëxistence and rebirth, I think I should place those treating of the doctrine of ingwa, or Karma. I offer some free translations from these, together with one selection from a class of compositions more elaborate and usually much longer than the dodoitsu, called hauta. In the original, at least,

lovers voluntarily die together; and the song might be called a song of jōshi.

[1] Among singing-girls it is believed that the snapping of a samisen-string under such circumstances as those indicated in the above song is an omen of coming separation.

[2] This song is of a priest who breaks the vow of celibacy.

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my selection from the hauta — which contains a charming simile about the firefly — is by far the prettiest:

Weep not! — turn to me! . . . Nay, all my suspicions vanish!
Forgive me those words unkind: some ingwa controlled my tongue!

Evidently this is the remorseful pleading of a jealous lover. The next might be the answer of the girl whose tears he had caused to flow:

I cannot imagine at all by what strange manner of ingwa
Came I to fall in love with one so unkind as you!

Or she might exclaim:

Is this the turning of En? — am I caught in the Wheel of Karma?
That, alas! is a wheel not to be moved from the rut! [1]

A more remarkable reference to the Wheel of Karma is the following:

Father and mother forbade, and so I gave up my lover; —
Yet still, with the whirl of the Wheel, the thought of him comes and goes. [2]

---

[1] Meguru en kaya?
Kuruma no watashi
Hiku ni hikarénu
Kono ingwa.

There is a play on words in the original which I have not attempted to render. The idea is of an unhappy match — either betrothal or marriage — from which the woman wishes to withdraw when too late.

[2] Oya no iken dé
Akirameta no wo
Mata mo rin-yé dé
Omoi-dasu.

The Buddhist word Rin-yé, or Rinten, has the meaning of "turning the Wheel" — another expression for passing from birth to birth. The Wheel here is the great Circle of Illusion — the whirl of Karma.

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This is a hauta:

Numberless insects there are that call from dawn to evening,
Crying, "I love! I love!" — but the Firefly's silent passion,
Making its body burn, is deeper than all their longing.
Even such is my love . . . yet I cannot think through what ingwa
I opened my heart — alas! — to a being not sincere! [1]

If the foregoing seem productions possible only to our psychological antipodes, it is quite otherwise with a group of folk-songs reflecting the doctrine of Impermanency. Concerning the instability of all material things, and the hollowness of all earthly pleasures, Christian and Buddhist thought are very much in accord. The great difference between them appears only when we compare their teaching as to things ghostly — and especially as to the nature of the Ego. But the Oriental doctrine that the Ego itself is an impermanent compound, and that the Self is not the true Consciousness, rarely finds expression in these popular songs. For the common people the Self exists: it is a real (though multiple)

[1] Kaāi, kaāi to
Naku mushi yori mo
Nakanu hotaru ga
Mi wo kogasu.
Nanno ingwa dé
Jitsu naki hito ni
Shin wo akashité —
Aa kuyashi!

Literally: "'I-love-I-love'-saying-cry-insects than, better never-cry-firefly, body scorch! What Karma because-of, sincerity-not-is-man to, inmost-mind opened? — ah! regret!" . . . It was formerly believed that the firefly's light really burned its own body.

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personality that passes from birth to birth. Only the educated Buddhist comprehends the deeper teaching that what we imagine to be Self is wholly illusion — a darkening veil woven by Karma; and that there is no Self but the Infinite Self, the eternal Absolute. In the following dodoitsu will be found mostly thoughts or emotions according with universal experience:

Gathering clouds to the moon; — storm and rain to the flowers:
Somehow this world of woe never is just as we like.[1]

Almost as soon as they bloom, the scented flowers of the plum-tree
By the wind of this world of change are scattered and blown away.

Thinking to-morrow remains, thou heart's frail flower-of-cherry?
How knowest whether this night the tempest will not come?[2]

---

[1] Tsuki ni murakumo,
Hana ni wa arashi:
Tokaku uki-yo wa
Mama naranu.

This song especially refers to unhappy love, and contains the substance of two Buddhist proverbs: "Tsuki ni murakumo, hana ni kazé" (cloud-masses to the moon; wind to flowers); and "Mama ni naranu wa uki-yo no narai" (to be disappointed is the rule in this miserable world). "Uki-yo" (this fleeting or unhappy world) is one of the commonest Buddhist terms in use.

[2] Asu ari to
Omō kokoro no
Ada-zakura:
Yo wa ni arashi no
Fukanu monokawa?

Literally: "To-morrow-is that think heart-of perishable-cherry flower: this-night-in-storm blow-not, is-it-certain?"

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Shadow and shape alike melt and flow back to nothing:
He who knows this truth is the Daruma of snow.[1]

As the moon of the fifteenth night, the heart till the age fifteen:
Then the brightness wanes, and the darkness comes with love.[2]

All things change, we are told, in this world of change and sorrow;
But love's way never changes of promising never to change.[3]

Cruel the beautiful flash, — utterly heartless that lightning!
Before one can look even twice it vanishes wholly away![4]

---

[1] Kagé mo katachi mo
Kiyuréba moto no
Midzu to satoru zo
Yuki-Daruma.

Literally: "Shadow and shape also, if-melt-away, original-water is — that-understands Snow-Daruma." Daruma (Dharma), the twenty-eighth patriarch of the Zen sect, is said to have lost his legs through remaining long in the posture of meditation; and many legless toy-figures, which are so balanced that they will always assume an upright position however often placed upside-down, are called by his name. The snow-men made by Japanese children have the same traditional form. The Japanese friend who helped me to translate these verses, tells me that a ghostly meaning attaches to the word "Kagé" [shadow] in the above; — this would give a much more profound signification to the whole verse.

[2] According to the old calendar, there was always a full moon on the fifteenth of the month. The Buddhist allusion in the verse is to mayoi, the illusion of passion, which is compared to a darkness concealing the Right Way.

[3] Kawaru uki-yo ni
Kawaranu mono wa
Kawarumai to no
Koi no michi.

Literally: "Change changeable-world-in, does-not-change that-which, 'We-will-never-change'-saying of Love-of Way."

[4] Honni tsurénai
Ano inadzuma wa
Futa mé minu uchi
Kiyété yuku.

The Buddhist saying, "Inadzuma no hikari, ishi no hi" (lightning-flash and flint-spark) — symbolizing the temporary nature of all

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His very sweetness itself makes my existence a burden!
Truly this world of change is a world of constant woe![1]

Neither for youth nor age is fixed the life of the body; —
Bidding me wait for a time is the word that forever divides.[2]

Only too well I know that to meet will cause more weeping;[3]
Yet never to meet at all were sorrow too great to bear.

Too joyful in union to think, we forget that the smiles of the evening
Sometimes themselves become the sources of morning-tears.

Yet, notwithstanding the doctrine of impermanency, we are told in another dodoitsu that —

He who was never bewitched by the charming smile of a woman,
A wooden Buddha is he — a Buddha of bronze or stone![4]

---

pleasures — is here playfully referred to. The song complains of a too brief meeting with sweetheart or lover.

[1] Words of a loving but jealous woman, thus interpreted by my Japanese friend: "The more kind he is, the more his kindness overwhelms me with anxiety lest he be equally tender to other girls who may also fall in love with him."

[2] Rō-shō fujō no
Mi dé ari nagara,
Jisetsu maté to wa
Kiré-kotoba.

Literally: "Old-young not-fixed-of body being, time-wait to-say, cutting-word." "Roe-hō fujō" is a Buddhist phrase. The meaning of the song is: "Since all things in this world are uncertain, asking me to wait for our marriage-day means that you do not really love me; — for either of us might die before the time you speak of."

[3] Allusion is made to the Buddhist text, "Shōja hitsu metsu, esha jō ri" ("Whosoever is born must die, and all who meet must as surely part"), and to the religious phrase, "Ai betsu ri ku" ("Sorrow of parting and pain of separation").

[4] Much more amusing in the original:

Adana é-gao ni
Mayowanu mono wa
Ki-Butsu — kana-Butsu —
Ishi-botoké!

"Charming-smile-by bewildered-not, he-as-for, wood-Buddha, metal-

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And why a Buddha of wood, or bronze, or stone? Because the living Buddha was not so insensible, as we are assured, with jocose irreverence, in the following:

"Forsake this fitful world"! —
that was { Lord Buddha's / *or* / upside-down } teaching!
And Ragora,[1] son of his loins? — was he forgotten indeed?

There is an untranslatable pun in the original, which, if written in Romaji, would run thus:

Uki-yo wo sutéyo t'a
Sorya { Shaka Sama / saka-sama } yo:
Ragora to iū ko wo
Wasuréte ka?

"Shakamuni" is the Japanese rendering of "Sakya-muni"; "Shaka Sama" is therefore "Lord Sakya," or "Lord Buddha." But "saka-sama" is a Japanese word meaning "topsy-turvy," "upside down"; and the difference between the pronunciation of Shaka Sama and saka-sama is slight enough to have suggested the pun. Love in suspense is not usually inclined to reverence.

Even while praying together in front of the tablets ancestral,
Lovers find chance to murmur prayers never meant for the dead![2]

Buddha, stone-Buddha!" The term "Ishi-botoké" especially refers to the stone images of the Buddha placed in cemeteries. This song is sung in every part of Japan; I have heard it many times in different places.

[1] Râhula.

[2] Ekō suru toté
Hotoké no maé yé
Futari mukaité,
Konabé daté.

Literally: "Repeat prayers saying, dead-of-presence-in twain facing

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And as for interrupters:

Hateful the wind or rain that ruins the bloom of flowers:
Even more hateful far who obstructs the way of love.

Yet the help of the Gods is earnestly besought:

I make my hyaku-dō, traveling Love's dark pathway,
Ever praying to meet the owner of my heart.[1]

The interest attaching to the following typical group of love-songs will be found to depend chiefly upon the Buddhist allusions:

In the bed of the River of Souls, or in waiting alone at evening,
The pain differs nothing at all: to a mountain the pebble grows.[2]

— small-pan cooking!" "Hotoké" means a dead person as well as a Buddha. (See my *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan:* "The Household Shrine"). "Konabé daté" is an idiomatic expression signifying a lovers' tête-à-tête. It is derived from the phrase, "Chin-chin kamo nabé" ("cooking a wild duck in a pan") — the idea suggested being that of the pleasure experienced by an amorous couple in eating out of the same dish. "Chin-chin," an onomatope, expresses the sound of the gravy boiling.

[1] To perform the rite called "o-hyaku-dō" means to make one hundred visits to a temple, saying a prayer each time. The expression "dark way of Love" ("koi no yami" or "yamiji") is a Buddhist phrase; love, being due to mayoi, or illusion, is a state of spiritual darkness. The term "owner of my heart" is an attempted rendering of the Japanese word "nushi," signifying "master," "owner" — often, also, "landlord" — and, in love-matters, the lord or master of the affection inspired.

[2] Sai-no-kawara to
Nushi matsu yoi wa
Koishi, koishi ga
Yama to naru.

A more literal translation would be: "In the Sai-no-Kawara ('Dry bed of the River of Souls') and in the evening when waiting for the loved one, 'Koishi, Koishi' becomes a mountain." There is a delicate pun here — a play on the word "Koishi," which, as pronounced, though not as written, may mean either "a small stone," or "longing to see." In the bed of the phantom river, Sai-no-Kawa, the ghosts of children

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Who furthest after illusion wanders on Love's dark pathway
Is ever the clearest-seeing,[1] not the simple or dull.

Coldly seen from without our love looks utter folly:
Who never has felt mayoi never could understand!

Countless the men must be who dwell in three thousand worlds;
Yet among them all is none worthy to change for mine.[2]

However fickle I seem, my heart is never unfaithful:
Out of the slime itself, spotless the lotus grows.[3]

So that we stay together, even the Hell of the Blood Lake —
Even the Mountain of Swords — will signify nothing at all.[4]

---

are obliged to pile up little stones, the weight of which increases so as to tax their strength to the utmost. There is a reference here also to a verse in the Buddhist wasan of Jizō, describing the crying of the children for their parents: "Chichi koishi! haha koishi!" (See *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, vol. I, pp. 69–71.)

[1] Clearest-sighted — that is, in worldly matters.

[2] San-zen sékai ni
Otoko wa arédo,
Nushi ni mi-kayeru
Hito wa nai.

"San-zen sekai," the three thousand worlds, is a common Buddhist expression. Literally translated, the above song runs: "Three-thousand-worlds-in men are, but lover-to-exchange person is not."

[3] The familiar Buddhist simile is used more significantly here than the Western reader might suppose from the above rendering. These are supposed to be the words either of a professional singing-girl or of a jorō. Her calling is derisively termed a doro-midzu kagyō ("foul-water occupation"); and her citation of the famous Buddhist comparison in self-defense is particularly, and pathetically, happy.

[4] Chi-no-Iké-Jigoku mo,
Tsurugi-no-Yama mo,
Futari-dzuré nara
Itoi 'a sénu.

The Hell of the Blood-Lake is a hell for women; and the Mountain of Swords is usually depicted in Buddhist prints as a place of infernal punishment for men in especial.

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Not yet indeed is my body garbed in the ink-black habit; —
But as for this heart bereaved, already it is a nun.[1]

My hair, indeed, is uncut; but my heart has become a religious;
A nun it shall always be till the hour I meet him again.

But even the priest or nun is not always exempt from the power of mayoi:

I am wearing the sable garb — and yet, through illusion of longing,
Ever I lose my way — knowing not whither or where!

So far, my examples have been principally chosen from the more serious class of dodoitsu. But in dodoitsu of a lighter class the Buddhist allusions are perhaps even more frequent. The following group of five will serve for specimens of hundreds:

Never can be recalled the word too quickly spoken:
Therefore with Emma's face the lover receives the prayer.[2]

Thrice did I hear that prayer with Buddha's face; but hereafter
My face shall be Emma's face because of too many prayers.

---

[1] In the original much more pretty and much more simple:

Sumi no koromo ni
Mi wa yatsusanedo,
Kokoro hitotsu wa
Ama-hōshi.

"Ink-black koromo [priest's or nun's outer robe] in, body not clad, but heart-one nun." Hitotsu, "one," also means "solitary," "forlorn," "bereaved." Ama hōshi, literally, "nun-priest."

[2] The implication is that he has hastily promised more than he wishes to perform. Emma, or Yemma (Sansc. Yama), is the Lord of Hell and Judge of Souls; and, as depicted in Buddhist sculpture and painting, is more than fearful to look upon. There is an evident reference in this song to the Buddhist proverb: "Karu-toki no Jizō-gao; nasutoki no Emma-gao" ("Borrowing-time, the face of Jizō; repaying-time, the face of Emma").

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Now they are merry together; but under their boat is Jigoku.[1]
Blow quickly, thou river-wind — blow a typhoon for my sake!

Vainly, to make him stay, I said that the crows were night crows;[2]
The bell of the dawn peals doom — the bell that cannot lie.

This my desire: To kill the crows of three thousand worlds,
And then to repose in peace with the owner of my heart![3]

I have cited this last only as a curiosity. For it has a strange history, and is not what it seems — although the apparent motive was certainly suggested by some song like the one immediately preceding it. It is a song of loyalty, and was composed by Kido of Chōshū, one of the leaders in that great movement which brought about the downfall of the Shōgunate, the restoration of the Imperial power, the reconstruction of Japanese society, and the introduction and adoption of Western civilization. Kido, Saigō, and

[1] "Jigoku" is the Buddhist name for various hells (Sansc. narakas). The allusion here is to the proverb, "Funa-ita ichi-mai shita wa Jigoku": "Under [the thickness of] a single boat-plank is hell" — referring to the perils of the sea. This song is a satire on jealousy; and the boat spoken of is probably a roofed pleasure-boat, such as excursions are made into the sound of music.

[2] Tsuki-yo-garasu, literally, "moon-night crows." Crows usually announce the dawn by their cawing; but sometimes on moonlight nights they caw at all hours from sunset to sunrise. The bell referred to is the bell of some Buddhist temple: the aké-no-kane, or "dawn-bell," being, in all parts of Japan, sounded from every Buddhist tera. There is a pun in the original; — the expression "tsukenai," "cannot *tell* [a lie]," might also be interpreted phonetically as "cannot *strike* [a bell]."

[3] San-zen sékai no
Karasu wo koroshi
Nushi to soi-né ga
Shité mitai!

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Ōkubo are rightly termed the three heroes of the restoration. While preparing his plans at Kyōto, in company with his friend Saigō, Kido composed and sang this song as an intimation of his real sentiments. By the phrase, "ravens of the three thousand worlds," he designated the Tokugawa partisans; by the word "nushi" (lord, or heart's-master) he signified the Emperor; and by the term "soiné" (reposing together) he referred to the hoped-for condition of direct responsibility to the Throne, without further intervention of Shōgun and daimyō. It was not the first example in Japanese history of the use of popular song as a medium for the utterance of opinions which, expressed in plainer language, would have invited assassination.

While I was writing the preceding note upon Kido's song, the Buddhist phrase, "Sanzen sékai" (twice occurring, as the reader will have observed, in the present collection), suggested a few reflections with which this paper may fitly conclude. I remember that when I first attempted, years ago, to learn the outlines of Buddhist philosophy, one fact which particularly impressed me was the vastness of the Buddhist concept of the universe. Buddhism, as I read it, had not offered itself to humanity as a saving creed for one inhabited world, but as the religion of "innumerable hundreds of thousands of myriads of kôtis [1] of worlds." And the modern scientific rev-

[1] 1 kôti = 10,000,000.

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elation of stellar evolution and dissolution then seemed to me, and still seems, like a prodigious confirmation of certain Buddhist theories of cosmical law.

The man of science to-day cannot ignore the enormous suggestions of the new story that the heavens are telling. He finds himself compelled to regard the development of what we call mind as a general phase or incident in the ripening of planetary life throughout the universe. He is obliged to consider the relation of our own petty sphere to the great swarming of suns and systems as no more than the relation of a single noctiluca to the phosphorescence of a sea. By its creed the Oriental intellect has been better prepared than the Occidental to accept this tremendous revelation, not as a wisdom that increaseth sorrow, but as a wisdom to quicken faith. And I cannot but think that out of the certain future union of Western knowledge with Eastern thought there must eventually proceed a Neo-Buddhism inheriting all the strength of Science, yet spiritually able to recompense the seeker after truth with the recompense foretold in the twelfth chapter of the Sutra of the Diamond-Cutter. Taking the text as it stands — in despite of commentators — what more could be unselfishly desired from any spiritual teaching than the reward promised in that verse — "They shall be endowed with the Highest Wonder"?

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IX

NIRVANA

A STUDY IN SYNTHETIC BUDDHISM

I

It is not possible, O Subhûti, that this treatise of the Law should be heard by beings of little faith — by those who believe in Self, in beings, in living beings, and in persons. *The Diamond-Cutter*

THERE still widely prevails in Europe and America the idea that Nirvana signifies, to Buddhist minds, neither more nor less than absolute nothingness — complete annihilation. This idea is erroneous. But it is erroneous only because it contains half of a truth. This half of a truth has no value or interest, or even intelligibility, unless joined with the other half. And of the other half no suspicion yet exists in the average Western mind.

Nirvana, indeed, signifies an extinction. But if by this extinction of individual being we understand soul-death, our conception of Nirvana is wrong. Or if we take Nirvana to mean such reabsorption of the finite into the infinite as that predicted by Indian pantheism, again our idea is foreign to Buddhism.

Nevertheless, if we declare that Nirvana means the extinction of individual sensation, emotion, thought — the final disintegration of conscious personality — the annihilation of everything that can be included under the term "I" — then we rightly express one side of the Buddhist teaching.

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The apparent contradiction of the foregoing statements is due only to our Occidental notion of Self. Self to us signifies feelings, ideas, memory, volition; and it can scarcely occur to any person not familiar with German idealism even to imagine that consciousness might not be Self. The Buddhist, on the contrary, declares all that we call Self to be false. He defines the Ego as a mere temporary aggregate of sensations, impulses, ideas, created by the physical and mental experiences of the race — all related to the perishable body, and all doomed to dissolve with it. What to Western reasoning seems the most indubitable of realities, Buddhist reasoning pronounces the greatest of all illusions, and even the source of all sorrow and sin.

The mind, the thoughts, and all the senses are subject to the law of life and death. With knowledge of Self and the laws of birth and death, there is no grasping, and no sense-perception. Knowing one's self and knowing how the senses act, there is no room for the idea of "I," or the ground for framing it. The thought of "Self" gives rise to all sorrows — binding the world as with fetters; but having found there is no "I" that can be bound, then all these bonds are severed.[1]

The above text suggests very plainly that the consciousness is not the Real Self, and that the mind dies with the body. Any reader unfamiliar with Buddhist thought may well ask, "What, then, is the meaning of the doctrine of Karma, the doctrine of moral progression, the doctrine of the consequence

[1] *Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King.*

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of acts?" Indeed, to try to study, only with the ontological ideas of the West, even such translations of the Buddhist Sutras as those given in the "Sacred Books of the East," is to be at every page confronted by seemingly hopeless riddles and contradictions. We find a doctrine of rebirth; but the existence of a soul is denied. We are told that the misfortunes of this life are punishments of faults committed in a previous life; yet personal transmigration does not take place. We find the statement that beings are reindividualized; yet both individuality and personality are called illusions. I doubt whether anybody not acquainted with the deeper forms of Buddhist belief could possibly understand the following extracts which I have made from the first volume of "The Questions of King Milinda":

The King said: "Nagasena, is there any one who after death is not reindividualized?" Nagasena answered: "A sinful being is reindividualized; a sinless one is not" (p. 50).

"Is there, Nagasena, such a thing as the soul?" "There is no such thing as soul" (pp. 86-89). [The same statement is repeated in a later chapter (p. 111), with a qualification: "*In the highest sense*, O King, there is no such thing."]

"Is there any being, Nagasena, who transmigrates from this body to another?" "No: there is not" (p. 112).

"Where there is no transmigration, Nagasena, can there be rebirth?" "Yes: there can."

"Does he, Nagasena, who is about to be reborn, know that he will be reborn?" "Yes: he knows it, O King" (p. 113).

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Naturally the Western reader may ask — "How can there be reindividualization without a soul? How can there be rebirth without transmigration? How can there be personal foreknowledge of rebirth without personality?" But the answers to such questions will not be found in the work cited.

It would be wrong to suppose that the citations given offer any exceptional difficulty. As to the doctrine of the annihilation of Self, the testimony of nearly all those Buddhist texts now accessible to English readers is overwhelming. Perhaps the Sutra of the Great Decease furnishes the most remarkable evidence contained in the "Sacred Books of the East." In its account of the Eight Stages of Deliverance leading to Nirvana, it explicitly describes what we should be justified in calling, from our Western point of view, the process of absolute annihilation. We are told that in the first of these eight stages the Buddhist seeker after truth still retains the ideas of form — subjective and objective. In the second stage he loses the subjective idea of form, and views forms as external phenomena only. In the third stage the sense of the approaching perception of larger truth comes to him. In the fourth stage he passes beyond all ideas of form, ideas of resistance, and ideas of distinction; and there remains to him only the idea of infinite space. In the fifth stage the idea of infinite space vanishes, and the thought comes: *It is all infinite reason.* [Here is the uttermost limit, many might suppose, of panthe-

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istic idealism; but it is only the half way resting-place on the path which the Buddhist thinker must pursue.] In the sixth stage the thought comes, "*Nothing at all exists.*" In the seventh stage the idea of nothingness itself vanishes. In the eighth stage all sensations and ideas cease to exist. And *after* this comes Nirvana.

The same sutra, in recounting the death of the Buddha, represents him as rapidly passing through the first, second, third, and fourth stages of meditation to enter into "that state of mind to which the Infinity of Space alone is present" and thence into "that state of mind to which the Infinity of Thought alone is present"; and thence into "that state of mind to which nothing at all is specially present"; and thence into "that state of mind between consciousness and unconsciousness"; and thence into "that state of mind in which the consciousness both of sensations and of ideas has wholly passed away."

For the reader who has made any serious attempt to obtain a general idea of Buddhism, such citations are scarcely necessary; since the fundamental doctrine of the concatenation of cause and effect contains the same denial of the reality of Self and suggests the same enigmas. Illusion produces action or Karma; Karma, self-consciousness; self-consciousness, individuality; individuality, the senses; the senses, contact; contact, feeling; feeling, desire; desire, union; union, conception; conception, birth; birth, sorrow and decrepitude and death. Doubtless

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the reader knows the doctrine of the destruction of the twelve Nidanas; and it is needless here to repeat it at length. But he may be reminded of the teaching that by the cessation of contact feeling is destroyed; by that of feeling, individuality; and by that of individuality, *self-consciousness.*

Evidently, without a preliminary solution of the riddles offered by such texts, any effort to learn the meaning of Nirvana is hopeless. Before being able to comprehend the true meaning of those sutras now made familiar to English readers by translation, it is necessary to understand that the common Occidental ideas of God and Soul, of matter, of spirit, have no existence in Buddhist philosophy; their places being occupied by concepts having no real counterparts in Western religious thought. Above all, it is necessary that the reader should expel from his mind the theological idea of Soul. The texts already quoted should have made it clear that in Buddhist philosophy there is no personal transmigration, and no individual permanent Soul.

II

O Bhagavat, the idea of a self is no idea; and the idea of a being, or a living person, or a person, is no idea. And why? Because the blessed Buddhas are freed from all ideas. *The Diamond-Cutter*

And now let us try to understand what it is that dies, and what it is that is reborn; what it is that commits faults and what it is that suffers penalties; what passes from states of woe to states of bliss;

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what enters into Nirvana after the destruction of self-consciousness; what survives "extinction" and has power to return out of Nirvana; what experiences the Four Infinite Feelings after all finite feeling has been annihilated.

It is not the sentient and conscious Self that enters Nirvana. The Ego is only a temporary aggregate of countless illusions, a phantom-shell, a bubble sure to break. It is a creation of Karma — or rather, as a Buddhist friend insists, it *is* Karma. To comprehend the statement fully, the reader should know that, in this Oriental philosophy, acts and thoughts are forces of integrating themselves into material and mental phenomena — into what we call objective and subjective appearances. The very earth we tread upon — the mountains and forests, the rivers and seas, the world and its moon, the visible universe in short — *is the integration of acts and thoughts*, is Karma, or, at least, Being conditioned by Karma.[1]

[1] "The aggregate actions of all sentient beings give birth to the varieties of mountains, rivers, countries, etc. . . . Their eyes, nostrils, ears, tongues, bodies — as well as their gardens, woods, farms, residences, servants, and maids — men imagine to be their own possessions; but they are, in truth, only results produced by innumerable actions." (KURODA, *Outlines of the Mahayana.*)

"Grass, trees, earth — all these shall become Buddha." (CHŪ-IN-KYŌ.)

"Even swords and things of metal are manifestations of spirit: within them exist all virtues [*or* "power"] in their fullest development and perfection." (HIZŌ-HŌ-YAKU.)

"When called sentient or non-sentient, matter is Law-Body [*or* "spiritual body"]." (CHISHŌ-HISHŌ.)

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The Karma-Ego we call Self is mind and is body; — both perpetually decay; both are perpetually renewed. From the unknown beginning, this double phenomenon, objective and subjective, has been alternately dissolved and integrated: each integration is a birth; each dissolution a death. There is no other birth or death but the birth and death of Karma in some form or condition. But at each rebirth the reintegration is never the reintegration of the identical phenomenon, but of another to which it gives rise — as growth begets growth, as motion produces motion. So that the phantom-self changes not only as to form and condition, but as to actual personality with every reëmbodiment. There is one Reality; but there is no permanent individual, no constant personality: there is only phantom-self, and phantom succeeds to phantom, as undulation to undulation, over the ghostly Sea of Birth and Death. And even as the storming of a sea is a motion of undulation, not of translation — even as it is the form of the wave only, not the wave itself, that travels — so in the passing of lives there is only the rising and the vanishing of forms — forms mental, forms material. The fathomless Reality does not

"The Apparent Doctrine treats of the four great elements [earth, fire, water, air] as non-sentient. But in the Hidden Doctrine these are said to be the Sammya-Shin [Samya-Kaya], or Body-Accordant of the Nyōrai [Tathâgata]." (SOKU-SHIN-JŌ-BUTSU-GI.)

"When every phase of our mind shall be in accord with the mind of Buddha, . . . then there will not be even one particle of dust that does not enter into Buddhahood." (ENGAKU-SHŌ.)

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pass. "All forms," it is written in the "Kongō-hannya-haramitsu-Kyō," [1] "are unreal: he who rises above all forms is the Buddha." But what can remain to rise above all forms after the total disintegration of body and the final dissolution of mind?

Unconsciously dwelling behind the false consciousness of imperfect man — beyond sensation, perception, thought — wrapped in the envelope of what we call soul (which in truth is only a thickly woven veil of illusion), is the eternal and divine, the Absolute Reality: not a soul, not a personality, but the All-Self without selfishness — the Muga no Taiga — the Buddha enwombed in Karma. Within every phantom-self dwells this divine: yet the innumerable are but one. Within every creature incarnate sleeps the Infinite Intelligence unevolved, hidden, unfelt, unknown — yet destined from all the eternities to waken at last, to rend away the ghostly web of sensuous mind, to break forever its chrysalis of flesh, and pass to the supreme conquest of Space and Time. Wherefore it is written in the "Kegon-Kyō" ("Avatamsaka-Sutra"):

> Child of Buddha, there is not even one living being that has not the wisdom of the Tathâgata. It is only because of their vain thoughts and affections that all beings are not conscious of this.... I will teach them the holy Way; — I will make them forsake their foolish thoughts, and cause them to see that the vast and deep intelligence which dwells within them is not different from the wisdom of the very Buddha.

[1] *Vagra-pragñâ pâramita-Sutra.*

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Here we may pause to consider the correspondence between these fundamental Buddhist theories and the concepts of Western science. It will be evident that the Buddhist denial of the reality of the apparitional world is not a denial of the reality of phenomena as phenomena, nor a denial of the forces producing phenomena objectively or subjectively. For the negation of Karma as Karma would involve the negation of the entire Buddhist system. The true declaration is, that what we perceive is never reality in itself, and that even the Ego that perceives is an unstable plexus of aggregates of feelings which are themselves unstable and in the nature of illusions. This position is scientifically strong — perhaps impregnable. Of substance in itself we certainly know nothing: we are conscious of the universe as a vast play of forces only; and, even while we discern the general relative meaning of laws expressed in the action of those forces, all that which is Non-Ego is revealed to us merely through the vibrations of a nervous structure never exactly the same in any two human beings. Yet through such varying and imperfect perception we are sufficiently assured of the impermanency of all forms — of all aggregates objective or subjective.

The test of reality is persistence; and the Buddhist, finding in the visible universe only a perpetual flux of phenomena, declares the material aggregate unreal because non-persistent — unreal, at least, as a bubble, a cloud, or a mirage. Again, relation is the

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universal form of thought; but since relation is impermanent, how can thought be persistent?... Judged from these points of view, Buddhist doctrine is not Anti-Realism, but a veritable Transfigured Realism, finding just expression in the exact words of Herbert Spencer:

> Every feeling and thought being but transitory; — an entire life made up of such feelings and thoughts being also but transitory; — nay, the objects amid which life is passed, though less transitory, being severally in the course of losing their individualities, whether quickly or slowly — *we learn that the one thing permanent is the Unknowable Reality hidden under all these changing shapes.*

Likewise, the teaching of Buddhism, that what we call Self is an impermanent aggregate — a sensuous illusion — will prove, if patiently analyzed, scarcely possible for any serious thinker to deny. Mind, as known to the scientific psychologist, is composed of feelings and the relations between feelings; and feelings are composed of units of simple sensation which are physiologically coincident with minute nervous shocks. All the sense-organs are fundamentally alike, being evolutional modifications of the same morphological elements; — and all the senses are modifications of touch. Or, to use the simplest possible language, the organs of sense — sight, smell, taste, even hearing — have been alike developed from the skin! Even the human brain itself, by the modern testimony of histology and embryology, "is, at its first beginning, merely an infolding

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of the epidermic layer"; and thought, physiologically and evolutionally, is thus a modification of touch. Certain vibrations, acting through the visual apparatus, cause within the brain those motions which are followed by the sensations of light and color; — other vibrations, acting upon the auditory mechanism, give rise to the sensation of sound; — other vibrations, setting up changes in specialized tissue, produce sensations of taste, smell, touch. All our knowledge is derived and developed, directly or indirectly, from physical sensation — from touch. Of course this is no ultimate explanation, because nobody can tell us *what feels the touch.* "Everything physical," well said Schopenhauer, "is at the same time metaphysical." But science fully justifies the Buddhist position that what we call Self is a bundle of sensations, emotions, sentiments, ideas, memories, all relating to the *physical* experiences of the race and the individual, and that our wish for immortality is a wish for the eternity of this merely sensuous and selfish consciousness. And science even supports the Buddhist denial of the permanence of the sensuous Ego. "Psychology," says Wundt, "proves that not only our sense-perceptions, but the memorial images that renew them, depend for their origin upon the functionings of the organs of sense and movement. . . . A continuance of this sensuous consciousness must appear to her irreconcilable with the facts of her experience. And surely we may well doubt whether such continuance is an

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ethical requisite: more, whether the fulfillment of the wish for it, if possible, were not an intolerable destiny."

III

O Subhûti, if I had had an idea of a being, of a living being, or of a person, I should also have had an idea of malevolence. . . . A gift should not be given by any one who believes in form, sound, smell, taste, or anything that can be touched.

The Diamond-Cutter

THE doctrine of the impermanency of the conscious Ego is not only the most remarkable in Buddhist philosophy: it is also, morally, one of the most important. Perhaps the ethical value of this teaching has never yet been fairly estimated by any Western thinker. How much of human unhappiness has been caused, directly and indirectly, by opposite beliefs — by the delusion of stability — by the delusion that distinctions of character, condition, class, creed, are settled by immutable law — and the delusion of a changeless, immortal, sentient soul, destined, by divine caprice, to eternities of bliss or eternities of fire! Doubtless the ideas of a deity moved by everlasting hate — of soul as a permanent, changeless entity destined to changeless states — of sin as unatonable and of penalty as never-ending — were not without value in former savage stages of social development. But in the course of our future evolution they must be utterly got rid of; and it may be hoped that the contact of Western with Oriental thought will have for one happy result the accelera-

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tion of their decay. While even the feelings which they have developed linger with us, there can be no true spirit of tolerance, no sense of human brotherhood, no wakening of universal love.

Buddhism, on the other hand, recognizing no permanency, no finite stabilities, no distinctions of character or class or race, except as passing phenomena — nay, no difference even between gods and men — has been essentially the religion of tolerance. Demon and angel are but varying manifestations of the same Karma; — hell and heaven mere temporary halting-places upon the journey to eternal peace. For all beings there is but one law — immutable and divine: the law by which the lowest *must* rise to the place of the highest — the law by which the worst *must* become the best — the law by which the vilest *must* become a Buddha. In such a system there is no room for prejudice and for hatred. Ignorance alone is the source of wrong and pain; and all ignorance must finally be dissipated in infinite light *through the decomposition of Self.*

Certainly while we still try to cling to the old theories of permanent personality, and of a single incarnation only for each individual, we can find no moral meaning in the universe as it exists. Modern knowledge can discover no justice in the cosmic process; — the very most it can offer us by way of ethical encouragement is that the unknowable forces are not forces of pure malevolence. "Neither moral

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nor immoral," to quote Huxley, "but simply unmoral." Evolutional science cannot be made to accord with the notion of indissoluble personality; and if we accept its teaching of mental growth and inheritance, we must also accept its teaching of individual dissolution and of the cosmos as inexplicable. It assures us, indeed, that the higher faculties of man have been developed through struggle and pain, and will long continue to be so developed; but it also assures us that evolution is inevitably followed by dissolution — that the highest point of development is the point likewise from which retrogression begins. And if we are each and all mere perishable forms of being — doomed to pass away like plants and trees — what consolation can we find in the assurance that we are suffering for the benefit of the future? How can it concern us whether humanity become more or less happy in another myriad ages, if there remains nothing for us but to live and die in comparative misery? Or, to repeat the irony of Huxley, "what compensation does the Eohippus get for his sorrows in the fact that, some millions of years afterwards, one of his descendants wins the Derby?"

But the cosmic process may assume quite another aspect if we can persuade ourselves, like the Buddhist, that all being is Unity; that personality is but a delusion hiding reality; that all distinctions of "I" and "thou" are ghostly films spun out of perishable sensation; that even Time and Place as revealed to our petty senses are phantasms; that the past and

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the present and the future are veritably One. Suppose the winner of the Derby quite well able to remember having been the Eohippus? Suppose the being, once man, able to look back through all veils of death and birth, through all evolutions of evolution, even to the moment of the first faint growth of sentiency out of non-sentiency; — able to remember, like the Buddha of the Jatakas, all the experiences of his myriad incarnations, and to relate them like fairy-tales for the sake of another Ananda?

We have seen that it is not the Self but the Non-Self — the one reality underlying all phenomena — which passes from form to form. The striving for Nirvana is a struggle perpetual between false and true, light and darkness, the sensual and the supersensual; and the ultimate victory can be gained only by the total decomposition of the mental and the physical individuality. Not one conquest of self can suffice: millions of selves must be overcome. For the false Ego is a compound of countless ages — possesses a vitality enduring beyond universes. At each breaking and shedding of the chrysalis a new chrysalis appears — more tenuous, perhaps more diaphanous, but woven of like sensuous material — a mental and physical texture spun by Karma from the inherited illusions, passions, desires, pains and pleasures, of innumerable lives. But what is it that feels? — the phantom or the reality?

All phenomena of *Self*-consciousness belong to the false self — but only as a physiologist might say

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that sensation is a product of the sensiferous apparatus, which would not explain sensation. No more in Buddhism than in physiological psychology is there any real teaching of *two* feeling entities. In Buddhism the only entity is the Absolute; and to that entity the false self stands in the relation of a medium through which right perception is deflected and distorted — in which and because of which sentiency and impulse become possible. The unconditioned Absolute is above all relations: it has nothing of what we call pain or pleasure; it knows no difference of "I" and "thou" — no distinction of place or time. But while conditioned by the illusion of personality, it is aware of pain or pleasure, as a dreamer perceives unrealities without being conscious of their unreality. Pleasures and pains and all the feelings relating to self-consciousness are hallucinations. The false self exists only as a state of sleep exists; and sentiency and desire, and all the sorrows and passions of being, exist only as illusions of that sleep.

But here we reach a point at which science and Buddhism diverge. Modern psychology recognizes no feelings not evolutionally developed through the experiences of the race and the individual; but Buddhism asserts the existence of feelings which are immortal and divine. It declares that in this Karma-state the greater part of our sensations, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, are related only to the phantom self; — that our mental life is little more than a flow

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of feelings and desires belonging to selfishness; — that our loves and hates, and hopes and fears, and pleasures and pains, are illusions; [1] — but it also declares there are higher feelings, more or less latent within us, according to our degree of knowledge, which have nothing to do with the false self, and which are eternal.

Though science pronounces the ultimate nature of pleasures and pains to be inscrutable, it partly confirms the Buddhist teaching of their impermanent character. Both appear to belong rather to secondary than to primary elements of feeling, and both to be evolutions — forms of sensation developed, through billions of life-experiences, out of primal conditions in which there can have been neither real pleasure nor real pain, but only the vaguest dull sentiency. The higher the evolution the more pain, and the larger the volume of all sensation. After the state of equilibration has been reached, the volume of feeling will begin to diminish. The finer pleasures and the keener pains must first become extinct; then by gradual stages the less complex feelings, according to their complexity; till at last, in all the refrigerating planet, there will survive not even the simplest sensation possible to the lowest form of life.

But, according to the Buddhist, the highest moral feelings survive races and suns and universes. The

[1] "Pleasures and pains have their origin from touch; where there is no touch, they do not arise." (*Atthakavagga*, 11.)

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purely unselfish feelings, impossible to grosser natures, belong to the Absolute. In generous natures the divine becomes sentient — quickens within the shell of illusion, as a child quickens in the womb (whence illusion itself is called The Womb of the Tathâgata). In yet higher natures the feelings which are not of self find room for powerful manifestation — shine through the phantom-Ego as light through a vase. Such are purely unselfish love, larger than individual being — supreme compassion — perfect benevolence: they are not of man, but of the Buddha within the man. And as these expand, all the feelings of self begin to thin and weaken. The condition of the phantom-Ego simultaneously purifies: all those opacities which darkened the reality of Mind within the mirage of mind begin to illumine; and the sense of the infinite, like a thrilling of light, passes through the dream of personality into the awakening divine.[1]

But in the case of the average seeker after truth, this refinement and ultimate decomposition of self can be effected only with lentor inexpressible. The phantom-individuality, though enduring only for the space of a single lifetime, shapes out of the sum of its innate qualities, and out of the sum of its own

[1] "To reach the state of the perfect and everlasting happiness is the highest Nirvana; for then all mental phenomena — such as desires, etc. — are annihilated. And as such mental phenomena are annihilated, there appears the true nature of true mind with all its innumerable functions and miraculous actions." (KURODA, *Outlines of the Mahâyâna.*)

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particular acts and thoughts, the new combination which succeeds it — a fresh individuality — another prison of illusion for the Self-without-selfishness.[1] As name and form, the false self dissolves; but its impulses live on and recombine; and the final destruction of those impulses — the total extinction of their ghostly vitality — may require a protraction of effort through billions of centuries. Perpetually from the ashes of burnt-out passions subtler passions are born — perpetually from the graves of illusions new illusions arise. The most powerful of human passions is the last to yield: it persists far into superhuman conditions. Even when its grosser forms have passed away, its tendencies still lurk in those feelings originally derived from it or interwoven with it — the sensation of beauty, for example, and the delight of the mind in graceful things. On earth these are classed among the higher feelings. But in a supramundane state their indulgence is fraught with peril: a touch or a look may cause the broken fetters of sensual bondage to reform. Beyond all worlds of sex there are strange zones in which thoughts and memories become tangible and visible objective facts — in which emotional fancies are materialized — in which the least unworthy wish may prove creative.

It may be said, in Western religious phraseology,

[1] It is on the subject of this propagation and perpetuation of characters that the doctrine of Karma is in partial agreement with the modern scientific teaching of the hereditary transmission of tendencies.

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that throughout the greater part of this vast pilgrimage, and in all the zones of desire, the temptations increase according to the spiritual strength of resistance. With every successive ascent there is a further expansion of the possibilities of enjoyment, an augmentation of power, a heightening of sensation. Immense the reward of self-conquest; but whosoever strives for that reward strives after emptiness. One must not desire heaven as a state of pleasure; it has been written, "Erroneous thoughts as to the joys of heaven are still entwined by the fast cords of lust." One must not wish to become a god or an angel. "Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkus" — the teacher said — "may have adopted the religious life thinking, to himself, 'By this morality I shall become an angel,' his mind does not incline to zeal, perseverance, exertion." Perhaps the most vivid exposition of the duty of the winner of happiness is that given in the Sutra of the Great King of Glory. This great king, coming into possession of all imaginable wealth and power, abstains from enjoyments, despises splendors, refuses the caresses of a queen dowered with "the beauty of the gods," and bids her demand of him, out of her own lips, that he forsake her. She, with dutiful sweetness, but not without natural tears, obeys him; and he passes at once out of existence. Every such refusal of the prizes gained by virtue helps to cause a still more fortunate birth in a still loftier state of being. But no state should be desired; and it is only after the

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wish for Nirvana itself has ceased that Nirvana can be attained.

And now we may venture for a little while into the most fantastic region of Buddhist ontology — since, without some definite notion of the course of psychical evolution therein described, the suggestive worth of the system cannot be fairly judged. Certainly I am asking the reader to consider a theory about what is beyond the uttermost limit of possible human knowledge. But as much of the Buddhist doctrine as can be studied and tested within the limit of human knowledge is found to accord with scientific opinion better than does any other religious hypothesis; and some of the Buddhist teachings prove to be incomprehensible anticipations of modern scientific discovery — can it, therefore, seem unreasonable to claim that even the pure fancies of a faith so much older than our own, and so much more capable of being reconciled with the widest expansions of nineteenth-century thought, deserve at least respectful consideration?

IV

Non existence is only the entrance to the Great Vehicle.

Daibon-Kyōi

And in which way is it, Siha, that one speaking truly could say of me: "The Samana Gotama maintains annihilation; — he teaches the doctrine of annihilation"? I proclaim, Siha, the annihilation of lust, of ill-will, of delusion; I proclaim the annihilation of the manifold conditions (of heart) which are evil and not good. *Mahavagga*, VI, 31. 7

"NIN mité, hō toké" (see first the person, then preach

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the law) is a Japanese proverb signifying that Buddhism should be taught according to the capacity of the pupil. And the great systems of Buddhist doctrine are actually divided into progressive stages (five usually), to be studied in succession, or otherwise, according to the intellectual ability of the learner. Also there are many varieties of special doctrine held by the different sects and sub-sects — so that, to make any satisfactory outline of Buddhist ontology, it is necessary to shape a synthesis of the more important and non-conflicting among these many tenets. I need scarcely say that popular Buddhism does not include concepts such as we have been examining. The people hold to the simpler creed of a veritable transmigration of souls. The people understand Karma only as the law that makes the punishment or reward of faults committed in previous lives. The people do not trouble themselves about Nehan or Nirvana; [1] but they think much about heaven (Gokuraku), which the members of many sects believe can be attained immediately after this life by the spirits of the good. The followers of the greatest and richest of the modern sects — the Shinshū — hold that, by the invocation of Amida, a righteous person can pass at once after

[1] Scarcely a day passes that I do not hear such words uttered as ingwa, gokuraku, gōshō — or other words referring to Karma, heaven, future life, past life, etc. But I have never heard a man or woman of the people use the word "Nehan"; and whenever I have ventured to question such about Nirvana, I found that its philosophical meaning was unknown. On the other hand, the Japanese scholar speaks of Nehan as the reality — of heaven, either as a temporary condition or as a parable.

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death to the great Paradise of the West — the Paradise of the Lotus-Flower-Birth. I am taking no account of popular beliefs in this little study, nor of doctrines peculiar to any one sect only.

But there are many differences in the higher teaching as to the attainment of Nirvana. Some authorities hold that the supreme happiness can be won, or at least seen, even on this earth; while others declare that the present world is too corrupt to allow of a perfect life, and that only by winning, through good deeds, the privilege of rebirth into a better world, can men hope for opportunity to practice that holiness which leads to the highest bliss. The latter opinion, which posits the superior conditions of being in other worlds, better expresses the general thought of contemporary Buddhism in Japan.

The conditions of human and of animal being belong to what are termed the Worlds of Desire (Yoku-Kai) — which are four in number. Below these are the states of torment or hells (Jigoku), about which many curious things are written; but neither the Yoku-Kai nor the Jigoku need be considered in relation to the purpose of this little essay. We have only to do with the course of spiritual progress from the world of men up to Nirvana — assuming, with modern Buddhism, that the pilgrimage through death and birth must continue, for the majority of mankind at least, even after the attainment of the highest conditions possible upon this globe. The

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way rises from terrestrial conditions to other and superior worlds — passing first through the Six Heavens of Desire (Yoku-Ten); — thence through the Seventeen Heavens of Form (Shiki-Kai); — and lastly through the Four Heavens of Formlessness (Mushiki-Kai), beyond which lies Nirvana.

The requirements of physical life — the need of food, rest, and sexual relations — continue to be felt in the Heavens of Desire — which would seem to be higher physical worlds rather than what we commonly understand by the expression "heavens." Indeed, the conditions in some of them are such as might be supposed to exist in planets more favored than our own — in larger spheres warmed by a more genial sun. And some Buddhist texts actually place them in remote constellations — declaring that the Path leads from star to star, from galaxy to galaxy, from universe to universe, up to the Limit of Existence.[1]

In the first of the heavens of this zone, called the Heaven of the Four Kings (Shi-Tennō-Ten), life lasts five times longer than life on this earth according to number of years, and each year there is equal to fifty terrestrial years. But its inhabitants eat and drink, and marry and give in marriage, much after the fashion of mankind. In the succeeding heaven

[1] This astronomical localization of higher conditions of being, or of other "Buddha-fields," may provoke a smile; but it suggests undeniable possibilities. There is no absurdity in supposing that potentialities of life and growth and development really pass, with nebular diffusion and concentration, from expired systems to new systems. Indeed, not to suppose this, in our present state of knowledge, is scarcely possible for the rational mind.

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(Sanjiu-san-Ten), the duration of life is doubled, while all other conditions are correspondingly improved; and the grosser forms of passion disappear. The union of the sexes persists, but in a manner curiously similar to that which a certain Father of the Christian Church wished might become possible — a simple embrace producing a new being. In the third heaven (called Emma-Ten), where longevity is again doubled, the slightest touch may create life. In the fourth, or Heaven of Contentment (Tochita-Ten), longevity is further increased. In the fifth, or Heaven of the Transmutation of Pleasure (Keraku-Ten), strange new powers are gained. Subjective pleasures become changed at will into objective pleasures; — thoughts as well as wishes become creative forces; — and even the act of seeing may cause conception and birth. In the sixth heaven (Takéjizai-Ten), the powers obtained in the fifth heaven are further developed; and the subjective pleasures transmuted into objective can be presented to others, or shared with others — like material gifts. But the look of an instant — one glance of the eye — may generate a new Karma.

The Yoku-Kai are all heavens of sensuous life — heavens such as might answer to the dreams of artists and lovers and poets. But those who are able to traverse them without falling (and a fall, be it observed, is not difficult) pass into the Supersensual Zone, first entering the Heavens of Luminous Observation of Existence and of Calm Meditation upon

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Existence (Ujin-ushi-shōryo, or Kakkwan). These are in number three — each higher than the preceding — and are named The Heaven of Sanctity, The Heaven of Higher Sanctity, and The Heaven of Great Sanctity. After these come the heavens called the Heavens of Luminous Observation of Non-Existence and of Calm Meditation upon Non-Existence (Mūjin-mushi-shōryo). These also are three; and the names of them in their order signify, Lesser Light, Light Unfathomable, and Light Making Sound, or, Light-Sonorous. Here there is attained the highest degree of supersensuous joy possible to temporary conditions. Above are the states named Riki-shōryo, or the Heavens of the Meditation of the Abandonment of Joy. The names of these states in their ascending order are, Lesser Purity, Purity Unfathomable, and Purity Supreme. In them neither joy nor pain, nor forceful feeling of any sort exist: there is a mild negative pleasure only — the pleasure of heavenly Equanimity.[1] Higher than these heavens are the eight spheres of Calm Meditation upon the Abandonment of all Joy and Pleasure (Riki-raku-shōryo). They are called The Cloudless, Holiness-Manifest, Vast Results, Empty of Name, Void of Heat, Fair-Appearing, Vision-Per-

[1] One is reminded by this conception of Mr. Spencer's beautiful definition of Equanimity: "Equanimity may be compared to white light, which, though composed of numerous colors, is colorless; while pleasurable and painful moods of mind may be compared to the modifications of light that result from increasing the proportions of some rays, and decreasing the proportions of others." (*Principles of Psychology.*)

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fecting, and The Limit of Form. Herein pleasure and pain, and name and form, pass utterly away. But there remain ideas and thoughts.

He who can pass through these supersensual realms enters at once into the Mushiki-Kai — the spheres of Formlessness. These are four. In the first state of the Mushiki-Kai, all sense of individuality is lost: even the thought of name and form becomes extinct, and there survives only the idea of Infinite Space, or Emptiness. In the second state of the Mushiki-Kai, this idea of space vanishes; and its place is filled by the Idea of Infinite Reason. But this idea of reason is anthropomorphic: it is an illusion; and it fades out in the third state of the Mushiki-Kai, which is called the "State-of-Nothing-to-take-hold-of," or Mū-sho-ū-shō-jō. Here is only the Idea of Infinite Nothingness. But even this condition has been reached by the aid of the action of the personal mind. This action ceases: then the fourth state of the Mushiki-Kai is reached — the Hisō-hihisō-shō, or the state of "neither-namelessness-nor-not-namelessness." Something of personal mentality continues to float vaguely here — the very uttermost expiring vibration of Karma — the last vanishing haze of being. It melts; — and the immeasurable revelation comes. The dreaming Buddha, freed from the last ghostly bond of Self, rises at once into the "infinite bliss" of Nirvana.[1]

[1] The expression "infinite bliss" as synonymous with Nirvana is taken from the *Questions of King Milinda.*

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But every being does not pass through all the states above enumerated: the power to rise swiftly or slowly depends upon the acquisition of merit as well as upon the character of the Karma to be overcome. Some beings pass to Nirvana immediately after the present life; some after a single new birth; some after two or three births; while many rise directly from this world into one of the Supersensuous Heavens. All such are called Chō — the Leapers, — of whom the highest class reach Nirvana at once after their death as men or women. There are two great divisions of Chō — the Fu-Kwan, or Never-Returning-Ones,[1] and the Kwan, Returning Ones, or *revenants*. Sometimes the return may be in the nature of a prolonged retrogression; and, according to a Buddhist legend of the origin of the world, the first men were beings who had fallen from the Kwō-on-Ten, or Heaven of Sonorous Light. A remarkable fact about the whole theory of progression is that the progression is not conceived of (except in very rare cases) as an advance in straight lines, but as an advance by undulations — a psychical rhythm of motion. This is exemplified by the curious Buddhist classification of the different short courses by which the Kwan or *revenants* may hope to reach Nirvana. These short courses are divided into Even and Uneven; — the

[1] In the Sutra of the Great Decease we find the instance of a woman reaching this condition: "The Sister Nanda, O Ananda, by the destruction of the five bonds that bind people to this world, has become an inhabitant of the highest heaven — there to pass entirely away — thence never to return."

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former includes an equal number of heavenly and of earthly rebirths; while in the latter class the heavenly and the earthly intermediate rebirths are not equal in number. There are four kinds of these intermediate stages. A Japanese friend has drawn for me the accompanying diagrams, which explain the subject clearly. Fantastic this may be called; but it harmonizes with the truth that all progress is necessarily rhythmical.

Though all beings do not pass through every stage of the great journey, all beings who attain to the highest enlightenment, by any course whatever, acquire certain faculties not belonging to particular conditions of birth, but only to particular conditions of psychical development. These are, the Roku-Jindzū (Abhidjñâ), or Six Supernatural Powers:[1] (1) Shin-Kyō-Tsū, the power of passing anywhither through any obstacles — through solid walls, for example; (2) Tengen-Tsū, the power of infinite vision; (3) Tenni-Tsū, the power of infinite hearing; (4) Tashin-Tsū, the power of knowing the thoughts of all other beings; (5) Shuku-jū-Tsū, the power of remembering former births; (6) Rojin-Tsū, infinite wisdom with the power of entering at will into Nirvana. The Roku-Jindzū first begin to develop in the

[1] Different Buddhist systems give different enumerations of these mysterious powers whereof the Chinese names literally signify: (1) Calm-Meditation-outward-pouring-no-obstacle-wisdom: (2) Heaven-Eye-no-obstacle-wisdom; (3) Heaven-Ear-no-obstacle-wisdom; (4) Other-minds-no-obstacle-wisdom; (5) Former-States-no-obstacle-wisdom; (6) Leak-Extinction-no-obstacle-wisdom.

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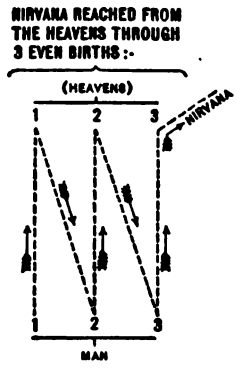

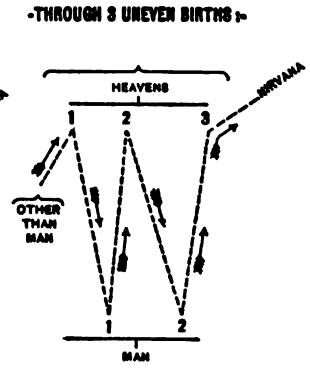

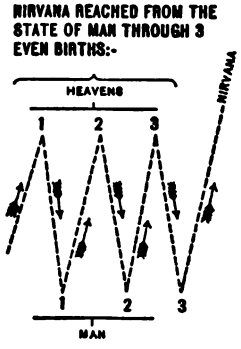

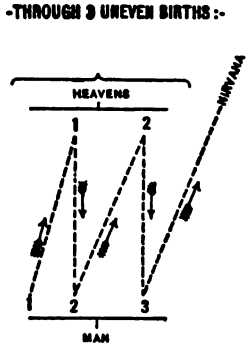

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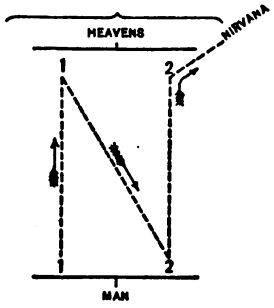
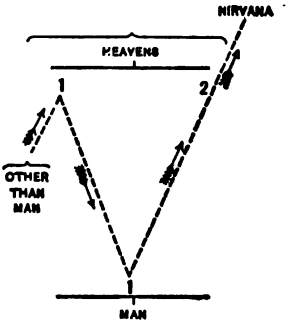
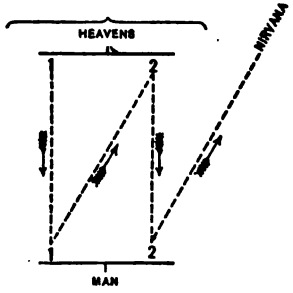
NIRVANA REACHED FROM THE HEAVENS THROUGH 2 EVEN BIRTHS :-



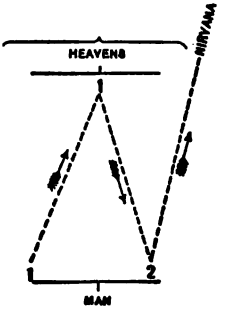
-THROUG" 2 UNEVEN BIRTHS :-



NIRVANA REACHED FROM THE STATE OF MAN THROUGH 2 EVEN BIRTHS:-



-THROUGH 2 UNEVEN BIRTHS :-



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state of Shōmon (Sravaka), and expand in the higher conditions of Engaku (Pratyeka-Buddha) and of Bosatsu (Bodhisattva or Mahâsattva). The powers of the Shōmon may be exerted over two thousand worlds; those of the Engaku or Bosatsu, over three thousand; — but the powers of Buddhahood extend over the total cosmos. In the first state of holiness, for example, comes the memory of a certain number of former births, together with the capacity to foresee a corresponding number of future births; — in the next higher state the number of births remembered increases; — and in the state of Bosatsu all former births are visible to memory. But the Buddha sees not only all of his own former births, but likewise all births that ever have been or can be — and all the thoughts and acts, past, present, or future, of all past, present, or future beings. . . . Now these dreams of supernatural power merit attention because of the ethical teaching in regard to them — the same which is woven through every Buddhist hypothesis, rational or unthinkable — the teaching of self-abnegation. The Supernatural Powers must never be used for personal pleasure, but only for the highest beneficence — the propagation of doctrine, the saving of men. Any exercise of them for lesser ends might result in their loss — would certainly signify retrogression in the path.[1] To show them

[1] Beings who have reached the state of Engaku or of Bosatsu are not supposed capable of retrogression, or of any serious error; but it is otherwise in lower spiritual states.

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for the purpose of exciting admiration or wonder were to juggle wickedly with what is divine; and the Teacher himself is recorded to have once severely rebuked a needless display of them by a disciple.[1]

This giving up not only of one life, but of countless lives — not only of one world, but of innumerable worlds — not only of natural but also of supernatural pleasures — not only of selfhood but of godhood — is certainly not for the miserable privilege of ceasing to be, but for a privilege infinitely outweighing all that even paradise can give. Nirvana is no cessation, but an emancipation. It means only the passing of conditioned being into unconditioned being — the fading of all mental and physical phantoms into the light of Formless Omnipotence and Omniscience. But the Buddhist hypothesis holds some suggestion of the persistence of that which has once been able to remember all births and states of limited being, — the persistence of the identity of the Buddhas even in Nirvana, notwithstanding the teaching that all Buddhas are one. How reconcile this doctrine of monism with the assurance of various texts that the being who enters Nirvana can, when so desirous, reassume an earthly personality? There are some very remarkable texts on this subject in the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law: those for instance in which the Tathâgata Prabhûtarâtna is pictured as sitting "*perfectly extinct upon his throne*," and speaking before a vast assembly to

[1] See a curious legend in the Vinaya texts — *Kullavagga*, v, 8, 2.

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which he has been introduced as "the great Seer who, *although perfectly extinct for many kôtis of æons*, now comes to hear the Law." These texts themselves offer us the riddle of multiplicity in unity; for the Tathâgata Prabhûtarâtna and the myriads of other extinct Buddhas who appear simultaneously, are said to have been all incarnations of but a single Buddha.

A reconciliation is offered by the hypothesis of what might be called a *pluristic monism* — a sole reality composed of groups of consciousness, at once independent and yet interdependent — or, to speak of pure mind in terms of matter, *an atomic spiritual ultimate*. This hypothesis, though not doctrinably enunciated in Buddhist texts, is distinctly implied both by text and commentary. The Absolute of Buddhism is one as ether is one. Ether is conceivable only as a composition of units.[1] The Absolute

[1] This position, it will be observed, is very dissimilar from that of Hartmann, who holds that "all plurality of individuation belongs to the sphere of phenomenality" (vol. II, page 233 of English translation). One is rather reminded of the thought of Galton that human beings "may contribute more or less unconsciously to the manifestation of a far higher life than our own — somewhat as the individual cells of one of the more complex animals contribute to the manifestation of its higher order of personality." (*Hereditary Genius*, p. 361.) Another thought of Galton's, expressed on the same page of the work just quoted from, is still more strongly suggestive of the Buddhist concept: "We must not permit ourselves to consider each human or other personality as something supernaturally added to the stock of nature, but rather as a segregation of what already existed, under a new shape, and as a regular consequence of previous conditions. . . . Neither must we be misled by the word 'individuality.' . . . We may look upon each individual as something not wholly detached from its parent source, — as a wave that

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is conceivable only (according to any attempt at a synthesis of the Japanese doctrines) as composed of Buddhas. But here the student finds himself voyaging farther, perhaps, beyond the bar of the thinkable than Western philosophers have ever ventured. All are One; — each by union becomes equal with All! We are not only bidden to imagine the ultimate reality as composed of units of conscious being — but to believe each unit permanently equal to every other *and infinite in potentiality*.[1] The central reality of every living creature is a pure Buddha: the visible form and thinking self, which encell it, being but Karma. With some degree of truth it might be

has been lifted and shaped by normal conditions in an unknown and illimitable ocean."

The reader should remember that the Buddhist hypothesis does not imply either individuality or personality in Nirvana, but simple entity — not a spiritual *body*, in our meaning of the term, but only a divine consciousness. "Heart," in the sense of divine mind, is a term used in some Japanese texts to describe such entity. In the *Dai-Nichi Kyō Só* (Commentary on the Dai-Nichi Sutra), for example, is the statement: "When all seeds of Karma-life are entirely burnt out and annihilated, then the *vacuum-pure* Bodhi-heart is reached." (I may observe that Buddhist metaphysicians use the term "vacuum-bodies" to describe one of the high conditions of entity.) The following, from the fifty-first volume of the work called *Daizō-hō-sū* will also be found interesting: "By experience the Tathâgata possesses all forms — forms for multitude numberless as the dust-grains of the universe. . . . The Tathâgata gets himself born in such places as he desires, or in accord with the desire of others, and there saves [literally, "carries over" — that is, over the Sea of Birth and Death] all sentient beings. Wheresoever his will finds an abiding point, there is he embodied: this is called Will-Birth Body. . . . The Buddha makes Law his body, and remains pure as empty space: this is called Law-Body."

[1] Half of this Buddhist thought is really embodied in Tennyson's line —

"Boundless inward, in the atom; boundless outward, in the Whole."

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said that Buddhism substitutes for our theory of a universe of physical atoms the hypothesis of a universe of psychical units. Not that it necessarily denies our theory of physical atoms, but that it assumes a position which might be thus expressed in words: "What you call atoms are really combinations, unstable aggregates, essentially impermanent, and therefore essentially unreal. Atoms are but Karma." And this position is suggestive. We know nothing whatever of the ultimate nature of substance and motion: but we have scientific evidence that the known has been evolved from the unknown; that the atoms of our elements *are* combinations; and that what we call matter and force are but different manifestations of a single and infinite Unknown Reality.

There are wonderful Buddhist pictures which at first sight appear to have been made, like other Japanese pictures, with bold free sweeps of a skilled brush, but which, when closely examined, prove to have been executed in a much more marvelous manner. The figures, the features, the robes, the aureoles — also the scenery, the colors, the effects of mist or cloud — all, even to the tiniest detail of tone or line, have been produced by groupings of microscopic Chinese characters — tinted according to position, and more or less thickly massed according to need of light or shade. In brief, these pictures are composed entirely out of texts of Sutras: they are mosaics of minute ideographs — each ideograph a

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combination of strokes, and the symbol at once of a sound and of an idea.

Is our universe so composed? — an endless phantasmagory made only by combinations of combinations of combinations of combinations of units finding quality and form through unimaginable affinities; — now thickly massed in solid glooms; now palpitating in tremulosities of light and color; always and everywhere grouped by some stupendous art into one vast mosaic of polarities; — yet each unit in itself a complexity inconceivable, and each in itself also a symbol only, a character, a single ideograph of the undecipherable text of the Infinite Riddle? . . . Ask the chemists and the mathematicians.

V

. . . All beings that have life shall lay
Aside their complex form, — that aggregation
Of *mental* and material qualities
That gives them, or in heaven or on earth,
Their fleeting individuality.

The Book of the Great Decease

In every teleological system there are conceptions which cannot bear the test of modern psychological analysis, and in the foregoing unfilled outline of a great religious hypothesis there will doubtless be recognized some "ghosts of beliefs haunting those mazes of verbal propositions in which metaphysicians habitually lose themselves." But truths will be perceived also — grand recognitions of the law of ethical evolution, of the price of progress, and of our

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relation to the changeless Reality abiding beyond all change.

The Buddhist estimate of the enormity of that opposition to moral progress which humanity must overcome is fully sustained by our scientific knowledge of the past and perception of the future. Mental and moral advance has thus far been effected only through constant struggle against inheritances older than reason or moral feeling — against the instincts and the appetites of primitive brute life. And the Buddhist teaching, that the average man can hope to leave his worse nature behind him only after the lapse of millions of future lives, is much more of a truth than of a theory. Only through millions of births have we been able to reach even this our present imperfect state; and the dark bequests of our darkest past are still strong enough betimes to prevail over reason and ethical feeling. Every future forward pace upon the moral path will have to be taken against the massed effort of millions of ghostly wills. For those past selves which priest and poet have told us to use as steps to higher things are not dead, nor even likely to die for a thousand generations to come: they are too much alive; — they have still power to clutch the climbing feet — sometimes even to fling back the climber into the primeval slime.

Again, in its legend of the Heavens of Desire — progress through which depends upon the ability of triumphant virtue to refuse what it has won —

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Buddhism gives us a wonder-story full of evolutional truth. The difficulties of moral self-elevation do not disappear with the amelioration of material social conditions; — in our own day they rather increase. As life becomes more complex, more multiform, so likewise do the obstacles to ethical advance — so likewise do the results of thoughts and acts. The expansion of intellectual power, the refinement of sensibility, the enlargement of the sympathies, the intensive quickening of the sense of beauty — all multiply ethical dangers just as certainly as they multiply ethical opportunities. The highest material results of civilization, and the increase of possibilities of pleasure, exact an exercise of self-mastery and a power of ethical balance, needless and impossible in older and lower states of existence.

The Buddhist doctrine of impermanency is the doctrine also of modern science: either might be uttered in the words of the other. "Natural knowledge," wrote Huxley in one of his latest and finest essays, "tends more and more to the conclusion that 'all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth' are the transitory forms of parcels of cosmic substance wending along the road of evolution from nebulous potentiality — through endless growths of sun and planet and satellite — through all varieties of matter — through infinite diversities of life and thought — possibly through modes of being of which we neither have a conception nor are competent to form any — back to the indefinable latency from

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which they arose. Thus the most obvious attribute of the Cosmos is its impermanency." [1]

And, finally, it may be said that Buddhism not only presents remarkable accordance with nineteenth century thought in regard to the instability of all integrations, the ethical signification of heredity, the lesson of mental evolution, the duty of moral progress, but it also agrees with science in repudiating equally our doctrines of materialism and of spiritualism, our theory of a Creator and of special creation, and our belief in the immortality of the soul. Yet, in spite of this repudiation of the very foundations of Occidental religion, it has been able to give us the revelation of larger religious possibilities — the suggestions of a universal scientific creed nobler than any which has ever existed. Precisely in that period of our own intellectual evolution when faith in a personal God is passing away — when the belief in an individual soul is becoming impossible — when the most religious minds shrink from everything that we have been calling religion — when the universal doubt is an ever-growing weight upon ethical aspiration — light is offered from the East. There we find ourselves in presence of an older and a vaster faith — holding no gross anthropomorphic conceptions of the immeasurable Reality, and denying the existence of soul, but nevertheless inculcating a system of morals superior to any other, and maintaining a hope which no possible

[1] *Evolution and Ethics.*

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future form of positive knowledge can destroy. Re-enforced by the teaching of science, the teaching of this more ancient faith is that for thousands of years we have been thinking inside-out and upside-down. The only reality is One; — all that we have taken for Substance is only Shadow; — the physical is the unreal; — *and the outer-man is the ghost.*

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X

THE REBIRTH OF KATSUGORŌ

I

THE following is not a story — at least it is not one of *my* stories. It is only the translation of an old Japanese document — or rather series of documents — very much signed and sealed, and dating back to the early part of the present century. Various authors appear to have made use of these documents: especially the compiler of the curious collection of Buddhist stories entitled "Bukkyō-hyakkwa-zen-shō," to whom they furnished the material of the twenty-sixth narrative in that work. The present translation, however, was made from a manuscript copy discovered in a private library in Tōkyō. I am responsible for nothing beyond a few notes appended to the text.

Although the beginning will probably prove dry reading, I presume to advise the perusal of the whole translation from first to last, because it suggests many things besides the possibility of remembering former births. It will be found to reflect something of the feudal Japan passed away, and something of the old-time faith — not the higher Buddhism, but what is incomparably more difficult for any Occidental to obtain a glimpse of: the common ideas of the people concerning preëxistence and rebirth.

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And in view of this fact, the exactness of the official investigations, and the credibility of the evidence accepted, necessarily become questions of minor importance.

II

1. *Copy of the Report of Tamon Dempachirō*

The case of Katsugorō, nine years old, second son of Genzō, a farmer on my estate, dwelling in the Village called Nakano-mura in the District called Tamagōri in the Province of Musashi.

Some time during the autumn of last year, the above-mentioned Katsugorō, the son of Genzō, told to his elder sister the story of his previous existence and of his rebirth. But as it seemed to be only the fancy of a child, she gave little heed to it. Afterwards, however, when Katsugorō had told her the same story over and over again, she began to think that it was a strange thing, and she told her parents about it.

During the twelfth month of the past year, Genzō himself questioned Katsugorō about the matter, whereupon Katsugorō declared —

That he had been in his former existence the son of a certain Kyūbei, a farmer of Hodokubo-mura, which is a village within the jurisdiction of the Lord Komiya, in the district called Tamagōri, in the province of Musashi;

That he, Katsugorō, the son of Kyūbei, had died of smallpox at the age of six years; and

That he had been reborn thereafter into the family of the Genzō before-mentioned.

Though this seemed unbelievable, the boy repeated all the circumstances of his story with so much exactness and apparent certainty, that the Headman and the elders of the village made a formal investigation of the case. As

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the news of this event soon spread, it was heard by the family of a certain Hanshirō, living in the village called Hodokubo-mura; and Hanshirō then came to the house of the Genzō aforesaid, a farmer belonging to my estate, and found that everything was true which the boy had said about the personal appearance and the facial characteristics of his former parents, and about the aspect of the house which had been his home in his previous birth. Katsugorō was then taken to the house of Hanshirō in Hodokubo-mura; and the people there said that he looked very much like their Tōzō, who had died a number of years before, at the age of six. Since then the two families have been visiting each other at intervals. The people of other neighboring villages seem to have heard of the matter; and now persons come daily from various places to see Katsugorō.

A deposition regarding the above facts having been made before me by persons dwelling on my estate, I summoned the man Genzō to my house, and there examined him. His answers to my questions did not contradict the statements before-mentioned made by other parties.

Occasionally in the world some rumor of such a matter as this spreads among the people. Indeed, it is hard to believe such things. But I beg to make report of the present case, hoping the same will reach your august ear, — so that I may not be charged with negligence.

[Signed] TAMON DEMPACHIRŌ

The Fourth Month and the Sixth Year of Bunsei [1823].

2. *Copy of Letter written by Kazunawo to Teikin, Priest of Sengakuji*

I have been favored with the accompanying copy of the report of Tamon Dempachirō by Shiga Hyoëmon Sama, who brought it to me; and I take great pleasure in sending it to you. I think that it might be well for you to preserve

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it, together with the writing from Kwanzan Sama, which you kindly showed me the other day.

[Signed] KAZUNAWO

The twenty-first day of the Sixth Month. [No other date.]

3. *Copy of the Letter of Matsudaira Kwanzan [Daimyō] to the Priest Teikin of the Temple called Sengakuji*

I herewith enclose and send you the account of the rebirth of Katsugorō. I have written it in the popular style, thinking that it might have a good effect in helping to silence those who do not believe in the doctrines of the Buddha. As a literary work it is, of course, a wretched thing. I send it to you supposing that it could only amuse you from that point of view. But as for the relation itself, it is without mistake; for I myself heard it from the grandmother of Katsugorō. When you have read it, please return it to me.

[Signed] KWANZAN

Twentieth day. [No date.]

[*Copy*]

4. *Relation of the Rebirth of Katsugorō (Introductory Note by the Priest Teikin)*

This is the account of a true fact; for it has been written by Matsudaira Kwanzan Sama, who himself went [to Nakano-mura] on the twenty-second day of the third month of this year for the special purpose of inquiring about the matter. After having obtained a glimpse of Katsugorō, he questioned the boy's grandmother as to every particular; and he wrote down her answers exactly as they were given.

Afterwards, the said Kwanzan Sama condescended to honor this temple with a visit on the fourteenth day of this fourth month, and with his own august lips told me about his visit to the family of the aforesaid Katsugorō.

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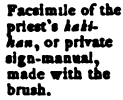
Furthermore, he vouchsafed me the favor of permitting me to read the before-mentioned writing, on the twentieth day of this same month. And, availing myself of the privilege, I immediately made a copy of the writing.

[Signed] TEIKIN SŌ

Sengaku-ji



Facsimile of the priest's *kakihan*, or private sign-manual, made with the brush.

The twenty-first day of the Fourth Month of the Sixth Year of Bunsei [1823].

[*Copy*]

5. [*Names of the Members of the two Families concerned*]
[*Family of Genzō*]

KATSUGORŌ. Born the tenth day of the tenth month of the twelfth year of Bunkwa [1815]. Nine years old this sixth year of Bunsei [1823].[1] Second son of Genzō, a farmer living in Tanitsuiri in Nakano-mura, district of Tamagōri, province of Musashi. Estate of Tamon Dempachirō, whose yashiki is in the street called Shichiken-chō, Nedzu, Yedo. Jurisdiction of Yusuki.

GENZŌ. Father of Katsugorō. Family name, Koyada. Forty-nine years old this sixth year of Bunsei. Being poor, he occupies himself with the making of baskets, which he sells in Yedo. The name of the inn at which he lodges while in Yedo is Sagamiya, kept by one Kihei, in Bakuro-chō.

SEI. Wife of Genzō and mother of Katsugorō. Thirty-nine years old this sixth year of Bunsei. Daughter of Murata Kichitarō, samurai — once an archer in the service of the Lord of Owari. When Sei was twelve years old she was a maid-servant, it is said, in the house of

[1] The Western reader is requested to bear in mind that the year in which a Japanese child is born is counted always as one year in the reckoning of age.

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Honda Dainoshin Dono. When she was thirteen years old, her father, Kichitarō was dismissed forever for a certain cause from the service of the Lord of Owari, and he became a rōnin.[1] He died at the age of seventy-five, on the twenty-fifth day of the fourth month of the fourth year of Bunkwa [1807]. His grave is in the cemetery of the temple called Eirin-ji, of the Zen sect, in the village of Shimo-Yusuki.

TSUYA. Grandmother of Katsugorō. Seventy-two years old this sixth year of Bunsei. When young she served as maid in the household of Matsudaira Oki-no-Kami Dono [Daimyō].

FUSA. Elder sister of Katsugorō. Fifteen years old this year.

OTOJIRŌ. Elder brother of Katsugorō. Fourteen years old this year.

TSUNÉ. Younger sister of Katsugorō. Four years old this year.

[*Family of Hanshirō*]

Tōzō. Died at the age of six in Hodokubo-mura, in the district called Tamagōri in the province of Musashi. Estate of Nakané Uyemon, whose yashiki is in the street Atarashi-bashi-dōri, Shitaya, Yedo. Jurisdiction of Komiya. [Tōzō] was born in the second year of Bunkwa [1805], and died at about the fourth hour of the day [ten o'clock in the morning] on the fourth day of the second month of the seventh year of Bunkwa [1810]. The sickness of which he died was smallpox. Buried in the graveyard on the hill above the village before-mentioned — Hodokubo-mura. Parochial temple: Iwōji in Misawa-

[1] Literally: "A wave-man" — a wandering samurai without a lord. The rōnin were generally a desperate and very dangerous class; but there were some fine characters among them.

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mura. Sect: Zen-shū. Last year the fifth year of Bunkwa [1822], the jiū-san kwaiki [1] was said for Tōzō.

HANSHIRŌ. Stepfather of Tōzō. Family name: Suzaki. Fifty years old this sixth year of Bunsei.

SHIDZU. Mother of Tōzō. Forty-nine years old this sixth year of Bunsei.

KYŪBEI (afterwards TOGŌRŌ). Real father of Tōzō. Original name, Kyūbei, afterwards changed to Togōrō. Died at the age of forty-eight, in the sixth year of Bunkwa [1809], when Tōzō was five years old. To replace him, Hanshirō became an iri-muko.[2]

CHILDREN: TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS. These are Hanshirō's children by the mother of Tōzō.

6. [*Copy of the Account Written in Popular Style by Matsudaira Kwanzan Dono, Daimyō*]

Some time in the eleventh month of the past year, when Katsugorō was playing in the rice-field with his elder sister, Fusa, he asked her:

"Elder Sister, where did you come from before you were born into our household?"

Fusa answered him:

"How can I know what happened to me before I was born?"

Katsugorō looked surprised and exclaimed:

[1] The Buddhist services for the dead are celebrated at regular intervals, increasing successively in length, until the time of one hundred years after death. The jiū-san kwaiki is the service for the thirteenth year after death. By "thirteenth" in the context the reader must understand that the year in which the death took place is counted for one year.

[2] The second husband, by adoption, of a daughter who lives with her own parents.

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"Then you cannot remember anything that happened before you were born?"

"Do *you* remember?" asked Fusa.

"Indeed I do," replied Katsugorō. "I used to be the son of Kyūbei San of Hodokubo, and my name was then Tōzō — do you not know all that?"

"Ah!" said Fusa, "I shall tell father and mother about it."

But Katsugorō at once began to cry, and said:

"Please do not tell! — it would not be good to tell father and mother."

Fusa made answer, after a little while:

"Well, this time I shall not tell. But the next time that you do anything naughty, then I will tell."

After that day whenever a dispute arose between the two, the sister would threaten the brother, saying, "Very well, then — I shall tell that thing to father and mother." At these words the boy would always yield to his sister. This happened many times; and the parents one day overheard Fusa making her threat. Thinking Katsugorō must have been doing something wrong, they desired to know what the matter was, and Fusa, being questioned, told them the truth. Then Genzō and his wife, and Tsuya, the grandmother of Katsugorō, thought it a very strange thing. They called Katsugorō, therefore; and tried, first by coaxing, and then by threatening, to make him tell what he had meant by those words.

After hesitation, Katsugorō said:

"I will tell you everything. I used to be the son of Kyūbei San of Hodokubo, and the name of my mother then was O-Shidzu San. When I was five years old, Kyūbei San died; and there came in his place a man called Hanshirō San, who loved me very much. But in the following year, when I was six years old, I died of smallpox. In the third year after that I entered mother's honorable womb, and was born again."

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The parents and the grandmother of the boy wondered greatly at hearing this; and they decided to make all possible inquiry as to the man called Hanshirō of Hodokubo. But as they all had to work very hard every day to earn a living, and so could spare but little time for any other matter, they could not at once carry out their intention.

Now Sei, the mother of Katsugorō, had nightly to suckle her little daughter Tsuné, who was four years old; [1] — and Katsugorō therefore slept with his grandmother, Tsuya. Sometimes he used to talk to her in bed; and one night when he was in a very confiding mood, she persuaded him to tell her what happened at the time when he died. Then he said: "Until I was four years old I used to remember everything; but since then I have become more and more forgetful; and now I forget many, many things. But I still remember that I died of smallpox; I remember that I was put into a jar; [2] I remember that I was buried on a hill. There was a hole made in the ground; and the people let the jar drop into that hole. It fell *pon!* — I remember that sound well. Then somehow I returned to the house, and I stopped on my own pillow there. [3] In a short time some old man — looking like a grandfather — came and took me away. I do not know who or what he was. As I walked I went through empty

[1] Children in Japan, among the poorer classes, are not weaned until an age much later than what is considered the proper age for weaning children in Western countries. But "four years old" in this text may mean considerably less than three by Western reckoning.

[2] From very ancient time in Japan it has been the custom to bury the dead in large jars — usually of red earthenware — called "Kamé." Such jars are still used, although a large proportion of the dead are buried in wooden coffins of a form unknown in the Occident.

[3] The idea expressed is not that of lying down with the pillow under the head, but of hovering about the pillow, or resting upon it as an insect might do. The bodiless spirit is usually said to rest upon the roof of the home. The apparition of the aged man referred to in the next sentence seems a thought of Shintō rather than of Buddhism.

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air as if flying. I remember it was neither night nor day as we went: it was always like sunset-time. I did not feel either warm or cold or hungry. We went very far, I think; but still I could hear always, faintly, the voices of people talking at home; and the sound of the Nembutsu [1] being said for me. I remember also that when the people at home set offerings of hot botamochi [2] before the household shrine [butsudan], I inhaled the vapor of the offerings. . . . Grandmothers never forget to offer warm food to the honorable dead [Hotoké Sama], and do not forget to give to priests — I am sure it is very good to do these things.[3] . . . After that, I only remember that the old man led me by some roundabout way to this place — I remember we passed the road beyond the village. Then we came here, and he pointed to this house, and said to me: 'Now you must be reborn — for it is three years since you died. You are to be reborn in that house. The person who will become your grandmother is very kind; so it will be well for you to be conceived and born there.' After saying this, the old man went away. I remained a little time under the kaki-tree before the entrance of this house. Then I was going to enter when I heard talking inside: some one said that because father was now earning so little, mother would have to go to service in Yedo. I thought, 'I will not go into that house'; and I stopped three days in the garden. On the third day it was decided that, after all, mother would not have to go to Yedo. The same night I passed into the house through a knot-hole in the sliding-shutters; — and after that I

[1] The repetition of the Buddhist invocation "Namu Amida Butsu!" is thus named. The nembutsu is repeated by many Buddhist sects besides the sect of Amida proper — the Shinshū.

[2] Botamochi, a kind of sugared rice-cake.

[3] Such advice is a commonplace in Japanese Buddhist literature. By Hotoké Sama here the boy means, not the Buddhas proper, but the spirits of the dead, hopefully termed Buddhas by those who loved them — much as in the West we sometimes speak of our dead as angels.

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stayed for three days beside the kamado.[1] Then I entered mother's honorable womb.[2] . . . I remember that I was born without any pain at all. — Grandmother, you may tell this to father and mother, but please never tell it to anybody else."

The grandmother told Genzō and his wife what Katsugorō had related to her; and after that the boy was not afraid to speak freely with his parents on the subject of his former existence, and would often say to them: "I want to go to Hodokubo. Please let me make a visit to the tomb of Kyūbei San." Genzō thought that Katsugorō, being a strange child, would probably die before long, and that it might therefore be better to make inquiry at once as to whether there really was a man in Hodokubo called Hanshirō. But he did not wish to make the inquiry himself, because for a man to do so [under such circumstances?] would seem inconsiderate or forward. Therefore, instead of going himself to Hodokubo, he asked his mother Tsuya, on the twentieth day of the first month of this year, to take her grandson there.

Tsuya went with Katsugorō to Hodokubo; and when they entered the village she pointed to the nearer dwellings, and asked the boy, "Which house is it? — is it this house or that one?" "No," answered Katsugorō — "it is farther on — much farther," and he hurried before her. Reaching a certain dwelling at last, he cried, "This is the house!" — and ran in, without waiting for his grandmother. Tsuya followed him in, and asked the people there what was the name of the owner of the house.

[1] The cooking-place in a Japanese kitchen. Sometimes the word is translated "kitchen-range," but the kamado is something very different from a Western kitchen-range.

[2] Here I think it better to omit a couple of sentences in the original rather too plain for Western taste, yet not without interest. The meaning of the omitted passages is only that even in the womb the child acted with consideration, and according to the rules of filial piety.

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"Hanshirō," one of them answered. She asked the name of Hanshirō's wife. "Shidzu," was the reply. Then she asked whether there had ever been a son called Tōzō born in that house. "Yes," was the answer; "but that boy died thirteen years ago, when he was six years old."

Then for the first time Tsuya was convinced that Katsugorō had spoken the truth; and she could not help shedding tears. She related to the people of the house all that Katsugorō had told her about his remembrance of his former birth. Then Hanshirō and his wife wondered greatly. They caressed Katsugorō and wept; and they remarked that he was much handsomer now than he had been as Tōzo before dying at the age of six. In the mean time, Katsugorō was looking all about; and seeing the roof of a tobacco shop opposite to the house of Hanshirō, he pointed to it, and said: "That used not to be there." And he also said, "The tree yonder used not to be there." All this was true. So from the minds of Hanshirō and his wife every doubt departed [ga wo orishi].

On the same day Tsuya and Katsugorō returned to Tanitsuiri, Nakano-mura. Afterwards Genzō sent his son several times to Hanshirō's house, and allowed him to visit the tomb of Kyūbei his real father in his previous existence.

Sometimes Katsugorō says: "I am a Nono-Sama:[1] therefore please be kind to me." Sometimes he also says to his grandmother: "I think I shall die when I am sixteen; but, as Ontaké Sama[2] has taught us, dying is not a mat-

[1] Nono-San (or Sama) is the child-word for the Spirits of the dead, for the Buddhas, and for the Shintō Gods — Kami. Nono-San wo ogamu — "to pray to the Nono-San," is the child-phrase for praying to the gods. The spirits of the ancestors become Nono-San — Kami — according to Shintō thought.

[2] The reference here to Ontaké Sama has a particular interest, but will need some considerable explanation.

Ontaké, or Mitaké, is the name of a celebrated holy peak in the province of Shinano — a great resort for pilgrims. During the Tokugawa

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ter to be afraid of." When his parents ask him, "Would you not like to become a priest?" he answers, "I would rather not be a priest."

The village people do not call him Katsugorō any more;

Shōgunate, a priest called Isshin, of the Risshū Buddhists, made a pilgrimage to that mountain. Returning to his native place (Sakamotochō, Shitaya, Yedo), he began to preach certain new doctrines, and to make for himself a reputation as a miracle-worker, by virtue of powers said to have been gained during his pilgrimage to Ontaké. The Shōgunate considered him a dangerous person, and banished him to the island of Hachijō, where he remained for some years. Afterwards he was allowed to return to Yedo, and there to preach his new faith — to which he gave the name of Azuma-Kyō. It was Buddhist teaching in a Shintō disguise, — the deities especially adored by its followers being Okuninushi and Sukuna-hikona as Buddhist avatars. In the prayer of the sect called Kaibyaku-Norito it is said: "The divine nature is immovable (fudō); yet it moves. It is formless, yet manifests itself in forms. This is the Incomprehensible Divine Body. In Heaven and Earth it is called Kami; in all things it is called Spirit; in Man it is called Mind.... From this only reality came the heavens, the four oceans, the great whole of the three thousand universes; — from the One Mind emanate three thousands of great thousands of forms." ...

In the eleventh year of Bunkwa (1814) a man called Shimoyama Osuké, originally an oil-merchant in Heiyemonchō, Asakusa, Yedo, organized, on the basis of Isshin's teaching, a religious association named Tomoyé-Ko. It flourished until the overthrow of the Shōgunate, when a law was issued forbidding the teaching of mixed doctrines, and the blending of Shintō with Buddhist religion. Shimoyama Osuké then applied for permission to establish a new Shintō sect, under the name of Mitaké-Kyō — popularly called Ontaké-Kyō; and the permission was given in the sixth year of Meiji [1873]. Osuké then remodeled the Buddhist sutra *Fudō Kyō* into a Shintō prayer-book, under the title, Shintō-Fudō-Norito. The sect still flourishes; and one of its chief temples is situated about a mile from my present residence in Tōkyō.

"Ontaké San" (or "Sama") is a popular name given to the deities adored by this sect. It really means the Deity dwelling on the peak Mitaké, or Ontaké. But the name is also sometimes applied to the high-priest of the sect, who is supposed to be oracularly inspired by the deity of Ontaké, and to make revelations of truth through the power of the divinity. In the mouth of the boy Katsugorō "Ontaké Sama" means the high-priest of that time [1823], almost certainly Osuké himself — then chief of the Tomoyé-Kyō.

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they have nicknamed him "Hodokubo-Kozō" (the Acolyte of Hodokubo).[1] When any one visits the house to see him, he becomes shy at once, and runs to hide himself in the inner apartments. So it is not possible to have any direct conversation with him. I have written down this account exactly as his grandmother gave it to me.

I asked whether Genzō, his wife, or Tsuya, could any of them remember having done any virtuous deeds. Genzō and his wife said that they had never done anything especially virtuous; but that Tsuya, the grandmother, had always been in the habit of repeating the Nembutsu every morning and evening, and that she never failed to give two mon[2] to any priest or pilgrim who came to the door. But excepting these small matters, she never had done anything which could be called a particularly virtuous act.

(This is the End of the Relation of the Rebirth of Katsugorō.)

7. (*Note by the Translator*)

The foregoing is taken from a manuscript entitled "Chin Setsu Shū Ki"; or, "Manuscript-Collection of Uncommon Stories" — made between the fourth month of the sixth year of Bunsei and the tenth month of the sixth year of Tempō [1823–1835]. At the end of the manuscript is written, "From the years of Bunsei to the years of Tempō. — Minamisempa, Owner: Kurumachō, Shiba, Yedo." Under this, again, is the following note: "Bought from Yamatoya Sakujirō Nishinokubo: twenty-first day

[1] Kozō is the name given to a Buddhist acolyte, or a youth studying for the priesthood. But it is also given to errand-boys and little boy-servants sometimes — perhaps because in former days the heads of little boys were shaved. I think that the meaning in this text is "acolyte."

[2] In that time the name of the smallest of coins equal to one tenth of one cent. It was about the same as that now called rin, a copper with a square hole in the middle and bearing Chinese characters.

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[?], Second Year of Meiji [1869]." From which it would appear that the manuscript had been written by Minamisempa, who collected stories told to him, or copied them from manuscripts obtained by him, during the thirteen years from 1823 to 1835, inclusive.

III

PERHAPS somebody will now be unreasonable enough to ask whether I believe this story — as if my belief or disbelief had anything to do with the matter! The question of the possibility of remembering former births seems to me to depend upon the question what it is that remembers. If it is the Infinite All-Self in each one of us, then I can believe the whole of the Jatakas without any trouble. As to the False Self, the mere woof and warp of sensation and desire, then I can best express my idea by relating a dream which I once dreamed. Whether it was a dream of the night or a dream of the day need not concern any one — since it was only a dream.

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XI

WITHIN THE CIRCLE

NEITHER personal pain nor personal pleasure can be really expressed in words. It is never possible to communicate them in their original form. It is only possible, by vivid portrayal of the circumstances or conditions causing them, to awaken in sympathetic minds some kindred qualities of feeling. But if the circumstances causing the pain or the pleasure be totally foreign to common human experience, then no representation of them can make fully known the sensations which they evoked. Hopeless, therefore, any attempt to tell the real pain of seeing my former births. I can say only that no combination of suffering possible to *individual* being could be likened to such pain — the pain of countless lives interwoven. It seemed as if every nerve of me had been prolonged into some monstrous web of sentiency spun back through a million years — and as if the whole of that measureless woof and warp, over all its shivering threads, were pouring into my consciousness, out of the abysmal past, some ghastliness without name — some horror too vast for human brain to hold. For, as I looked backward, I became double, quadruple, octuple; — I multiplied by arithmetical progression; — I became hundreds and thousands — and feared with the terror of thousands — and despaired with

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the anguish of thousands — and shuddered with the agony of thousands; yet knew the pleasure of none. All joys, all delights appeared but mists or mockeries: only the pain and the fear were real — and always, always growing. Then in the moment when sentiency itself seemed bursting into dissolution, one divine touch ended the frightful vision, and brought again to me the simple consciousness of the single present. Oh! how unspeakably delicious that sudden shrinking back out of multiplicity into unity! — that immense, immeasurable collapse of Self into the blind oblivious numbness of individuality!

"To others also," said the voice of the divine one who had thus saved me — "to others in the like state it has been permitted to see something of their prëexistence. But no one of them ever could endure to look far. Power to see all former births belongs only to those eternally released from the bonds of Self. Such exist outside of illusion — outside of form and name; and pain cannot come nigh them.

"But to you, remaining in illusion, not even the Buddha could give power to look back more than a little way.

"Still you are bewitched by the follies of art and of poetry and of music — the delusions of color and form — the delusions of sensuous speech, the delusions of sensuous sound.

"Still that apparition called Nature — which is but another name for emptiness and shadow — de-

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ceives and charms you, and fills you with dreams of longing for the things of sense.

"But he who truly wishes to know, must not love this phantom Nature — must not find delight in the radiance of a clear sky — nor in the sight of the sea — nor in the sound of the flowing of rivers — nor in the forms of peaks and woods and valleys — nor in the colors of them.

"He who truly wishes to know must not find delight in contemplating the works and the deeds of men, nor in hearing their converse, nor in observing the puppet-play of their passions and of their emotions. All this is but a weaving of smoke — a shimmering of vapors — an impermanency — a phantasmagory.

"For the pleasures that men term lofty or noble or sublime are but larger sensualisms, subtler falsities: venomous fair-seeming flowerings of selfishness — all rooted in the elder slime of appetites and desires. To joy in the radiance of a cloudless day — to see the mountains shift their tintings to the wheeling of the sun — to watch the passing of waves, the fading of sunsets — to find charm in the blossoming of plants or trees: all this is of the senses. Not less truly of the senses is the pleasure of observing actions called great or beautiful or heroic — since it is one with the pleasure of imagining those things for which men miserably strive in this miserable world: brief love and fame and honor — all of which are empty as passing foam.

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"Sky, sun, and sea; — the peaks, the woods, the plains; — all splendors and forms and colors — are spectres. The feelings and the thoughts and the acts of men — whether deemed high or low, noble or ignoble — all things imagined or done for any save the eternal purpose, are but dreams born of dreams and begetting hollowness. To the clear of sight, all feelings of self — all love and hate, joy and pain, hope and regret, are alike shadows; — youth and age, beauty and horror, sweetness and foulness, are not different; — death and life are one and the same; and Space and Time exist but as the stage and the order of the perpetual Shadow-play.

"All that exists in Time must perish. To the Awakened there is no Time or Space or Change — no night or day — no heat or cold — no moon or season — no present, past, or future. Form and the names of form are alike nothingness: Knowledge only is real; and unto whomsoever gains it, the universe becomes a ghost. But it is written: 'He who hath overcome Time in the past and the future must be of exceedingly pure understanding.'

"Such understanding is not yours. Still to your eyes the shadow seems the substance — and darkness, light — and voidness, beauty. And therefore to see your former births could give you only pain."

I asked:

"Had I found strength to look back to the begin-

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ning — back to the verge of Time — could I have read the Secret of the universe?"

"Nay," was answer made. "Only by Infinite Vision can the Secret be read. Could you have looked back incomparably further than your power permitted, then the Past would have become for you the Future. And could you have endured even yet more, the Future would have orbed back for you into the Present."

"Yet why?" I murmured, marveling.... "What is the Circle?"

"Circle there is none," was the response; — "Circle there is none but the great phantom-whirl of birth and death to which, by their own thoughts and deeds, the ignorant remain condemned. But this has being only in Time; and Time itself is illusion."

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THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY

AND OTHER STUDIES AND STORIES

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Of old it was said: "The River of Heaven is the Ghost of Waters." We behold it shifting its bed in the course of the year as an earthly river sometimes does.

Ancient Scholar

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I

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY

Among the many charming festivals celebrated by Old Japan, the most romantic was the festival of Tanabata-Sama, the Weaving-Lady of the Milky Way. In the chief cities her holiday is now little observed; and in Tōkyō it is almost forgotten. But in many country districts, and even in villages near the capital, it is still celebrated in a small way. If you happen to visit an old-fashioned country town or village, on the seventh day of the seventh month (by the ancient calendar), you will probably notice many freshly-cut bamboos fixed upon the roofs of the houses, or planted in the ground beside them, every bamboo having attached to it a number of strips of colored paper. In some very poor villages you might find that these papers are white, or of one color only; but the general rule is that the papers should be of five or seven different colors. Blue, green, red, yellow, and white are the tints commonly displayed. All these papers are inscribed with short poems written in praise of Tanabata and her husband Hikoboshi. After the festival the bamboos are taken down and thrown into the nearest stream, together with the poems attached to them.

To understand the romance of this old festival,

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you must know the legend of those astral divinities to whom offerings used to be made, even by the Imperial Household, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The legend is Chinese. This is the Japanese popular version of it:

The great god of the firmament had a lovely daughter, Tanabata-tsumé, who passed her days in weaving garments for her august parent. She rejoiced in her work, and thought that there was no greater pleasure than the pleasure of weaving. But one day, as she sat before her loom at the door of her heavenly dwelling, she saw a handsome peasant lad pass by, leading an ox, and she fell in love with him. Her august father, divining her secret wish, gave her the youth for a husband. But the wedded lovers became too fond of each other, and neglected their duty to the god of the firmament, the sound of the shuttle was no longer heard, and the ox wandered, unheeded, over the plains of heaven. Therefore the great god was displeased, and he separated the pair. They were sentenced to live thereafter apart, with the Celestial River between them; but it was permitted them to see each other once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh moon. On that night — providing the skies be clear — the birds of heaven make, with their bodies and wings, a bridge over the stream; and by means of that bridge the lovers can meet. But if there be rain, the River of Heaven rises, and becomes so wide that the bridge cannot be formed. So the husband and wife cannot

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always meet, even on the seventh night of the seventh month; it may happen, by reason of bad weather, that they cannot meet for three or four years at a time. But their love remains immortally young and eternally patient; and they continue to fulfill their respective duties each day without fault — happy in their hope of being able to meet on the seventh night of the next seventh month.

To ancient Chinese fancy, the Milky Way was a luminous river — the River of Heaven — the Silver Stream. It has been stated by Western writers that Tanabata, the Weaving-Lady, is a star in Lyra; and the Herdsman, her beloved, a star in Aquila, on the opposite side of the galaxy. But it were more correct to say that both are represented, to Far-Eastern imagination, by groups of stars. An old Japanese book puts the matter thus plainly:

> Kengyū [the Ox-Leader] is on the west side of the Heavenly River, and is represented by three stars in a row, and looks like a man leading an ox. Shokujo [the Weaving-Lady] is on the east side of the Heavenly River: three stars so placed as to appear like the figure of a woman seated at her loom. . . . The former presides over all things relating to agriculture; the latter, over all that relates to women's work.

In an old book called Zatsuwa-Shin, it is said that these deities were of earthly origin. Once in this world they were man and wife, and lived in China; and the husband was called Isshi, and the wife Hak-

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uyō. They especially and most devoutly reverenced the Moon. Every clear evening, after sundown, they waited with eagerness to see her rise. And when she began to sink towards the horizon, they would climb to the top of a hill near their house, so that they might be able to gaze upon her face as long as possible. Then, when she at last disappeared from view, they would mourn together. At the age of ninety and nine, the wife died; and her spirit rode up to heaven on a magpie, and there became a star. The husband, who was then one hundred and three years old, sought consolation for his bereavement in looking at the Moon; and when he welcomed her rising and mourned her setting, it seemed to him as if his wife were still beside him.

One summer night, Hakuyō — now immortally beautiful and young — descended from heaven upon her magpie, to visit her husband; and he was made very happy by that visit. But from that time he could think of nothing but the bliss of becoming a star, and joining Hakuyō beyond the River of Heaven. At last he also ascended to the sky, riding upon a crow; and there he became a star-god. But he could not join Hakuyō at once, as he had hoped; — for between his allotted place and hers flowed the River of Heaven; and it was not permitted for either star to cross the stream, because the Master of Heaven (Ten-Tei) daily bathed in its waters. Moreover, there was no bridge. But on one day every year — the seventh day of the seventh month —

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they were allowed to see each other. The Master of Heaven goes always on that day to the Zenhōdo, to hear the preaching of the law of Buddha; and then the magpies and the crows make, with their hovering bodies and outspread wings, a bridge over the Celestial Stream; and Hakuyō crosses that bridge to meet her husband.

There can be little doubt that the Japanese festival called Tanabata was originally identical with the festival of the Chinese Weaving-Goddess, Tchi-Niu; the Japanese holiday seems to have been especially a woman's holiday, from the earliest times; and the characters with which the word Tanabata is written signify a weaving-girl. But as both of the star deities were worshiped on the seventh of the seventh month, some Japanese scholars have not been satisfied with the common explanation of the name, and have stated that it was originally composed with the word tané (seed, or grain), and the word hata (loom). Those who accept this etymology make the appellation, Tanabata-Sama, plural instead of singular, and render it as "the deities of grain and of the loom"; that is to say, those presiding over agriculture and weaving. In old Japanese pictures the star-gods are represented according to this conception of their respective attributes; — Hikoboshi being figured as a peasant lad leading an ox to drink of the Heavenly River, on the farther side of which Orihimé (Tanabata) appears, weaving at her loom. The garb of both is Chinese; and the

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first Japanese pictures of these divinities were probably copied from some Chinese original.

In the oldest collection of Japanese poetry extant — the Manyōshū, dating from 760 A.D. — the male divinity is usually called Hikoboshi, and the female Tanabata-tsumé; but in later times both have been called Tanabata. In Izumo the male deity is popularly termed O-Tanabata Sama, and the female Mé-Tanabata Sama. Both are still known by many names. The male is called Kaiboshi as well as Hikoboshi and Kengyū; while the female is called Asagao-himé ("Morning Glory Princess"),[1] Ito-ori-himé ("Thread-Weaving Princess"), Momoko-himé ("Peach-Child Princess"), Takimono-himé ("Incense Princess"), and Sasagani-himé ("Spider Princess"). Some of these names are difficult to explain — especially the last, which reminds us of the Greek legend of Arachne. Probably the Greek myth and the Chinese story have nothing whatever in common; but in old Chinese books there is recorded a curious fact which might well suggest a relationship. In the time of the Chinese Emperor Ming Hwang (whom the Japanese call Gensō), it was customary for the ladies of the court, on the seventh day of the seventh month, to catch spiders and put them into an incense-box for purposes of divination. On the morning of the eighth day the box was opened and if the spiders had spun thick webs during the

[1] Asagao (literally, "morning-face") is the Japanese name for the beautiful climbing plant which we call "morning glory."

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night the omen was good. But if they had remained idle the omen was bad.

There is a story that, many ages ago, a beautiful woman visited the dwelling of a farmer in the mountains of Izumo, and taught to the only daughter of the household an art of weaving never before known. One evening the beautiful stranger vanished away; and the people knew that they had seen the Weaving-Lady of Heaven. The daughter of the farmer became renowned for her skill in weaving. But she would never marry — because she had been the companion of Tanabata-Sama.

Then there is a Chinese story — delightfully vague — about a man who once made a visit, unawares, to the Heavenly Land. He had observed that every year, during the eighth month, a raft of precious wood came floating to the shore on which he lived, and he wanted to know where that wood grew. So he loaded a boat with provisions for a two years' voyage, and sailed away in the direction from which the rafts used to drift. For months and months he sailed on, over an always placid sea; and at last he arrived at a pleasant shore, where wonderful trees were growing. He moored his boat, and proceeded alone into the unknown land, until he came to the bank of a river whose waters were bright as silver. On the opposite shore he saw a pavilion; and in the pavilion a beautiful woman sat weaving; she was

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white like moonshine, and made a radiance all about her. Presently he saw a handsome young peasant approaching, leading an ox to the water; and he asked the young peasant to tell him the name of the place and the country. But the youth seemed to be displeased by the question, and answered in a severe tone: "If you want to know the name of this place, go back to where you came from, and ask Gen-Kum-Pei." [1] So the voyager, feeling afraid, hastened to his boat, and returned to China. There he sought out the sage Gen-Kum-Pei, to whom he related the adventure. Gen-Kum-Pei clapped his hands for wonder, and exclaimed, "So it was you! . . . On the seventh day of the seventh month I was gazing at the heavens, and I saw that the Herdsman and the Weaver were about to meet; — but between them was a new Star, which I took to be a Guest-Star. Fortunate man! you have been to the River of Heaven, and have looked upon the face of the Weaving-Lady! . . ."

It is said that the meeting of the Herdsman and the Weaver can be observed by any one with good eyes; for whenever it occurs those stars burn with five different colors. That is why offerings of five colors are made to the Tanabata divinities, and why the poems composed in their praise are written upon paper of five different tints.

But, as I have said before, the pair can meet only

[1] This is the Japanese reading of the Chinese name.

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in fair weather. If there be the least rain upon the seventh night, the River of Heaven will rise, and the lovers must wait another whole year. Therefore the rain that happens to fall on Tanabata night is called Namida no Amé, "The Rain of Tears."

When the sky is clear on the seventh night, the lovers are fortunate; and their stars can be seen to sparkle with delight. If the star Kengyū then shines very brightly, there will be great rice crops in the autumn. If the star Shokujo looks brighter than usual, there will be a prosperous time for weavers, and for every kind of female industry.

In Old Japan it was generally supposed that the meeting of the pair signified good fortune to mortals. Even to-day, in many parts of the country, children sing a little song on the evening of the Tanabata festival — Tenki ni nari! ("O weather, be clear!") In the province of Iga the young folks also sing a jesting song at the supposed hour of the lovers' meeting:

Tanabata ya!
Amari isogaba,
Korobubéshi! [1]

But in the province of Izumo, which is a very rainy district, the contrary belief prevails; and it is thought that if the sky be clear on the seventh day of the seventh month, misfortune will follow. The local explanation of this belief is that if the stars can

[1] "Ho! Tanabata! if you hurry too much, you will tumble down!"

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meet, there will be born from their union many evil deities who will afflict the country with drought and other calamities.

The festival of Tanabata was first celebrated in Japan on the seventh day of the seventh month of Tembyō Shōhō (A.D. 755). Perhaps the Chinese origin of the Tanabata divinities accounts for the fact that their public worship was at no time represented by many temples.

I have been able to find record of only one temple to them, called Tanabata-jinja, which was situated at a village called Hoshiai-mura, in the province of Owari, and surrounded by a grove called Tanabata-mori.[1]

Even before Tembyō Shōhō, however, the legend of the Weaving-Maiden seems to have been well known in Japan; for it is recorded that on the seventh night of the seventh year of Yōrō (A.D. 723) the poet Yamagami no Okura composed the song:

Amanogawa,
Ai-muki tachité,
Waga koïshi
Kimi kimasu nari —
Himo-toli makina![2]

It would seem that the Tanabata festival was first established in Japan eleven hundred and fifty years ago, as an Imperial Court festival only, in accord-

[1] There is no mention, however, of any such village in any modern directory.

[2] For a translation and explanation of this song, see *infra*, page 246.

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ance with Chinese precedent. Subsequently the nobility and the military classes everywhere followed imperial example; and the custom of celebrating the Hoshi-matsuri, or Star Festival — as it was popularly called — spread gradually downwards, until at last the seventh day of the seventh month became, in the full sense of the term, a national holiday. But the fashion of its observance varied considerably at different eras and in different provinces.

The ceremonies at the Imperial Court were of the most elaborate character: a full account of them is given in the Kōji Kongen — with explanatory illustrations. On the evening of the seventh day of the seventh month, mattings were laid down on the east side of that portion of the Imperial Palace called the Seir-yōden; and upon these mattings were placed four tables of offerings to the Star-deities. Besides the customary food-offerings, there were placed upon these tables rice-wine, incense, vases of red lacquer containing flowers, a harp and flute, and a needle with five eyes, threaded with threads of five different colors. Black-lacquered oil-lamps were placed beside the tables, to illuminate the feast. In another part of the grounds a tub of water was so placed as to reflect the light of the Tanabata-stars; and the ladies of the Imperial Household attempted to thread a needle by the reflection. She who succeeded was to be fortunate during the following year.

The court-nobility (Kugé) were obliged to make

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certain offerings to the Imperial House on the day of the festival. The character of these offerings, and the manner of their presentation, were fixed by decree. They were conveyed to the palace upon a tray, by a veiled lady of rank, in ceremonial dress. Above her, as she walked, a great red umbrella was borne by an attendant. On the tray were placed seven tanzaku (longilateral slips of fine tinted paper for the writing of poems); seven kudzu-leaves;[1] seven inkstones; seven strings of sōmen (a kind of vermicelli); fourteen writing-brushes; and a bunch of yam-leaves gathered at night, and thickly sprinkled with dew. In the palace grounds the ceremony began at the Hour of the Tiger — 4 A.M. Then the inkstones were carefully washed — prior to preparing the ink for the writing of poems in praise of the Star-deities — and each one set upon a kudzu-leaf. One bunch of bedewed yam-leaves was then laid upon every inkstone; and with this dew, instead of water, the writing ink was prepared. All the ceremonies appear to have been copied from those in vogue at the Chinese court in the time of the Emperor Ming-Hwang.

It was not until the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate that the Tanabata festival became really a national holiday; and the popular custom of attaching tanzaku of different colors to freshly cut bamboos, in celebration of the occasion, dates only

[1] *Pueraria Thunbergiana.*

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from the era of Bunsei (1818). Previously the tanzaku had been made of a very costly quality of paper and the old aristocratic ceremonies had been not less expensive than elaborate. But in the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate a very cheap paper of various colors was manufactured; and the holiday ceremonies were suffered to assume an inexpensive form, in which even the poorest classes could indulge.

The popular customs relating to the festival differed according to locality. Those of Izumo — where all classes of society, samurai or common folk, celebrated the holiday in much the same way — used to be particularly interesting; and a brief account of them will suggest something of the happy aspects of life in feudal times. At the Hour of the Tiger, on the seventh night of the seventh month, everybody was up; and the work of washing the inkstones and writing-brushes was performed. Then, in the household garden, dew was collected upon yam-leaves. This dew was called Amanogawa no suzuki ("drops from the River of Heaven"); and it was used to make fresh ink for writing the poems which were to be suspended to bamboos planted in the garden. It was usual for friends to present each other with new inkstones at the time of the Tanabata festival; and if there were any new inkstones in the house, the fresh ink was prepared in these. Each member of the family then wrote poems. The adults composed verses, according to their ability, in praise of the Star-deities; and the children either wrote dictation

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or tried to improvise. Little folk too young to use the writing-brush without help had their small hands guided, by parent or elder sister or elder brother, so as to shape on a tanzaku the character of some single word or phrase relating to the festival — such as "Amanogawa," or "Tanabata," or "Kasasagi no Hashi" (the Bridge of Magpies). In the garden were planted two freshly cut bamboos, with branches and leaves entire — a male bamboo (otoko-daké) and a female bamboo (onna-daké). They were set up about six feet apart, and to a cord extended between them were suspended paper-cuttings of five colors, and skeins of dyed thread of five colors. The paper-cuttings represented upper-robes — kimono. To the leaves and branches of the bamboos were tied the tanzaku on which poems had been written by the members of the family. And upon a table, set between the bamboos, or immediately before them, were placed vessels containing various offerings to the Star-deities — fruits, sōmen, rice-wine, and vegetables of different kinds, such as cucumbers and watermelons.

But the most curious Izumo custom relating to the festival was the Nému-nagashi, or "Sleep-wash-away" ceremony. Before daybreak the young folks used to go to some stream, carrying with them bunches composed of némuri-leaves and bean-leaves mixed together. On reaching the stream, they would fling their bunches of leaves into the current, and sing a little song:

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Nému wa, nagaré yo!
Mamé no ha wa, tomaré!

These verses might be rendered in two ways; because the word nému can be taken in the meaning either of némuri (sleep), or of nemuri-gi or némunoki, the "sleep-plant" (mimosa),—while the syllables mamé, as written in kana, can signify either "bean," or "activity," or "strength," "vigor," "health," etc. But the ceremony was symbolical, and the intended meaning of the song was:

Drowsiness, drift away!
Leaves of vigor, remain!

After this, all the young folk would jump into the water, to bathe or swim, in token of their resolve to shed all laziness for the coming year, and to maintain a vigorous spirit of endeavor.

Yet it was probably in Yédo (now Tōkyō) that the Tanabata festival assumed its most picturesque aspects. During the two days that the celebration lasted — the sixth and seventh of the seventh month — the city used to present the appearance of one vast bamboo grove; fresh bamboos, with poems attached to them, being erected upon the roofs of the houses. Peasants were in those days able to do a great business in bamboos, which were brought into town by hundreds of wagonloads for holiday use. Another feature of the Yédo festival was the children's procession, in which bamboos, with poems attached to them, were carried about the city. To each such

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bamboo there was also fastened a red plaque on which were painted, in Chinese characters, the names of the Tanabata stars.

But almost everywhere, under the Tokugawa régime, the Tanabata festival used to be a merry holiday for the young people of all classes — a holiday beginning with lantern displays before sunrise, and lasting well into the following night. Boys and girls on that day were dressed in their best, and paid visits of ceremony to friends and neighbors.

The moon of the seventh month used to be called Tanabata-tsuki, or "The Moon of Tanabata." And it was also called Fumi-tsuki, or "The Literary Moon," because during the seventh month poems were everywhere composed in praise of the Celestial Lovers.

I think that my readers ought to be interested in the following selection of ancient Japanese poems, treating of the Tanabata legend. All are from the "Manyōshū." The "Manyōshū" or "Gathering of a Myriad Leaves," is a vast collection of poems composed before the middle of the eighth century. It was compiled by Imperial order, and completed early in the ninth century. The number of the poems which it contains is upwards of four thousand; some being "long poems" (naga-uta), but the great majority tanka, or compositions limited to thirty-one syllables; and the authors were courtiers or high

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officials. The first eleven tanka hereafter translated were composed by Yamagami no Okura, Governor of the province of Chikuzen more than eleven hundred years ago. His fame as a poet is well deserved, for not a little of his work will bear comparison with some of the finer epigrams of the Greek Anthology. The following verses, upon the death of his little son Furubi, will serve as an example:

Wakakeréba
Nichi-yuki shiraji:
Mahi wa sému,
Shitabé no tsukahi
Ohité-tohorasé.

[As he is so young, he cannot know the way. . . . To the messenger of the Underworld I will give a bribe, and entreat him, saying: "Do thou kindly take the little one upon thy back along the road."]

Eight hundred years earlier, the Greek poet Diodorus Zonas of Sardis had written:

Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water of this reedy lake, for Hades, stretch out thy hand, dark Charon, to the son of Kinyras, as he mounts the ladder by the gangway, and receive him. For his sandals will cause the lad to slip, and he fears to set his feet naked on the sand of the shore.

But the charming epigram of Diodorus was inspired only by a myth — for the "son of Kinyras" was no other than Adonis — where as the verses of Okura express for us the yearning of a father's heart.

Though the legend of Tanabata was indeed borrowed from China, the reader will find nothing Chinese in the following compositions. They repre-

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sent the old classic poetry at its purest, free from alien influence; and they offer us many suggestions as to the condition of Japanese life and thought twelve hundred years ago. Remembering that they were written before any modern European literature had yet taken form, one is startled to find how little the Japanese written language has changed in the course of so many centuries. Allowing for a few obsolete words, and sundry slight changes of pronunciation, the ordinary Japanese reader to-day can enjoy these early productions of his native muse with about as little difficulty as the English reader finds in studying the poets of the Elizabethan era. Moreover, the refinement and the simple charm of the "Manyōshū" compositions have never been surpassed, and seldom equaled, by later Japanese poets.

As for the forty-odd tanka which I have translated, their chief attraction lies, I think, in what they reveal to us of the human nature of their authors. Tanabata-tsumé still represents for us the Japanese wife. worshipfully loving; — Hikoboshi appears to us with none of the luminosity of the god, but as the young Japanese husband of the sixth or seventh century, before Chinese ethical convention had begun to exercise its restraints upon life and literature. Also these poems interest us by their expression of the early feeling for natural beauty. In them we find the scenery and the seasons of Japan transported to the Blue Plain of High Heaven; — the Celestial

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Stream with its rapids and shallows, its sudden risings and clamorings within its stony bed, and its water-grasses bending in the autumn wind, might well be the Kamogawa; — and the mists that haunt its shores are the very mists of Arashiyama. The boat of Hikoboshi, impelled by a single oar working upon a wooden peg, is not yet obsolete; and at many a country ferry you may still see the hiki-funé in which Tanabata-tsumé prayed her husband to cross in a night of storm — a flat broad barge pulled over the river by cables. And maids and wives still sit at their doors in country villages, on pleasant autumn days, to weave as Tanabata-tsumé wove for the sake of her lord and lover.

It will be observed that, in most of these verses, it is not the wife who dutifully crosses the Celestial River to meet her husband, but the husband who rows over the stream to meet the wife; and there is no reference to the Bridge of Birds. . . . As for my renderings, those readers who know by experience the difficulty of translating Japanese verse will be the most indulgent, I fancy. The Romaji system of spelling has been followed (except in one or two cases where I thought it better to indicate the ancient syllabication after the method adopted by Aston); and words or phrases necessarily supplied have been enclosed in parentheses.

Amanogawa
Ai-muki tachité,

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Waga koïshi
Kimi kimasu nari
Himo-toki makéna!

[He is coming, my long-desired lord, whom I have been waiting to meet here, on the banks of the River of Heaven. . . . The moment of loosening my girdle is nigh! [1]]

Hisakata no [2]
Ama no kawasé ni,
Funé ukété,
Koyoï ka kimi ga
Agari kimasan?

[Over the Rapids of the Everlasting Heaven, floating in his boat, my lord will doubtless deign to come to me this very night.]

Kazé kumo wa
Futatsu no kishi ni
Kayoëdomo,
Waga toho-tsuma no
Koto zo kayowanu!

[Though winds and clouds to either bank may freely come or go, between myself and my far-away spouse no message whatever may pass.]

---

[1] The last line alludes to a charming custom of which mention is made in the most ancient Japanese literature. Lovers, ere parting, were wont to tie each other's inner girdle (himo) and pledge themselves to leave the knot untouched until the time of their next meeting. This poem is said to have been composed in the seventh year of Yōrō — A.D. 723 — eleven hundred and eighty-two years ago.

[2] Hisakata-no is a "pillow-word" used by the old poets in relation to celestial objects; and it is often difficult to translate. Mr. Aston thinks that the literal meaning of hisakata is simply "long-hard," in the sense of long-enduring — hisa (long), katai (hard, or firm); so that hisakata-no would have the meaning of "firmamental." Japanese commentators, however, say that the term is composed with the three words, hi (sun), sasu (shine), and kata (side); — and this etymology would justify the rendering of hisakata-no by some such expression as "light-shedding," "radiance-giving." On the subject of pillow-words, see Aston's *Grammar of the Japanese Written Language*.

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Tsubuté [1] ni mo
Nagé koshitsu-béki,
Amanogawa
Hédatéréba ka mo,
Amata subé-naki!

[To the opposite bank one might easily fling a pebble; yet, being separated from him by the River of Heaven, alas! to hope for a meeting (except in autumn) is utterly useless.]

Aki-kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori
"Itsushika" to —;
Waga machi koïshi
Kimi zo kimaséru.

[From the day that the autumn wind began to blow (I kept saying to myself), "Ah! when shall we meet?" — but now my beloved, for whom I waited and longed, has come indeed!]

Amanogawa
Ito kawa-nami wa
Tatanédomo,
Samorai gatashi —
Chikaki kono sé wo.

[Though the waters of the River of Heaven have not greatly risen, (yet to cross) this near stream and to wait upon (my lord and lover) remains impossible.]

Sodé furaba
Mi mo kawashitsu-béku
Chika-kerédo,
Wataru subé nashi,
Aki nishi aranéba.

[Though she is so near that the waving of her (long) sleeves can be distinctly seen, yet there is no way to cross the stream before the season of autumn.]

[1] The old text has tabuté.

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Kagéroï no
Honoka ni miété
Wakarénaba; —
Motonaya koïn
Aü-toki madé wa!

[When we were separated, I had seen her for a moment only — and dimly as one sees a flying midge; [1] now I must vainly long for her as before, until time of our next meeting!]

Hikoboshi no
Tsuma mukaé-buné
Kogizurashi —
Ama-no-Kawara ni
Kiri no tatéru wa.

[Methinks that Hikoboshi must be rowing his boat to meet his wife — for a mist (as of oar-spray) is rising over the course of the Heavenly Stream.]

Kasumi tatsu
Ama-no-Kawara ni,
Kimi matsu to —
Ikayō hodo ni
Mono-suso nurenu.

[While awaiting my lord on the misty shore of the River of Heaven, the skirts of my robe have somehow become wet.]

Amanogawa,
Mi-tsu no nami oto
Sawagu-nari:
Waga matsu-kimi no
Funadé-surashi mo.

[On the River of Heaven, at the place of the august ferry, the sound of the water has become loud: perhaps my long-awaited lord will soon be coming in his boat.]

Tanabata no
Sodé maku yoï no

[1] Kagéroï is an obsolete form of kagérō, meaning an ephemera.

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Akatoki wa,
Kawasé no tazu wa
Nakazu to mo yoshi.

[As Tanabata (slumbers) with her long sleeves rolled up, until the reddening of the dawn, do not, O storks of the river-shallows, awaken her by your cries.[1]]

Amanogawa
Kiri-tachi-wataru:
Kyō, kyō, to —
Waga matsu-koïshi
Funadé-surashi!

[(She sees that) a mist is spreading across the River of Heaven. . . . "To-day, to-day," she thinks, "my long-awaited lord will probably come over in his boat."]

Amanogawa,
Yasu no watari ni,
Funé ukété; —
Waga tachi-matsu to
Imo ni tsugé koso.

[By the ferry of Yasu, on the River of Heaven, the boat is floating: I pray you tell my younger sister [2] that I stand here and wait.]

O-sora yo
Kayō waré sura,
Na ga yué ni,
Amanokawa-ji no
Nazumité zo koshi.

[Though I (being a Star-god) can pass freely to and fro, through the great sky — yet to cross over the River of Heaven, for your sake, was weary work indeed!]

---

[1] Literally, "not to cry out (will be) good" — but a literal translation of the poem is scarcely possible.

[2] That is to say, "wife." In archaic Japanese the word imo signified both "wife" and "younger sister." The term might also be rendered "darling" or "beloved."

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Yachihoko no
Kami no mi-yo yori
Tomoshi-zuma; —
Hito-shiri ni keri
Tsugitéshi omoēba.

[From the august Age of the God-of-Eight-Thousand-Spears,[1] she had been my spouse in secret [2] only; yet now, because of my constant longing for her, our relation has become known to men.]

Amé tsuchi to
Wakaréshi toki yo
Onoga tsuma;
Shika zo té ni aru
Aki matsu aré wa.

[From the time when heaven and earth were parted, she has been my own wife; — yet, to be with her, I must always wait till autumn.[3]]

Waga kōru
Niho no omo wa
Koyoī mo ka
Ama-no-kawara ni
Ishi-makura makan.

[With my beloved, of the ruddy-tinted cheeks,[4] this night indeed will I descend into the bed of the River of Heaven, to sleep on a pillow of stone.]

---

[1] Yachihoko-no-Kami, who has many other names, is the Great God of Izumo, and is commonly known by his appellation Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Kami, or the "Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land." He is locally worshiped also as the god of marriage — for which reason, perhaps, the poet thus refers to him.

[2] Or, "my seldom-visited spouse." The word tsuma (zuma), in ancient Japanese, signified either wife or husband; and this poem might be rendered so as to express either the wife's or the husband's thoughts.

[3] By the ancient calendar, the seventh day of the seventh month would fall in the autumn season.

[4] The literal meaning is "béni-tinted face" — that is to say, a face of which the cheeks and lips have been tinted with béni, a kind of rouge.

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Amanogawa.
Mikomori-gusa no
Aki-kazé ni
Nabikafu miréba,
Toki kitarurashi.

[When I see the water-grasses of the River of Heaven bend in the autumn wind (I think to myself): "The time (for our meeting) seems to have come."]

Waga séko ni
Ura-koi oréba,
Amanogawa
Yo-funé kogi-toyomu
Kaji no 'to kikoyu.

[When I feel in my heart a sudden longing for my husband,[1] then on the River of Heaven the sound of the rowing of the night-boat is heard, and the plash of the oar resounds.]

Tō-zuma to
Tamakura kawashi
Nétaru yo wa,
Tori-gané na naki
Akéba aku to mo!

[In the night when I am reposing with my (now) far-away spouse, having exchanged jewel-pillows [2] with her, let not the cock crow, even though the day should dawn.]

Yorozu-yo ni
Tazusawari ité
Ai mi-domo,
Omoi-sugu-béki
Koi naranaku ni.

[1] In ancient Japanese the word séko signified either husband or elder brother. The beginning of the poem might also be rendered thus: "When I feel a secret longing for my husband," etc.

[2] "To exchange jewel-pillows" signifies to use each other's arms for pillows. This poetical phrase is often used in the earliest Japanese literature. The word for jewel, tama, often appears in compounds as an equivalent of "precious," "dear," etc.

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[Though for a myriad ages we should remain hand-in-hand and face to face, our exceeding love could never come to an end. (Why then should Heaven deem it necessary to part us?)]

Waga tamé to,
Tanabata-tsumé no,
Sono yado ni,
Oréru shirotai
Nuīt ken kamo?

[The white cloth which Tanabata has woven for my sake, in that dwelling of hers, is now, I think, being made into a robe for me.]

Shirakumo no
I-ho é kakurité
Tō-kédomo,
Yoī-sarazu min
Imo ga atari wa.

[Though she be far-away, and hidden from me by five hundred layers of white cloud, still shall I turn my gaze each night toward the dwelling-place of my younger sister (wife).]

Aki saréba
Kawagiri tatéru
Amanogawa,
Kawa ni muki-ité
Kru [1] yo zo ōki!

[When autumn comes, and the river-mists spread over the Heavenly Stream, I turn toward the river, (and long); and the nights of my longing are many!]

Hito-tosé ni
Nanuka no yo nomi
Aū-hito no —
Koī mo tsuki-néba
Sayo zo aké ni keru!

[But once in the whole year, and only upon the seventh night

[1] For kofuru.

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(of the seventh month), to meet the beloved person — and lo! The day has dawned before our mutual love could express itself! [1]]

Toshi no koï
Koyoï tsukushíté,
Asu yori wa,
Tsuné no gotoku ya
Waga koï oran.

[The love-longing of one whole year having ended to-night, every day from to-morrow I must again pine for him as before!]

Hikoboshi to
Tanabata-tsumé to
Koyoï aü; —
Ama-no-Kawa to ni
Nami tatsu-na yumé!

[Hikoboshi and Tanabata-tsumé are to meet each other to-night; — ye waves of the River of Heaven, take heed that ye do not rise!]

Akï-kazé no
Fuki tadayowasu
Shirakumo wa,
Tanabata-tsumé no
Amatsu hiré kamo?

[Oh! that white cloud driven by the autumn-wind — can it be the heavenly hiré [2] of Tanabata-tsumé?]

---

[1] Or "satisfy itself." A literal rendering is difficult.

[2] At different times, in the history of Japanese female costume, different articles of dress were called by this name. In the present instance, the hiré referred to was probably a white scarf, worn about the neck and carried over the shoulders to the breast, where its ends were either allowed to hang loose, or were tied into an ornamental knot. The hiré was often used to make signals with, much as handkerchiefs are waved to-day for the same purpose; — and the question uttered in the poem seems to signify: "Can that be Tanabata waving her scarf — to call me?" In very early times, the ordinary costumes worn were white.

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Shiba-shiba mo
Ai minu kimi wo,
Amanogawa
Funa-dé haya séyo
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

[Because he is my not-often-to-be-met beloved, hasten to row the boat across the River of Heaven ere the night be advanced.]

Amanogawa
Kiri tachi-watari
Hikoboshi no
Kaji no 'to kikoyu
Yo no fuké-yukéba.

[Late in the night, a mist spreads over the River of Heaven; and the sound of the oar [1] of Hikoboshi is heard.]

Amanogawa
Kawa 'to sayakéshi:
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Nami no sawagi ka?

[On the River of Heaven a sound of plashing can be distinctly heard: is it the sound of the rippling made by Hikoboshi quickly rowing his boat?]

Kono yūbé,
Furikuru amé wa,
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Kai no chiri ka mo.

[Perhaps this evening shower is but the spray (flung down) from the oar of Hikoboshi, rowing his boat in haste.]

Waga tama-doko wo
Asu yori wa

[1] Or, "the creaking of the oar." (The word kaji to-day means "helm"; — the single oar, or scull, working upon a pivot, and serving at once for rudder and oar, being now called ro.) The mist passing across the Amanogawa is, according to commentators, the spray from the Star-god's oar.

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Uchi haraï,
Kimi to inézuté
Hitori ka mo nen!

[From to-morrow, alas! after having put my jewel-bed in order, no longer reposing with my lord, I must sleep alone!]

Kazé fukité,
Kawa-nami tachinu; —
Hiki-funé ni
Watari mo kimasé
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

[The wind having risen, the waves of the river have become high; — this night cross over in a towboat,[1] I pray thee, before the hour be late!]

Amanogawa
Nami wa tatsutomo,
Waga funé wa
Iza kogi iden
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

[Even though the waves of the River of Heaven run high, I must row over quickly, before it becomes late in the night.]

Inishié ni
Oritéshi hata wo;
Kono yūbé
Koromo ni nuïté —
Kimi matsu aré wo!

[Long ago I finished weaving the material; and, this evening, having finished sewing the garment for him — (why must) I still wait for my lord?]

Amanogawa
Sé wo hayami ka mo?

[1] Literally, "pull-boat" (hiki-funé) — a barge or boat pulled by a rope.

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Nubatama no [1]
Yo wa fuké ni tsutsu,
Awanu Hikoboshi!

[Is it that the current of the River of Heaven (has become too) rapid? The jet-black night advances — and Hikoboshi has not come!]

Watashi-mori,
Funé haya watasé; —
Hito-tosé ni
Futatabi kayō
Kimi naranaku ni!

[Oh, ferryman, make speed across the stream! — my lord is not one who can come and go twice in a year!]

Aki kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori,
Amanogawa
Kawasé ni dédachi; —
Matsu to tsugé koso!

[On the very day that the autumn-wind began to blow, I set out for the shallows of the River of Heaven; — I pray you, tell my lord that I am waiting here still!]

Tanabata no
Funanori surashi, —
Maso-kagami,
Kiyoki tsuki-yo ni
Kumo tachi-wataru.

[Methinks Tanabata must be coming in her boat; for a cloud is even now passing across the clear face of the moon.[2]]

[1] Nubatama no yo might better be rendered by some such phrase as "the berry-black night" — but the intended effect would be thus lost in translation. Nubatama-no (a "pillow-word") is written with characters signifying "like the black fruits of Karasu-Ōgi"; and the ancient phrase "nubatama no yo" therefore may be said to have the same meaning as our expressions "jet-black night," or "pitch-dark night."

[2] Composed by the famous poet Ōtomo no Sukuné Yakamochi, while gazing at the Milky Way, on the seventh night of the seventh month of

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And yet it has been gravely asserted that the old Japanese poets could find no beauty in starry skies! . . .

Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising of the moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky — to make me forget the monstrous facts of science, and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanogawa itself — the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. White Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; — and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal — forever yearning and forever young, and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods.

the tenth year of Tampyō (A.D. 738). The pillow-word in the third line (maso-kagami) is untranslatable.

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II

GOBLIN POETRY

RECENTLY, while groping about an old bookshop, I found a collection of Goblin Poetry in three volumes, containing many pictures of goblins. The title of the collection is "Kyōka Hyaku-Monogatari," or, "The Mad Poetry of the Hyaku-Monogatari." The "Hyaku-Monogatari," or "Hundred Tales," is a famous book of ghost stories. On the subject of each of the stories, poems were composed at different times by various persons — poems of the sort called "Kyōka," or "Mad Poetry" — and these were collected and edited to form the three volumes of which I became the fortunate possessor. The collecting was done by a certain Takumi Jingorō, who wrote under the literary pseudonym "Temméï Réōjin" (Ancient of the Temméï Era). Takumi died in the first year of Bunkyū (1861), at the good age of eighty; and his collection seems to have been published in the sixth year of Kaéï (1853). The pictures were made by an artist called Masazumi, who worked under the pseudonym "Ryōsai Kanjin."

From a prefatory note it appears that Takumi Jingorō published his collection with the hope of reviving interest in a once popular kind of poetry which had fallen into neglect before the middle of the century. The word "kyōka" is written with a

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Chinese character signifying "insane" or "crazy"; and it means a particular and extraordinary variety of comic poetry. The form is that of the classic tanka of thirty-one syllables (arranged 57577); — but the subjects are always the extreme reverse of classical; and the artistic effects depend upon methods of verbal jugglery which cannot be explained without the help of numerous examples. The collection published by Takumi includes a good deal of matter in which a Western reader can discover no merit; but the best of it has a distinctly grotesque quality that reminds one of Hood's weird cleverness in playing with grim subjects. This quality, and the peculiar Japanese method of mingling the playful with the terrific, can be suggested and explained only by reproducing in Romaji the texts of various kyōka, with translations and notes.

The selection which I have made should prove interesting, not merely because it will introduce the reader to a class of Japanese poetry about which little or nothing has yet been written in English, but much more because it will afford some glimpses of a supernatural world which still remains for the most part unexplored. Without knowledge of Far Eastern superstitions and folk-tales, no real understanding of Japanese fiction or drama or poetry will ever become possible.

There are many hundreds of poems in the three volumes of the "Kyōka Hyaku-Monogatari"; but

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the number of the ghosts and goblins falls short of the one hundred suggested by the title. There are just ninety-five. I could not expect to interest my readers in the whole of this goblinry, and my selection includes less than one seventh of the subjects. "The Faceless Babe," "The Long-Tongued Maiden," "The Three-Eyed Monk," "The Pillow-Mover," "The Thousand Heads," "The Acolyte-with-the-Lantern," "The Stone-that-Cries-in-the-Night," "The Goblin-Heron," "The Goblin-Wind," "The Dragon-Lights," and "The Mountain-Nurse," did not much impress me. I omitted kyōka dealing with fancies too gruesome for Western nerves — such as that of the Obumédori — also those treating of merely local tradition. The subjects chosen represent national rather than provincial folklore — old beliefs (mostly of Chinese origin) once prevalent throughout the country, and often referred to in its popular literature.

I. KITSUNÉ-BI

THE Will-o'-the-Wisp is called kitsuné-bi ("fox-fire"), because the goblin-fox was formerly supposed to create it. In old Japanese pictures it is represented as a tongue of pale red flame, hovering in darkness, and shedding no radiance upon the surfaces over which it glides.

To understand some of the following kyōka on the subject, the reader should know that certain superstitions about the magical power of the fox

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have given rise to several queer folk-sayings — one of which relates to marrying a stranger. Formerly a good citizen was expected to marry within his own community, not outside of it; and the man who dared to ignore traditional custom in this regard would have found it difficult to appease the communal indignation. Even to-day the villager who, after a long absence from his birthplace, returns with a strange bride, is likely to hear unpleasant things said — such as: "Wakaranai-mono wo hippaté-kita!... Doko no uma no honé da ka?" ("Goodness knows what kind of a thing he has dragged here after him! Where did he pick up that old horse-bone?") The expression uma no honé, "old horse-bone," requires explanation.

A goblin-fox has the power to assume many shapes; but, for the purpose of deceiving *men*, he usually takes the form of a pretty woman. When he wants to create a charming phantom of this kind, he picks up an old horse-bone or cow-bone, and holds it in his mouth. Presently the bone becomes luminous; and the figure of a woman defines about it — the figure of a courtesan or singing-girl.... So the village query about the man who marries a strange wife, "What old horse-bone has he picked up?" signifies really, "What wanton has bewitched him?" It further implies the suspicion that the stranger may be of outcast blood: a certain class of women of pleasure having been chiefly recruited, from ancient time, among the daughters of eta and other pariah-people.

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Hi tomoshité
Kitsuné no kwaséshi,
Asobimé [1] wa —
Izuka no uma no
Honé ni ya aruran!

[— Ah the wanton (lighting her lantern)! — so a fox-fire is kindled in the time of fox-transformation! . . . Perhaps she is really nothing more than an old horse-bone from somewhere or other. . . .]

Kitsuné-bi no
Moyuru ni tsukété,
Waga tama no
Kiyuru yō nari
Kokoro-hoso-michi!

[Because of that fox-fire burning there, the very soul of me is like to be extinguished in this narrow path (or, in this heart-depressing solitude).[2]]

II. RIKOMBYŌ

THE term Rikombyō is composed with the word rikon, signifying a "shade," "ghost," or "spectre," and the word byō, signifying "sickness," "disease." An almost literal rendering would be "ghost-sickness." In Japanese-English dictionaries you will

[1] Asobimé, a courtesan: literally, "sporting-woman." The eta and other pariah classes furnished a large proportion of these women. The whole meaning of the poem is as follows: "See that young wanton with her lantern! It is a pretty sight — but so is the sight of a fox, when the creature kindles his goblin-fire and assumes the shape of a girl. And just as your fox-woman will prove to be no more than an old horse-bone, so that young courtesan, whose beauty deludes men to folly, may be nothing better than an eta."

[2] The supposed utterance of a belated traveler frightened by a will-o'-the-wisp. The last line allows of two readings. Kokoro-hosoi means "timid"; and hosoi michi (hoso-michi) means a "narrow path," and, by implication, a "lonesome path."

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find the meaning of Rikombyō given as "hypochondria"; and doctors really use the term in this modern sense. But the ancient meaning was *a disorder of the mind which produced a Double;* and there is a whole strange literature about this weird disease. It used to be supposed, both in China and Japan, that under the influence of intense grief or longing, caused by love, the spirit of the suffering person would create a Double. Thus the victim of Rikombyō would appear to have two bodies, exactly alike; and one of these bodies would go to join the absent beloved, while the other remained at home.[1] Some form of the primitive belief in doubles and wraiths probably exists in every part of the world; but this Far-Eastern variety is of peculiar interest because the double is supposed to be caused by love, and the subjects of the affliction to belong to the gentler sex.... The term Rikombyō seems to be applied to the apparition as well as to the mental disorder supposed to produce the apparition: it signifies "doppelgänger" as well as "ghost-disease."

With these necessary explanations, the quality of the following kyōka can be understood. A picture which appears in the "Kyōka Hyaku-Monogatari" shows a maidservant anxious to offer a cup of tea to her mistress — a victim of the "ghost-sickness."

[1] In my *Exotics and Retrospectives*, under the title "A Question in the Zen Texts," the reader will find a typical Chinese story on the subject — the story of the girl Ts'ing.

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The servant cannot distinguish between the original and the apparitional shapes before her; and the difficulties of the situation are suggested in the first of the kyōka which I have translated:

Ko-ya, soré to?
Ayamé mo wakanu
Rikombyō:
Izuré wo tsuma to
Hiku zo wazuraū!

[Which one is this? — which one is that? Between the two shapes of the Rikombyō it is not possible to distinguish. To find out which is the real wife — that will be an affliction of spirit indeed!]

Futatsu naki
Inochi nagara mo
Kakégaē no
Karada no miyuru —
Kagé no wazurai!

[Two lives there certainly are not; — nevertheless an extra body is visible, by reason of the Shadow-Sickness.]

Naga-tabi no
Oto wo shitaïté
Mi futatsu ni
Naru wa onna no
Sāru rikombyō.

[Yearning after her far-journeying husband, the woman has thus become two bodies, by reason of her ghostly sickness.]

Miru kagé mo
Naki wazurai no
Rikombyō —
Omoi no hoka ni
Futatsu miru kagé!

[Though (it was said that), because of her ghostly sickness,

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there was not even a shadow of her left to be seen — yet, contrary to expectation, there are two shadows of her to be seen![1]]

Rikombyō
Hito ni kakushité
Oku-zashiki,
Omoté y dēsanu
Kagé no wazurai.

[Afflicted with the Rikombyō, she hides away from people in the back room, and never approaches the front of the house — because of her Shadow-Disease.[2]]

Mi wa koko ni;
Tama wa otoko ni
Soïné suru; —
Kokoro mo shiraga
Haha ga kaihō.

[Here her body lies; but her soul is far away, asleep in the arms of a man; — and the white-haired mother, little knowing her daughter's heart, is nursing (only the body).[3]]

Tamakushigé
Futatsu no sugata

[1] The Japanese say of a person greatly emaciated by sickness, mirukagé mo naki: "Even a visible shadow of him is not!" — Another rendering is made possible by the fact that the same expression is used in the sense of "unfit to be seen," — "though the face of the person afflicted with this ghostly sickness is unfit to be seen, yet by reason of her secret longing [for another man] there are now two of her faces to be seen." The phrase omoi no hoka, in the fourth line, means "contrary to expectation"; but it is ingeniously made to suggest also the idea of secret longing.

[2] There is a curious play on words in the fourth line. The word omoté, meaning "the front," might, in reading, be sounded as omotté, "thinking." The verses therefore might also be thus translated: "She keeps her real thoughts hidden in the back part of the house, and never allows them to be seen in the front part of the house — because she is suffering from the 'Shadow-Sickness' [of love]."

[3] There is a double meaning, suggested rather than expressed, in the fourth line. The word shiraga, "white-hair," suggests shirazu, "not knowing."

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Misénuru wa,
Awasé-kagami no
Kagé no wazurai.

[If, when seated before her toilet-stand, she sees two faces reflected in her mirror — that might be caused by the mirror doubling itself under the influence of the Shadow-Sickness.[1]]

III. Ō-GAMA

In the old Chinese and Japanese literature the toad is credited with supernatural capacities — such as the power to call down clouds, the power to make rain, the power to exhale from its mouth a magical mist which creates the most beautiful illusions. Some toads are good spirits — friends of holy men; and in Japanese art a famous Rishi called "Gama-Sennin" (Toad Rishi) is usually represented with a white toad resting upon his shoulder, or squatting beside him. Some toads are evil goblins, and create phantasms for the purpose of luring men to destruction. A typical story about a creature of this class will be found in my "Kottō," entitled "The Story of Chūgorō."

Mé wa kagami,
Kuchi wa tarai no

[1] There is in this poem a multiplicity of suggestion impossible to render in translation. While making her toilet, the Japanese woman uses two mirrors (awasé-kagami) — one of which, a hand-mirror, serves to show her the appearance of the back part of her coiffure, by reflecting it into the larger stationary mirror. But in this case of Rikombyō, the woman sees more than her face and the back of her head in the larger mirror: she sees her own double. The verses indicate that one of the mirrors may have caught the Shadow-Sickness, and doubled itself. And there is a further suggestion of the ghostly sympathy said to exist between a mirror and the soul of its possessor.

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Hodo ni aku:
Gama mo késhō no
Mono to kosō shiré.

[The eye of it, widely open, like a (round) mirror; the mouth of it opening like a wash-basin — by these things you may know that the Toad is a goblin-thing (or, that the Toad is a toilet article).[1]]

IV. SHINKIRŌ

THE term Shinkirō is used in the meaning of "mirage," and also as another name for Hōrai, the Elf-land of Far-Eastern fable. Various beings in Japanese myth are credited with power to delude mortals by creating a mirage of Hōrai. In old pictures one may see a toad represented in the act of exhaling from its mouth a vapor that shapes the apparition of Hōrai.

But the creature especially wont to produce this illusion is the Hamaguri — a Japanese mollusk much resembling a clam. Opening its shell, it sends into the air a purplish misty breath; and that mist takes form and defines, in tints of mother-of-pearl, the luminous vision of Hōrai and the palace of the Dragon-King.

Hamaguri no
Kuchi aku toki ya,
Shinkirō!
Yo ni shiraré ken
Tatsu-no-miya-himé!

[When the hamaguri opens its mouth — lo! Shinkirō appears!

[1] There are two Japanese words, keshō, which in kana are written alike and pronounced alike, though represented by very different Chinese characters. As written in kana, the term keshō-no-mono may signify either "toilet articles" or "a monstrous being," "a goblin."

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. . . Then all can clearly see the Maiden-Princess of the Dragon-Palace.]

Shinkirō —
Tatsu no miyako no
Hinagata [1] wo
Shio-hi no oki ni
Misuru hamaguri!

[Lo! in the offing at ebb-tide, the hamaguri makes visible the miniature image of Shinkirō — the Dragon-Capital!]

V. ROKURO-KUBI

THE etymological meaning of Rokuro-Kubi can scarcely be indicated by any English rendering. The term rokuro is indifferently used to designate many revolving objects — objects as dissimilar as a pulley, a capstan, a windlass, a turning lathe, and a potter's wheel. Such renderings of Rokuro-Kubi as "Whirling-Neck" and "Rotating-Neck" are unsatisfactory; — for the idea which the term suggests to Japanese fancy is that of a neck which revolves, *and lengthens or retracts according to the direction of the revolution.* . . . As for the ghostly meaning of the expression, a Rokuro-Kubi is either (1) a person whose neck lengthens prodigiously during sleep, so that the head can wander about in all directions, seeking what it may devour, or (2) a person able to detach his or her head completely from the body, and to rejoin it to the neck afterwards.[2] In Chinese mythology the be-

[1] Hinagata means especially "a model," "a miniature copy," "a drawn plan," etc.

[2] About this last-mentioned variety of Rokuro-Kubi there is a curious story in my Kwaidan, translated from the Japanese.

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ing whose neck is so constructed as to allow of the head being completely detached belongs to a special class; but in Japanese folk-tale this distinction is not always maintained. One of the bad habits attributed to the Rokuro-Kubi is that of drinking the oil in night-lamps. In Japanese pictures the Rokuro-Kubi is usually depicted as a woman; and old books tell us that a woman might become a Rokuro-Kubi without knowing it — much as a somnambulist walks about while asleep, without being aware of the fact. . . . The following verses about the Rokuro-Kubi have been selected from a group of twenty in the "Kyōka Hyaku-Monogatari":

Nemidaré no
Nagaki kami woba
Furi-wakété,
Chi hiro ni nobasu
Rokuro-Kubi kana!

[Oh! . . . Shaking loose her long hair disheveled by sleep, the Rokuro-Kubi stretches her neck to the length of a thousand fathoms!]

"Atama naki
Bakémono nari" — to
Rokuro-Kubi,
Mité odorokan
Onoga karada wo.

[Will not the Rokuro-Kubi, viewing with astonishment her own body (left behind) cry out, "Oh, what a headless goblin have you become!"]

Tsuka-no-ma ni
Hari wo tsutawaru,
Rokuro-Kubi

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Kéta-kéta warau —
Kao no kowasa yo!

[Swiftly gliding along the roof-beam (and among the props of the roof), the Rokuro-Kubi laughs with the sound of "kéta-kéta" — oh! the fearfulness of her face! [1]]

Roku shaku no
Byōbu ni nobiru
Rokuro-Kubi
Mité wa, go shaku no
Mi wo chijimi-kéri!

[Beholding the Rokuro-Kubi rise up above the six-foot screen, any five-foot person would have become shortened by fear (or, "the stature of any person five feet high would have been diminished").[2]]

VI. YUKI-ONNA

THE Snow-Woman, or Snow-Spectre, assumes various forms; but in most of the old folk-tales she appears as a beautiful phantom, whose embrace is death.[3]

Yuki-Onna —
Yosō kushi mo
Atsu kōri;
Sasu-kōgai ya
Kōri naruran.

[As for the Snow-Woman — even her best comb, if I mistake not, is made of thick ice; and her hairpin, [4] too, is probably made of ice.]

---

[1] It is not possible to render all the double meanings in this composition. Tsuka-no-ma signifies "in a moment" or "quickly"; but it may also mean "in the space [ma] between the roof-props" [tsuka]. Kéta means a cross-beam, but kéta-kéta warau means to chuckle or laugh in a mocking way. Ghosts are said to laugh with the sound of kéta-kéta.

[2] The ordinary height of a full screen is six Japanese feet.

[3] A very curious story about her can be found in my *Kwaidan*.

[4] Kogai is the name now given to a quadrangular bar of tortoise-shell

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Honrai wa
Kū naru mono ka,
Yuki-Onna?
Yoku-yoku mireba
Ichi-butsu mo nashi!

[Was she, then, a delusion from the very first, that Snow-Woman — a thing that vanishes into empty space? When I look carefully all about me, not one trace of her is to be seen!]

Yo-akéréba
Kiété yuku é wa
Shirayuki [1] no
Onna to mishi mo
Yanagi nari-keri!

[Having vanished at daybreak (that Snow-Woman), none could say whither she had gone. But what had seemed to be a snow-white woman became indeed a willow-tree!]

Yuki-Onna
Mité wa yasathiku,
Matsu wo ori
Nama-daké hishigu
Chikara ari-keri!

[Though the Snow-Woman appears to sight slender and gentle, yet, to snap the pine-trees asunder and to crush the live bamboos, she must have had strength.]

Samukésa ni
Zotto [2] wa surédo

---

passed under the coiffure, which leaves only the ends of the bar exposed. The true haripin is called kanzashi.

[1] The term shirayuki, as here used, offers an example of what Japanese poets call Kenyōgen, or "double-purpose words." Joined to the words immediately following, it makes the phrase "white-snow woman" (shirayuki no onna); — united with the words immediately preceding, it suggests the reading, "whither-gone not-knowing" (yuku éwa shira [zu]).

[2] Zotto is a difficult word to render literally: perhaps the nearest English equivalent is "thrilling." Zotto suru signifies "to cause a thrill" or

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Yuki-Onna —
Yuki oré no naki
Yanagi-goshi ka mo!

[Though the Snow-Woman makes one shiver by her coldness — ah, the willowy grace of her form cannot be broken by the snow (i.e. charms us in spite of the cold).]

VII. FUNA-YŪRÉĪ

THE spirits of the drowned are said to follow after ships, calling for a bucket or a water-dipper (hishaku). To refuse the bucket or the dipper is dangerous; but the bottom of the utensil should be knocked out before the request is complied with, and the spectres must not be allowed to see this operation performed. If an undamaged bucket or dipper be thrown to the ghosts, it will be used to fill and to sink the ship. These phantoms are commonly called Funa-Yūréī ("Ship-Ghosts").

The spirits of those warriors of the Héīké clan who perished in the great sea-fight at Dan-no-ura, in the year 1185, are famous among Funa-Yūréī. Taïra no Tomomori, one of the chiefs of the clan, is celebrated in this weird rôle: old pictures represent him, followed by the ghosts of his warriors, running over the waves to attack passing ships. Once he

"to give a shock," or "to make shiver"; and of a very beautiful person it is said "Zotto-suru hodo no bijin" — meaning, "She is so pretty that it gives one a shock merely to look at her." The term yanagi-goshi ("willow-loins") in the last line is a common expression designating a slender and graceful figure; and the reader should observe that the first half of the term is ingeniously made to do double duty here — suggesting, with the context, not only the grace of willow branches weighed down by snow, but also the grace of a human figure that one must stop to admire, in spite of the cold.

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menaced a vessel in which Benkéi the celebrated retainer of Yoshitsuné, was voyaging; and Benkéi was able to save the ship only by means of his Buddhist rosary, which frightened the spectres away....

Tomomori is frequently pictured as walking upon the sea, carrying a ship's anchor on his back. He and his fellow-ghosts are said to have been in the habit of uprooting and making off with the anchors of vessels imprudently moored in their particular domain — the neighborhood of Shimonoséki.

Erimoto yé
Mizu kakéraruru
Kokochi seri,
"Hishaku kasé" chō
Funé no kowané ni.

[As if the nape of our necks had been sprinkled with cold water —so we felt while listening to the voice of the ship-ghost, saying: "Lend me a dipper!" [1]]

Yūréi ni
Kasu-hishaku yori
Ichi-hayaku
Onoré ga koshi mo
Nukéru senchō.

[The loins of the captain himself were knocked out very much more quickly than the bottom of the dipper that was to be given to the ghost.[2]]

Benkéi no
Zuzu no kuriki ni

[1] Hishaku, a wooden dipper with a long handle, used to transfer water from a bucket to smaller vessels.

[2] The common expression Koshi ga nukéru (to have one's loins taken out) means to be unable to stand up by reason of fear. The suggestion is that while the captain was trying to knock out the bottom of a dipper, before giving it to the ghost, he fell senseless from fright.

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Tomomori no
Sugata mo ukamu —
Funé no yūréī.

[By the virtue of Benkéī's rosary, even the ship-following ghost — even the apparition of Tomomori — is saved.]

Yūréī wa
Ki naru Izumi no
Hito nagara,
Aō-umibara ni
Nadoté itsuran?

[Since any ghost must be an inhabitant of the Yellow Springs, how should a ghost appear on the Blue Sea-Plain? [1]]

Sono sugata,
Ikari wo ōté,
Tsuki-matoü
Funé no hésaki ya
Tomomori no réī!

[That Shape, carrying the anchor on its back, and following after the ship — now at the bow and now at the stern — ah, the ghost of Tomomori.[2]]

Tsumi fukaki
Umi ni shidzumishi,
Yūréī no
"Ukaman" toté ya!
Funé ni sugaréru.

[Crying, "Now perchance I shall be saved!" The ghost that sank into the deep Sea of Sin clings to the passing ship! [3]]

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[1] The Underworld of the Dead — Yomi, or Kōsen — is called "The Yellow Springs"; these names being written with two Chinese characters respectively signifying "yellow" and "fountain." A very ancient term for the ocean, frequently used in the old Shintō rituals, is "The Blue Sea-Plain."

[2] There is an untranslatable play upon words in the last two lines. The above rendering includes two possible readings.

[3] There is more weirdness in this poem than the above rendering sug-

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Ukaman to
Funé wo shitaëru
Yūréī wa,
Shidzumishi hito no
Omoī naruran.

[The ghosts following after our ship in their efforts to rise again (or, "to be saved") might perhaps be the (last vengeful) thoughts of drowned men.[1]]

Uraméshiki
Sugata wa sugoki
Yūréī no,
Kaji wo jama suru
Funé no Tomomori.

[With vengeful aspect, the grisly ghost of Tomomori (rises) at the stern of the ship to hinder the play of her rudder.[2]]

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gests. The word ukaman in the fourth line can be rendered as "shall perhaps float," or as "shall perhaps be saved" (in the Buddhist sense of salvation) — as there are two verbs ukami. According to an old superstition, the spirits of the drowned must continue to dwell in the waters *until such time as they can lure the living to destruction*. When the ghost of any drowned person succeeds in drowning somebody, it may be able to obtain rebirth, and to leave the sea forever. The exclamation of the ghost in this poem really means, "Now perhaps I shall be able to drown somebody." (A very similar superstition is said to exist on the Breton coast.) A common Japanese saying about a child or any person who follows another too closely and persistently is: Kawa de shinda-yūréī no yona tsuré-hoshigaru! — "Wants to follow you everywhere like the ghost of a drowned person."

[1] Here I cannot attempt to render the various plays upon words; but the term omoī needs explanation. It means "thought" or "thoughts"; but in colloquial phraseology it is often used as a euphemism for a dying person's last desire of vengeance. In various dramas it has been used in the signification of "avenging ghost." Thus the exclamation, "His *thought* has come back!" — in reference to a dead man — really means: "His angry ghost appears!"

[2] There is a double meaning given by the use of the name Tomomori in the last line. Tomo means "the stern" of a ship; mori means "to leak." So the poem suggests that the ghost of Tomomori not only interferes with the ship's rudder, but causes her to leak.

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Ochi-irité,
Uwo no éjiki to
Nari ni ken; —
Funa-yūréī mo
Nama-kusaki kazé.

[Having perished in the sea, (those Héīké) would probably have become food for fishes. (Anyhow, whenever) the ship-following ghosts (appear), the wind has a smell of raw fish! [1]]

VIII. HÉÍKÉGANÌ

READERS can find in my "Kottō" a paper about the Héīké-Crabs, which have on their upper shells various wrinklings that resemble the outlines of an angry face. At Shimonoséki dried specimens of these curious creatures are offered for sale.... The Héīké-Crabs are said to be the transformed angry spirits of the Héīké warriors who perished at Dan-no-ura.

Shiwo-hi ni wa
Séīzoroë shité,
Héīkégani
Ukiyo no sama wo
Yoko ni niramitsu.

[Marshaled (on the beach) at the ebb of the tide, the Héīké-Crabs obliquely glare at the apparition of this miserable world.[2]]

Saikai ni
Shizumi-nurédomo,

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[1] Nama-kusaki kazé really means a wind having a "raw stench"; but the smell of bait is suggested by the second line of the poem. A literal rendering is not possible in this case; the art of the composition being altogether suggestive.

[2] Hi, the third syllable of the first line of the poem, does duty for hi, signifying "ebb," and for hikata, "dry beach." Séīzoroë is a noun signifying "battle-array" — in the sense of the Roman term *acies;* — and séīzoroé shité means "drawn up in battle-array."

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Héïkégani
Kōra no iro mo
Yahari aka-hata.

[Though (the Héïké) long ago sank and perished in the Western Sea, the Héïké-Crabs still display upon their upper shells the color of the Red Standard.[1]]

Maké-ikusa
Munen to muné ni
Hasami ken; —
Kao mo makka ni
Naru Héïkégani.

[Because of the pain of defeat, claws have grown on their breasts, I think; — even the faces of the Héïké-Crabs have become crimson (with anger and shame).]

Mikata mina
Oshi-tsubusaréshi
Héïkégani
Ikon wo muné ni
Hasami mochikéri.

[All the (Héïké) party having been utterly crushed, claws have grown upon the breasts of the Héïké-Crabs because of the resentment in their hearts.[2]]

IX. YANARI

MODERN dictionaries ignore the uncanny significations of the word Yanari — only telling us that it

[1] The ensign of the Héïké, or Taïra clan was red; while that of their rivals, the Genji or Minamotō, was white.

[2] The use of the word hasami in the fifth line is a very good example of kenyōgen. There is a noun hasami, meaning the nippers of a crab, or a pair of scissors; and there is a verb hasami, meaning to harbor, to cherish, or to entertain. (Ikon wo hasamu means "to harbor resentment against.") Reading the word only in connection with those which follow it, we have the phrase hasami mochikéri, "got claws"; but reading it with the words preceding, we have the expression ikon wo muné ni hasami, "resentment in their breasts nourishing."

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means the sound of the shaking of a house during an earthquake. But the word used to mean the noise of the shaking of a house moved by a goblin; and the invisible shaker was also called Yanari. When, without apparent cause, some house would shudder and creak and groan in the night, folk used to suppose that it was being shaken from without by supernatural malevolence.

Tokonoma ni
Ikéshi tachiki mo
Taoré-keri;
Yanari ni yama no
Ugoku kakémono!

[Even the live tree set in the alcove has fallen down; and the mountains in the hanging picture tremble to the quaking made by the Yanari![1]]

X. SAKASA-BASHIRA

THE term Sakasa-bashira (in these kyōka often shortened into saka-bashira) literally means "upside-down post." A wooden post or pillar, especially a house-post, should be set up according to the original position of the tree from which it was hewn — that is to say, with the part nearest to the roots downward. To erect a house-post in the contrary way is thought to be unlucky; — formerly such a blunder was believed to involve unpleasant consequences of a ghostly kind, because an "upside-down" pillar would do malignant things. It would

[1] The tokonoma in a Japanese room is a sort of ornamental recess or alcove, in which a picture is usually hung, and vases of flowers, or a dwarf tree, are placed.

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moan and groan in the night, and move all its cracks like mouths, and open all its knots like eyes. Moreover, the spirit of it (for every house-post has a spirit) would detach its long body from the timber, and wander about the rooms, head-downwards, making faces at people. Nor was this all. A Sakasa-bashira knew how to make all the affairs of a household go wrong — how to foment domestic quarrels — how to contrive misfortune for each of the family and the servants — how to render existence almost insupportable until such time as the carpenter's blunder should be discovered and remedied.

Saka-bashira
Tatéshi wa tazo ya?
Kokoro ni mo
Fushi aru hito no
Shiwaza naruran.

[Who set the house-pillar upside-down? Surely that must have been the work of a man with a knot in his heart.]

Hidayama wo
Kiri-kité tatéshi
Saka-bashira —
Nanno takumi [1] no
Shiwaza naruran?

[That house-pillar hewn in the mountains of Hida, and thence brought here and erected upside-down — what carpenter's work can it be? (or, "for what evil design can this deed have been done?")]

[1] The word takumi, as written in kana, may signify either "carpenter" or "intrigue," "evil plot," "wicked device." Thus two readings are possible. According to one reading, the post was fixed upside-down through inadvertence; according to the other, it was so fixed with malice prepense.

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Uẽ shita wo
Chigaëté tatéshi
Hashira ni wa
Sakasama-goto no
Uréī aranan.

[As for that house-pillar mistakenly planted upside-down, it will certainly cause adversity and sorrow.[1]]

Kabé ni mimi
Arité, kiké to ka?
Sakashima ni
Tatéshi hashira ni
Yanari suru oto!

[O Ears that be in the wall![2] listen, will ye? to the groaning and the creaking of the house-post that was planted upside-down!]

Uri-iyé no
Aruji wo toëba,
Oto arité:
Waré mé ga kuchi wo
Aku saka-bashira.

[When I inquired for the master of the house that was for sale, there came to me only a strange sound by way of reply — the sound of the upside-down house-post opening its eyes and mouth![3] (i.e. its cracks).]

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[1] Literally, "upside-down-matter-sorrow." Sakasama-goto, "upside-down affair," is a common expression for calamity, contrariety, adversity, vexation.

[2] Alluding to the proverb, Kabé ni mimi ari ("There are ears in the wall"), which signifies: "Be careful how you talk about other people, even in private."

[3] There is a pun in the fourth line which suggests more than even a free translation can express. Waré means "I," or "mine," or "one's own," etc., according to circumstances; and waré mé (written separately) might be rendered "its own eyes." But warémé (one word) means a crack, rent, split, or fissure. The reader should remember that the term saka-bashira means not only "upside-down post," but also the goblin or spectre of the upside-down post.

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Omoīkiya!
Sakasa-bashira no
Hashira-kaké
Kakinishit uta mo
Yamai ari to wa!

[Who could have thought it! — even the poem inscribed upon the pillar-tablet, attached to the pillar which was planted upside-down, has taken the same (ghostly) sickness.[1]]

XI. BAKÉ-JIZŌ

THE figure of the Bodhisattva Jizō, the savior of children's ghosts, is one of the most beautiful and humane in Japanese Buddhism. Statues of this divinity may be seen in almost every village and by every roadside. But some statues of Jizō are said to do uncanny things — such as to walk about at night in various disguises. A statue of this kind is called a Baké-Jizō [2] — meaning a Jizō that undergoes transformation. A conventional picture shows a little boy about to place the customary child's-offering of rice-cakes before the stone image of Jizō — not suspecting that the statue moves, and is slowly bending down towards him.

Nanigé naki
Ishi no Jizō no
Sugata saë,

[1] That is to say, "Even the poem on the tablet is upside-down," — all wrong. Hashira-kaké ("pillar-suspended thing") is the name given to a thin tablet of fine wood, inscribed or painted, which is hung to a post by way of ornament.

[2] Perhaps the term might be rendered "Shape-changing Jizō." The verb bakéru means to change shape, to undergo metamorphosis, to haunt, and many other supernatural things.

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Yo wa osoroshiki
Mikagé to zo naki.

[Though the stone Jizō looks as if nothing were the matter with it, they say that at night it assumes an awful aspect (or, "Though this image appears to be a common stone Jizō, they say that at night it becomes an awful Jizō of granite." [1])]

XII. UMI-BŌZU

PLACE a large cuttlefish on a table, body upwards and tentacles downwards — and you will have before you the grotesque reality that first suggested the fancy of the Umi-Bōzu, or Priest of the Sea. For the great bald body in this position, with the staring eyes below, bears a distorted resemblance to the shaven head of a priest; while the crawling tentacles underneath (which are in some species united by a dark web) suggest the wavering motion of the priest's upper robe.... The Umi-Bōzu figures a good deal in the literature of Japanese goblinry, and in the old-fashioned picture-books. He rises from the deep in foul weather to seize his prey.

Ita hitoé
Shita wa Jigoku ni,
Sumizomé no
Bōzu no umi ni
Déru mo ayashina!

[Since there is but the thickness of a single plank (between

[1] The Japanese word for granite is mikagé; and there is also an honorific term mikagé, applied to divinities and emperors, which signifies "august aspect," "sacred presence," etc.... No literal rendering can suggest the effect, in the fifth line, of the latter reading. Kagé signifies "shadow," "aspect," and "power" — especially occult power; the honorific prefix mi, attached to names and attributes of divinities, may be rendered "august."

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the voyager and the sea), and underneath is Hell, 't is indeed a weird thing that a black-robed priest should rise from the sea (or, "'t is surely a marvelous happening that," etc.![1])

XIII. FUDA-HÉGASHI[2]

HOMES are protected from evil spirits by holy texts and charms. In any Japanese village, or any city by-street, you can see these texts when the sliding-doors are closed at night: they are not visible by day, when the sliding-doors have been pushed back into the tobukuro. Such texts are called o-fuda (august scripts): they are written in Chinese characters upon strips of white paper, which are attached to the door with rice-paste; and there are many kinds of them. Some are texts selected from sutras — such as the "Sutra of Transcendent Wisdom" ("Pragña-Pâramitâ-Hridaya-Sutra"), or the "Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law" ("Saddharma-Pundarikâ-Sutra"). Some are texts from the dhâranîs — which are magical. Some are invocations only, indicating the Buddhist sect of the household. . . . Besides these you may see various smaller texts, or little prints, pasted above or beside windows or apertures

[1] The puns are too much for me. . . . Ayashii means "suspicious," "marvelous," "supernatural," "weird," "doubtful." In the first two lines there is a reference to the Buddhist proverb: Funa-ita ichi-mai shita wa Jigoku ("under the thickness of a single ship's-plank is Hell"). (See my *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*, *ante*, p. 159, for another reference to this saying.)

[2] Hégashi is the causative form of the verb hégu, "to pull off," "peel off," "strip off," "split off." The term Fuda-hégashi signifies "Make-peel-off-august-charm Ghost." In my *Ghostly Japan* the reader can find a good Japanese story about a Fuda-hégashi.

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— some being names of Shintō gods; others, symbolical pictures only, or pictures of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. All are holy charms — o-fuda: they protect the houses; and no goblin or ghost can enter by night into a dwelling so protected, unless the o-fuda be removed.

Vengeful ghosts cannot themselves remove an o-fuda; but they will endeavor by threats or promises or bribes to make some person remove it for them. A ghost that wants to have the o-fuda pulled off a door is called a Fuda-hégashi.

Hégasan to
Rokuji-no-fuda wo,
Yuréï mo
Nam' mai dā to
Kazoété zo miru.

[Even the ghost that would remove the charms written with six characters actually tries to count them, repeating: "How many sheets are there?" (or, repeating, "Hail to thee, O Buddha Amitâbha!" [1])]

Tada ichi no
Kami no o-fuda wa
Sasuga ni mo
Noriké naku to mo
Hégashi kanékéri.

[Of the august written-charms of the god (which were pasted

[1] The fourth line gives these two readings:
Nam'mai da? — "How many sheets are there?"
Nam[u] A[m]ida! — "Hail, O Amitâbha!"
The invocation, Namu Amida Butsu, is chiefly used by members of the great Shin sect; but it is also used by other sects, and especially in praying for the dead. While repeating it, the person praying numbers the utterances upon his Buddhist rosary; and this custom is suggested by the use of the word kazoété, "counting."

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upon the walls of the house), not even one could by any effort be pulled off, though the rice-paste with which they had been fastened was all gone.]

XIV. FURU-TSUBAKI

THE old Japanese, like the old Greeks, had their flower-spirits and their hamadryads, concerning whom some charming stories are told. They also believed in trees inhabited by malevolent beings — goblin trees. Among other weird trees, the beautiful tsubaki (*Camellia Japonica*) was said to be an unlucky tree; — this was said, at least, of the red-flowering variety, the white-flowering kind having a better reputation and being prized as a rarity. The large fleshy crimson flowers have this curious habit: they detach themselves bodily from the stem, when they begin to fade; and they fall with an audible thud. To old Japanese fancy the falling of these heavy red flowers was like the falling of human heads under the sword; and the dull sound of their dropping was said to be like the thud made by a severed head striking the ground. Nevertheless the tsubaki seems to have been a favorite in Japanese gardens because of the beauty of its glossy foliage; and its flowers were used for the decoration of alcoves. But in samurai homes it was a rule never to place tsubaki-flowers in an alcove *during war-time*.

The reader will notice that in the following kyōka — which, as grotesques, seem to me the best in the collection — the goblin-tsubaki is called furu-tsubaki, "old tsubaki." The young tree was not sup-

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posed to have goblin-propensities — these being developed only after many years. Other uncanny trees — such as the willow and the énoki — were likewise said to become dangerous only as they became old; and a similar belief prevailed on the subject of uncanny animals, such as the cat — innocent in kittenhood, but devilish in age.

Yo-arashi ni
Chishiho itadaku
Furu tsubaki,
Hota-hota ochiru
Hana no nama-kubi.

[When by the night-storm is shaken the blood-crowned and ancient tsubaki-tree, then one by one fall the gory heads of the flowers, (with the sound of) hota-hota! [1]]

Kusa mo ki mo
Némuréru koro no
Sayo kazé ni,
Méhana no ugoku
Furu-tsubaki kana!

[When even the grass and the trees are sleeping under the faint wind of the night, — then do the eyes and the noses of the old tsubaki-tree (or "the buds and the flowers of the old tsubaki-tree") move! [2]]

Tomoshibi no
Kagé ayashigé ni
Miyénuru wa

[1] The word furu in the third line is made to do double duty, — as the adjective, furu[i], "ancient"; and as the verb furu, "to shake." The old term nama-kubi (literally, "raw head") means a human head, freshly-severed, from which the blood is still oozing.

[2] Two Japanese words are written, in kana, as 'mé" — one meaning "a bud"; the other "eye." The syllables "hana," in like fashion, may signify either "flower" or "nose." As a grotesque, this little poem is decidedly successful.

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A Tsubaki (*Camellia japonica*)

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Abura shiborishi
Furu-tsubaki ka-mo?

[As for (the reason why) the light of that lamp appears to be a Weirdness,[1] — perhaps the oil was expressed from (the nuts of) the ancient tsubaki?]

Nearly all the stories and folk-beliefs about which these kyōka were written seem to have come from China; and most of the Japanese tales of tree-spirits appear to have had a Chinese origin. As the flower-spirits and hamadryads of the Far East are as yet little known to Western readers, the following Chinese story may be found interesting.

There was a Chinese scholar — called, in Japanese books, Tō no Busanshi — who was famous for his love of flowers. He was particularly fond of peonies, and cultivated them with great skill and patience.[2]

One day a very comely girl came to the house of Busanshi, and begged to be taken into his service. She said that circumstances obliged her to seek humble employment, but that she had received a literary education, and therefore wished to enter, if

[1] Ayashigé is a noun formed from the adjective ayashi, "suspicious," "strange," "supernatural," "doubtful." The word kagé signifies both "light" and "shadow" — and is here used with double suggestiveness. The vegetable oil used in the old Japanese lamps used to be obtained from the nuts of the tsubaki. The reader should remember that the expression "ancient tsubaki" is equivalent to the expression "goblin-tsubaki" — the tsubaki being supposed to turn into a goblin-tree only when it becomes old.

[2] The tree-peony (botan) is here referred to — a flower much esteemed in Japan. It is said to have been introduced from China during the eighth century; and no less than five hundred varieties of it are now cultivated by Japanese gardeners.

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possible, into the service of a scholar. Busanshi was charmed by her beauty, and took her into his household without further questioning. She proved to be much more than a good domestic: indeed, the nature of her accomplishments made Busanshi suspect that she had been brought up in the court of some prince, or in the palace of some great lord. She displayed a perfect knowledge of the etiquette and the polite arts which are taught only to ladies of the highest rank; and she possessed astonishing skill in calligraphy, in painting, and in every kind of poetical composition. Busanshi presently fell in love with her, and thought only of how to please her. When scholar-friends or other visitors of importance came to the house, he would send for the new maid that she might entertain and wait upon his guests; and all who saw her were amazed by her grace and charm.

One day Busanshi received a visit from the great Teki-Shin-Ketsu, a famous teacher of moral doctrine; and the maid did not respond to her master's call. Busanshi went himself to seek her, being desirous that Teki-Shin-Ketsu should see her and admire her; but she was nowhere to be found. After having searched the whole house in vain, Busanshi was returning to the guest-room when he suddenly caught sight of the maid, gliding soundlessly before him along a corridor. He called to her, and hurried after her. Then she turned half-round, and flattened herself against the wall like a spider; and as he reached her she sank backwards into the wall, so

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that there remained of her nothing visible but a colored shadow — level like a picture painted on the plaster. But the shadow moved its lips and eyes, and spoke to him in a whisper, saying:

"Pardon me that I did not obey your august call! ... I am not a mankind-person; — I am only the Soul of a Peony. Because you loved peonies so much, I was able to take human shape, and to serve you. But now this Teki-Shin-Ketsu has come — and he is a person of dreadful propriety — and I dare not keep this form any longer.... I must return to the place from which I came."

Then she sank back into the wall, and vanished altogether: there was nothing where she had been except the naked plaster. And Busanshi never saw her again.

This story is written in a Chinese book which the Japanese call "Kai-ten-i-ji."

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III

"ULTIMATE QUESTIONS"

A MEMORY of long ago. . . . I am walking upon a granite pavement that rings like iron, between buildings of granite bathed in the light of a cloudless noon. Shadows are short and sharp: there is no stir in the hot bright air; and the sound of my footsteps, strangely loud, is the only sound in the street. . . . Suddenly an odd feeling comes to me, with a sort of tingling shock — a feeling, or suspicion, of universal illusion. The pavement, the bulks of hewn stone, the iron rails, and all things visible, are dreams! Light, color, form, weight, solidity — all sensed existences — are but phantoms of being, manifestations only of one infinite ghostliness for which the language of man has not any word. . . .

This experience had been produced by study of the first volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy," which an American friend had taught me how to read. I did not find it easy reading; partly because I am a slow thinker, but chiefly because my mind had never been trained to sustained effort in such directions. To learn the "First Principles" occupied me many months: no other volume of the series gave me equal trouble. I would read one section at a time — rarely two — never venturing upon a fresh section until I thought that I had made sure of the

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preceding. Very cautious and slow my progress was, like that of a man mounting, for the first time, a long series of ladders in darkness. Reaching the light at last, I caught a sudden new vision of things — a momentary perception of the illusion of surfaces — and from that time the world never again appeared to me quite the same as it had appeared before.

This memory of more than twenty years ago, and the extraordinary thrill of the moment, were recently revived for me by the reading of the essay "Ultimate Questions," in the last and not least precious volume bequeathed us by the world's greatest thinker. The essay contains his final utterance about the riddle of life and death, as that riddle presented itself to his vast mind in the dusk of a lifetime of intellectual toil. Certainly the substance of what he had to tell us might have been inferred from the "Synthetic Philosophy"; but the particular interest of this last essay is made by the writer's expression of personal sentiment regarding the problem that troubles all deep thinkers. Perhaps few of us could have remained satisfied with his purely scientific position. Even while fully accepting his declaration of the identity of the power that "wells up in us under the form of consciousness" with that Power Unknowable which shapes all things, most disciples of the master must have longed for some chance to ask him directly, "But how do *you* feel in regard to the prospect of personal dissolution?"

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And this merely emotional question he has answered as frankly and as fully as any of us could have desired — perhaps even more frankly. "Old people," he remarks apologetically, "must have many reflections in common. Doubtless one which I have now in mind is very familiar. For years past, when watching the unfolding buds in the spring, there has arisen the thought, 'Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush?' Now that the end is not likely to be long postponed, there results an increasing tendency to meditate upon ultimate questions." . . . Then he tells us that these ultimate questions — "of the How and the Why, of the Whence and the Whither" — occupy much more space in the minds of those who cannot accept the creed of Christendom, than the current conception fills in the minds of the majority of men. The enormity of the problem of existence becomes manifest only to those who have permitted themselves to think freely and widely and deeply, with all such aids to thought as exact science can furnish; and the larger the knowledge of the thinker, the more pressing and tremendous the problem appears and the more hopelessly unanswerable. To Herbert Spencer himself it must have assumed a vastness beyond the apprehension of the average mind; and it weighed upon him more and more inexorably the nearer he approached to death. He could not avoid the conviction — plainly suggested in his magnificent

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Psychology and in other volumes of his great work — that there exists no rational evidence for any belief in the continuance of conscious personality after death:

> After studying primitive beliefs, and finding that there is no origin for the idea of an after-life, save the conclusion which the savage draws, from the notion suggested by dreams, of a wandering double which comes back on awaking, and which goes away for an indefinite time at death; — and after contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, — we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive.

In this measured utterance there is no word of hope; but there is at least a carefully stated doubt, which those who will may try to develop into the germ of a hope. The guarded phrase, "we *seem* obliged to relinquish," certainly suggests that, although in the present state of human knowledge we have no reason to believe in the perpetuity of consciousness, some larger future knowledge might help us to a less forlorn prospect. From the prospect as it now appears even this mightiest of thinkers recoiled:

> . . . But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.
>
> And then the consciousness itself — what is it during

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the time that it continues? And what becomes of it when it ends? We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination; and that at death its elements lapse into that Infinite and Eternal Energy whence they were derived.

With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived? To the individual, perhaps — surely not to the humanity made wiser and better by his labors.... But the world must pass away: will it thereafter be the same for the universe as if humanity had never existed? That might depend upon the possibilities of future interplanetary communication.... But the whole universe of suns and planets must also perish: thereafter will it be the same as if no intelligent life had ever toiled and suffered upon those countless worlds? We have at least the certainty that the energies of life cannot be destroyed, and the strong probability that they will help to form another life and thought in universes yet to be evolved.... Nevertheless, allowing for all imagined possibilities, — granting even the likelihood of some inapprehensible relation between all past and all future conditioned-being — the tremendous question remains: What signifies the whole of apparitional existence to the Unconditioned? As flickers of sheet-lightning leave no record in the night, so in that Darkness a million billion trillion universes might come and go, and leave no trace of their having been.

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To every aspect of the problem Herbert Spencer must have given thought; but he has plainly declared that the human intellect, as at present constituted, can offer no solution. The greatest mind that this world has yet produced — the mind that systematized all human knowledge, that revolutionized modern science, that dissipated materialism forever, that revealed to us the ghostly unity of all existence, that reëstablished all ethics upon an immutable and eternal foundation — the mind that could expound with equal lucidity, and by the same universal formula, the history of a gnat or the history of a sun — confessed itself, before the Riddle of Existence, scarcely less helpless than the mind of a child.

But for me the supreme value of this last essay is made by the fact that in its pathetic statement of uncertainties and probabilities one can discern something very much resembling a declaration of faith. Though assured that we have yet no foundation for any belief in the persistence of consciousness after the death of the brain, we are bidden to remember that the ultimate nature of consciousness remains inscrutable. Though we cannot surmise the relation of consciousness to the unseen, we are reminded that it must be considered as a manifestation of the Infinite Energy, and that its elements, if dissociated by death, will return to the timeless and measureless Source of Life. . . . Science to-day also assures us that whatever existence has been — all individual

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life that ever moved in animal or plant — all feeling and thought that ever stirred in human consciousness — must have flashed self-record beyond the sphere of sentiency; and though we cannot know, we cannot help imagining that the best of such registration may be destined to perpetuity. On this latter subject, for obvious reasons, Herbert Spencer has remained silent; but the reader may ponder a remarkable paragraph in the final sixth edition of the "First Principles" — a paragraph dealing with the hypothesis that consciousness may belong to the cosmic ether. This hypothesis has not been lightly dismissed by him; and even while proving its inadequacy, he seems to intimate that it may represent imperfectly some truth yet inapprehensible by the human mind:

> The only supposition having consistency is that that in which consciousness inheres is the all-pervading ether. This we know can be affected by molecules of matter in motion, and conversely can affect the motions of molecules; — as witness the action of light on the retina. In pursuance of this supposition we may assume that the ether, which pervades not only all space but all matter, is, under special conditions in certain parts of the nervous system, capable of being affected by the nervous changes in such way as to result in feeling, and is reciprocally capable under these conditions of affecting the nervous changes. But if we accept this explanation, we must assume that the potentiality of feeling is universal, and that the evolution of feeling in the ether takes place only under the extremely complex conditions occurring in certain nervous centres. This, however, is but a semblance of an

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explanation, since we know not what the ether is, and since, by confession of those most capable of judging, no hypothesis that has been framed accounts for all its powers. Such an explanation may be said to do no more than symbolize the phenomena by symbols of unknown natures.[1]

Inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity — consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large — consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; *suggesting the thought that consciousness, in some rudimentary form, is omnipresent.*[2]

Of all modern thinkers, Spencer was perhaps the most careful to avoid giving encouragement to any hypothesis unsupported by powerful evidence. Even the simple sum of his own creed is uttered only, with due reservation, as a statement of three probabilities: that consciousness represents a specialized and individualized form of the infinite Energy; that it is dissolved by death; and that its elements then return to the source of all being. As for our mental attitude toward the infinite Mystery, his advice is plain. We must resign ourselves to the eternal law, and endeavor to vanquish our ancient inheritance of superstitious terrors, remembering that, "merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it."[3]

[1] *First Principles*, § 71 *c*, definitive edition of 1900.
[2] *Autobiography*, vol. II, p. 470.
[3] *Facts and Comments*, p. 201.

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In the same brief essay there is another confession of singular interest — an acknowledgment of the terror of Space. To even the ordinary mind, the notion of infinite Space, as forced upon us by those monstrous facts of astronomy which require no serious study to apprehend, is terrifying; — I mean the mere vague idea of that everlasting Night into which the blazing of millions of suns can bring neither light nor warmth. But to the intellect of Herbert Spencer the idea of Space must have presented itself after a manner incomparably more mysterious and stupendous. The mathematician alone will comprehend the full significance of the paragraph dealing with the Geometry of Position and the mystery of space-relations — or the startling declaration that "even could we penetrate the mysteries of existence, there would remain still more transcendent mysteries." But Herbert Spencer tells us that, apart from the conception of these geometrical mysteries, the problem of naked Space itself became for him, in the twilight of his age, an obsession and a dismay:

> . . . And then comes the thought of this universal matrix itself, anteceding alike creation or evolution, whichever be assumed, and infinitely transcending both, alike in extent and duration; since both, if conceived at all, must be conceived as having had beginnings, while Space had no beginning. The thought of this blank form of existence which, explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, has, beyond that, an unexplored region compared with which the part which imagination has

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traversed is but infinitesimal — the thought of a Space compared with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink.

How the idea of infinite Space may affect a mind incomparably more powerful than my own, I cannot know; — neither can I divine the nature of certain problems which the laws of space-relation present to the geometrician. But when I try to determine the cause of the horror which that idea evokes within my own feeble imagination, I am able to distinguish different elements of the emotion — particular forms of terror responding to particular ideas (rational and irrational) suggested by the revelations of science. One feeling — perhaps the main element of the horror — is made by the thought of being *prisoned* forever and ever within that unutterable Viewlessness which occupies infinite Space.

Behind this feeling there is more than the thought of eternal circumscription; — there is also the idea of being perpetually penetrated, traversed, thrilled by the Nameless; — there is likewise the certainty that no least particle of innermost secret Self could shun the eternal touch of It; — there is furthermore the tremendous conviction that could the Self of me rush with the swiftness of light — with more than the swiftness of light — beyond all galaxies, beyond durations of time so vast that Science knows no sign

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by which their magnitudes might be indicated — and still flee onward, onward, downward, upward — always, always — never could that Self of me reach nearer to any verge, never speed farther from any centre. For, in that Silence, all vastitude and height and depth and time and direction are swallowed up: relation therein could have no meaning but for the speck of my fleeting consciousness — atom of terror pulsating alone through atomless, soundless, nameless, illimitable potentiality.

And the idea of that potentiality awakens another quality of horror — the horror of infinite Possibility. For this Inscrutable that pulses through substance as if substance were not at all — so subtly that none can feel the flowing of its tides, yet so swiftly that no lifetime would suffice to count the number of the oscillations which it makes within the fraction of one second — thrills to us out of endlessness; — and the force of infinity dwells in its lightest tremor; the weight of eternity presses behind its faintest shudder. To that phantom Touch, the tinting of a blossom or the dissipation of a universe were equally facile: here it caresses the eye with the charm and illusion of color; there it bestirs into being a cluster of giant suns. All the human mind is capable of conceiving as possible (and how much also that human mind must forever remain incapable of conceiving?) may be wrought anywhere, everywhere, by a single tremor of that Abyss. . . .

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Is it true, as some would have us believe, that the fear of the extinction of self is the terror supreme? ... For the thought of personal perpetuity in the infinite vortex is enough to evoke sudden trepidation that no tongue can utter — fugitive instants of a horror too vast to enter wholly into consciousness: a horror that can be endured in swift black glimpsings only. And the trust that we are one with the Absolute — dim points of thrilling in the abyss of It — can prove a consoling faith only to those who find themselves obliged to think that consciousness dissolves with the crumbling of the brain.... It seems to me that few (or none) dare to utter frankly those stupendous doubts and fears which force mortal intelligence to recoil upon itself at every fresh attempt to pass the barrier of the Knowable. Were that barrier unexpectedly pushed back — were knowledge to be suddenly and vastly expanded beyond its present limits — perhaps we should find ourselves unable to endure the revelation....

Mr. Percival Lowell's astonishing book, "Mars," sets one to thinking about the results of being able to hold communication with the habitants of an older and a wiser world — some race of beings more highly evolved than we, both intellectually and morally, and able to interpret a thousand mysteries that still baffle our science. Perhaps, in such event, we should not find ourselves able to comprehend the methods, even could we borrow the results, of wis-

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dom older than all our civilization by myriads or hundreds of myriads of years. But would not the sudden advent of larger knowledge from some elder planet prove for us, by reason of the present moral condition of mankind, nothing less than a catastrophe? — might it not even result in the extinction of the human species? . . .

The rule seems to be that the dissemination of dangerous higher knowledge, before the masses of a people are ethically prepared to receive it, will always be prevented by the conservative instinct; and we have reason to suppose (allowing for individual exceptions) that the power to gain higher knowledge is developed only as the moral ability to profit by such knowledge is evolved. I fancy that if the power of holding intellectual converse with other worlds could now serve us, we should presently obtain it. But if, by some astonishing chance — as by the discovery, let us suppose, of some method of ether-telegraphy — this power were prematurely acquired, its exercise would in all probability be prohibited. . . . Imagine, for example, what would have happened during the Middle Ages to the person guilty of discovering means to communicate with the people of a neighboring planet! Assuredly that inventor and his apparatus and his records would have been burned; every trace and memory of his labors would have been extirpated. Even to-day the sudden discovery of truths unsupported by human experience, the sudden revelation of facts to-

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tally opposed to existing convictions, might evoke some frantic revival of superstitious terrors — some religious panic-fury that would strangle science, and replunge the world in mental darkness for a thousand years.

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IV

THE MIRROR MAIDEN

In the period of the Ashikaga Shōgunate the shrine of Ogawachi-Myōjin, at Minami-Isé, fell into decay; and the daimyō of the district, the Lord Kitahataké, found himself unable, by reason of war and other circumstances, to provide for the reparation of the building. Then the Shintō priest in charge, Matsumura Hyōgo, sought help at Kyōto from the great daimyō Hosokawa, who was known to have influence with the Shōgun. The Lord Hosokawa received the priest kindly, and promised to speak to the Shōgun about the condition of Ogawachi-Myōjin. But he said that, in any event, a grant for the restoration of the temple could not be made without due investigation and considerable delay; and he advised Matsumura to remain in the capital while the matter was being arranged. Matsumura therefore brought his family to Kyōto, and rented a house in the old Kyōgoku quarter.

This house, although handsome and spacious, had been long unoccupied. It was said to be an unlucky house. On the northeast side of it there was a well; and several former tenants had drowned themselves in that well, without any known cause. But Matsumura, being a Shintō priest, had no fear of evil spirits; and he soon made himself very comfortable in his new home.

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In the summer of that year there was a great drought. For months no rain had fallen in the Five Home-Provinces; the river-beds dried up, the wells failed; and even in the capital there was a dearth of water. But the well in Matsumura's garden remained nearly full; and the water — which was very cold and clear, with a faint bluish tinge — seemed to be supplied by a spring. During the hot season many people came from all parts of the city to beg for water; and Matsumura allowed them to draw as much as they pleased. Nevertheless the supply did not appear to be diminished.

But one morning the dead body of a young servant, who had been sent from a neighboring residence to fetch water, was found floating in the well. No cause for a suicide could be imagined; and Matsumura, remembering many unpleasant stories about the well, began to suspect some invisible malevolence. He went to examine the well, with the intention of having a fence built around it; and while standing there alone he was startled by a sudden motion in the water, as of something alive. The motion soon ceased; and then he perceived, clearly reflected in the still surface, the figure of a young woman, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age. She seemed to be occupied with her toilet: he distinctly saw her touching her lips with béni.[1] At first her face was visible in profile only; but presently she turned towards him and smiled. Im-

[1] A kind of rouge, now used only to color the lips.

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mediately he felt a strange shock at his heart, and a dizziness came upon him like the dizziness of wine, and everything became dark, except that smiling face — white and beautiful as moonlight, and always seeming to grow more beautiful, and to be drawing him down — down — down into the darkness. But with a desperate effort he recovered his will and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the face was gone, and the light had returned; and he found himself leaning down over the curb of the well. A moment more of that dizziness — a moment more of that dazzling lure — and he would never again have looked upon the sun....

Returning to the house, he gave orders to his people not to approach the well under any circumstances, or allow any person to draw water from it. And the next day he had a strong fence built round the well.

About a week after the fence had been built, the long drought was broken by a great rain-storm, accompanied by wind and lightning and thunder — thunder so tremendous that the whole city shook to the rolling of it, as if shaken by an earthquake. For three days and three nights the downpour and the lightnings and the thunder continued; and the Kamogawa rose as it had never risen before, carrying away many bridges. During the third night of the storm, at the Hour of the Ox, there was heard knocking at the door of the priest's dwelling, and

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the voice of a woman pleading for admittance. But Matsumura, warned by his experience at the well, forbade his servants to answer the appeal. He went himself to the entrance, and asked:

"Who calls?"

A feminine voice responded:

"Pardon! it is I, — Yayoi![1] . . . I have something to say to Matsumura Sama — something of great moment. Please open!" . . .

Matsumura half opened the door, very cautiously; and he saw the same beautiful face that had smiled upon him from the well. But it was not smiling now: it had a very sad look.

"Into my house you shall not come," the priest exclaimed: "You are not a human being, but a Well-Person. . . . Why do you thus wickedly try to delude and destroy people?"

The Well-Person made answer in a voice musical as a tinkling of jewels (tama-wokorogaṣu-koë):

"It is of that very matter that I want to speak. . . . I have never wished to injure human beings. But from ancient time a Poison-Dragon dwelt in that well. He was the Master of the Well; and because of him the well was always full. Long ago I fell into the water there, and so became subject to him; and he had power to make me lure people to death, in order that he might drink their blood. But now the Heavenly Ruler has commanded the Dragon to dwell hereafter in the lake called Torii-no-

[1] This name, though uncommon, is still in use.

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Iké, in the Province of Shinshū; and the gods have decided that he shall never be allowed to return to this city. So to-night, after he had gone away, I was able to come out, to beg for your kindly help. There is now very little water in the well, because of the Dragon's departure; and if you will order search to be made, my body will be found there. I pray you to save my body from the well without delay; and I shall certainly return your benevolence." . . .

So saying, she vanished into the night.

Before dawn the tempest had passed; and when the sun arose there was no trace of cloud in the pure blue sky. Matsumura sent at an early hour for well-cleaners to search the well. Then, to everybody's surprise, the well proved to be almost dry. It was easily cleaned; and at the bottom of it were found some hair-ornaments of a very ancient fashion, and a metal mirror of curious form — but no trace of any body, animal or human.

Matsumura imagined, however, that the mirror might yield some explanation of the mystery; for every such mirror is a weird thing, having a soul of its own — and the soul of a mirror is feminine. This mirror, which seemed to be very old, was deeply crusted with scurf. But when it had been carefully cleaned, by the priest's order, it proved to be of rare and costly workmanship; and there were wonderful designs upon the back of it — also several characters. Some of the characters had become indistinguishable;

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but there could still be discerned part of a date, and ideographs signifying, "third month, the third day." Now the third month used to be termed Yayoi (meaning, the Month of Increase); and the third day of the third month, which is a festival day, is still called Yayoi-no-sekku. Remembering that the Well-Person called herself "Yayoi," Matsumura felt almost sure that his ghostly visitant had been none other than the Soul of the Mirror.

He therefore resolved to treat the mirror with all the consideration due to a Spirit. After having caused it to be carefully repolished and resilvered, he had a case of precious wood made for it, and a particular room in the house prepared to receive it. On the evening of the same day that it had been respectfully deposited in that room, Yayoi herself unexpectedly appeared before the priest as he sat alone in his study. She looked even more lovely than before; but the light of her beauty was now soft as the light of a summer moon shining through pure white clouds. After having humbly saluted Matsumura, she said in her sweetly tinkling voice:

"Now that you have saved me from solitude and sorrow, I have come to thank you.... I am indeed, as you supposed, the Spirit of the Mirror. It was in the time of the Emperor Saimei that I was first brought here from Kudara; and I dwelt in the august residence until the time of the Emperor Saga, when I was augustly bestowed upon the Lady Kamo,

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Naishinnō of the Imperial Court.[1] Thereafter I became an heirloom in the House of Fujiwara, and so remained until the period of Hōgen, when I was dropped into the well. There I was left and forgotten during the years of the great war.[2] The Master of the Well[3] was a venomous Dragon, who used to live in a lake that once covered a great part of this district. After the lake had been filled in, by government order, in order that houses might be built upon the place of it, the Dragon took possession of the well; and when I fell into the well I became subject to him; and he compelled me to lure many people to their deaths. But the gods have banished him forever.... Now I have one more favor to beseech: I entreat that you will cause me to be offered up to the Shōgun, the Lord Yoshimasa, who by descent is related to my former possessors. Do me but this last great kindness, and it will bring you good-fortune.... But I have also to warn you of a danger.

[1] The Emperor Saimei reigned from 655 to 662 (A.D.); the Emperor Saga from 810 to 842. Kudara was an ancient kingdom in southwestern Korea, frequently mentioned in early Japanese history. A Naishinnō was of Imperial blood. In the ancient court-hierarchy there were twenty-five ranks or grades of noble ladies; — that of Naishinnō was seventh in order of precedence.

[2] For centuries the wives of the emperors and the ladies of the Imperial Court were chosen from the Fujiwara clan. The period called Hōgen lasted from 1156 to 1159: the war referred to is the famous war between the Taira and Minamoto clans.

[3] In old-time belief every lake or spring had its invisible guardian, supposed to sometimes take the form of a serpent or dragon. The spirit of a lake or pond was commonly spoken of as Ikē-no-Mushi, the Master of the Lake. Here we find the title "Master" given to a dragon living in a well; but the guardian of wells is really the god Suĭin.

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In this house, after to-morrow, you must not stay, because it will be destroyed." . . . And with these words of warning Yayoi disappeared.

Matsumura was able to profit by this premonition. He removed his people and his belongings to another district the next day; and almost immediately afterwards another storm arose, even more violent than the first, causing a flood which swept away the house in which he had been residing.

Some time later, by favor of the Lord Hosokawa, Matsumura was enabled to obtain an audience of the Shōgun Yoshimasa, to whom he presented the mirror, together with a written account of its wonderful history. Then the prediction of the Spirit of the Mirror was fulfilled; for the Shōgun, greatly pleased with this strange gift, not only bestowed costly presents upon Matsumura, but also made an ample grant of money for the rebuilding of the Temple of Ogawachi-Myōjin.

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V

THE STORY OF ITŌ NORISUKÉ

In the town of Uji, in the province of Yamashiro, there lived, about six hundred years ago, a young samurai named Itō Tatéwaki Norisuké, whose ancestors were of the Héïké clan. Itō was a handsome person and amiable character, a good scholar and apt at arms. But his family were poor; and he had no patron among the military nobility — so that his prospects were small. He lived in a very quiet way, devoting himself to the study of literature, and having (says the Japanese story-teller) "only the Moon and the Wind for friends."

One autumn evening, as he was taking a solitary walk in the neighborhood of the hill called Kotobiki-yama, he happened to overtake a young girl who was following the same path. She was richly dressed and seemed to be about eleven or twelve years old. Itō greeted her, and said: "The sun will soon be setting, damsel, and this is rather a lonesome place. May I ask if you have lost your way?" She looked up at him with a bright smile, and answered deprecatingly: "Nay! I am a miya-dzukai,[1] serving in this neighborhood; and I have only a little way to go."

By her use of the term miya-dzukai, Itō knew that

[1] August-residence servant.

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the girl must be in the service of persons of rank; and her statement surprised him, because he had never heard of any family of distinction residing in that vicinity. But he only said: "I am returning to Uji, where my home is. Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you on the way, as this is a very lonesome place."

She thanked him gracefully, seeming pleased by his offer; and they walked on together, chatting as they went. She talked about the weather, the flowers, the butterflies, and the birds; about a visit that she had once made to Uji, about the famous sights of the capital, where she had been born; — and the moments passed pleasantly for Itō, as he listened to her fresh prattle. Presently, at a turn in the road, they entered a hamlet, densely shadowed by a grove of young trees.

[Here I must interrupt the story to tell you that, without having actually seen them, you cannot imagine how dark some Japanese country villages remain even in the brightest and hottest weather. In the neighborhood of Tōkyō itself there are many villages of this kind. At a short distance from such a settlement you see no houses: nothing is visible but a dense grove of evergreen trees. The grove, which is usually composed of young cedars and bamboos, serves to shelter the village from storms, and also to supply timber for various purposes. So closely are the trees planted that there is no room to pass between the trunks of them: they stand straight as masts, and mingle their crests so as to form a roof that excludes the sun. Each thatched cottage occupies a clear space in the plantation, the trees forming a fence about it, double the

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height of the building. Under the trees it is always twilight, even at high noon; and the houses, morning or evening, are half in shadow. What makes the first impression of such a village almost disquieting is, not the transparent gloom, which has a certain weird charm of its own, but the stillness. There may be fifty or a hundred dwellings; but you see nobody; and you hear no sound but the twitter of invisible birds, the occasional crowing of cocks, and the shrilling of cicadæ. Even the cicadæ, however, find these groves too dim, and sing faintly; being sun-lovers, they prefer the trees outside the village. I forgot to say that you may sometimes hear a viewless shuttle — chaka-ton, chaka-ton; — but that familiar sound, in the great green silence, seems an elfish happening. The reason of the hush is simply that the people are not at home. All the adults, excepting some feeble elders, have gone to the neighboring fields, the women carrying their babies on their backs; and most of the children have gone to the nearest school, perhaps not less than a mile away. Verily, in these dim hushed villages, one seems to behold the mysterious perpetuation of conditions recorded in the texts of Kwang-Tze:

"The ancients who had the nourishment of the world wished for nothing, and the world had enough: — they did nothing, and all things were transformed: — their stillness was abysmal, and the people were all composed."]

... The village was very dark when Itō reached it; for the sun had set, and the after-glow made no twilight in the shadowing of the trees. "Now, kind sir," the child said, pointing to a narrow lane opening upon the main road, "I have to go this way." "Permit me, then, to see you home," Itō responded; and he turned into the lane with her, feeling rather

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than seeing his way. But the girl soon stopped before a small gate, dimly visible in the gloom — a gate of trelliswork, beyond which the lights of a dwelling could be seen. "Here," she said, "is the honorable residence in which I serve. As you have come thus far out of your way, kind sir, will you not deign to enter and to rest a while?" Itō assented. He was pleased by the informal invitation; and he wished to learn what persons of superior condition had chosen to reside in so lonesome a village. He knew that sometimes a family of rank would retire in this manner from public life, by reason of government displeasure or political trouble; and he imagined that such might be the history of the occupants of the dwelling before him. Passing the gate, which his young guide opened for him, he found himself in a large quaint garden. A miniature landscape, traversed by a winding stream, was faintly distinguishable. "Deign for one little moment to wait," the child said; "I go to announce the honorable coming"; and hurried toward the house. It was a spacious house, but seemed very old, and built in the fashion of another time. The sliding doors were not closed; but the lighted interior was concealed by a beautiful bamboo curtain extending along the gallery front. Behind it shadows were moving — shadows of women; — and suddenly the music of a koto rippled into the night. So light and sweet was the playing that Itō could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. A slumbrous feeling of delight

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stole over him as he listened — a delight strangely mingled with sadness. He wondered how any woman could have learned to play thus — wondered whether the player could be a woman — wondered even whether he was hearing earthly music; for enchantment seemed to have entered into his blood with the sound of it.

The soft music ceased; and almost at the same moment Itō found the little miya-dzukai beside him. "Sir," she said, "it is requested that you will honorably enter." She conducted him to the entrance, where he removed his sandals; and an aged woman, whom he thought to be the Rōjo, or matron of the household, came to welcome him at the threshold. The old woman then led him through many apartments to a large and well-lighted room in the rear of the house, and with many respectful salutations requested him to take the place of honor accorded to guests of distinction. He was surprised by the stateliness of the chamber, and the curious beauty of its decorations. Presently some maidservants brought refreshments; and he noticed that the cups and other vessels set before him were of rare and costly workmanship, and ornamented with a design indicating the high rank of the possessor. More and more he wondered what noble person had chosen this lonely retreat, and what happening could have inspired the wish for such solitude. But the aged attendant suddenly interrupted his reflections with the question:

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"Am I wrong in supposing that you are Itō Sama, of Uji — Itō Tatéwaki Norisuké?"

Itō bowed in assent. He had not told his name to the little miya-dzukai, and the manner of the inquiry startled him.

"Please do not think my question rude," continued the attendant. "An old woman like myself may ask questions without improper curiosity. When you came to the house, I thought that I knew your face; and I asked your name only to clear away all doubt, before speaking of other matters. I have something of moment to tell you. You often pass through this village, and our young Himégimi-Sama [1] happened one morning to see you going by; and ever since that moment she has been thinking about you, day and night. Indeed, she thought so much that she became ill; and we have been very uneasy about her. For that reason I took means to find out your name and residence; and I was on the point of sending you a letter when — so unexpectedly! — you came to our gate with the little attendant. Now, to say how happy I am to see you is not possible; it seems almost too fortunate a happening to be true! Really I think that this meeting must have been brought about by the favor of Enmusubi-no-Kami — that great God of Izumo who ties the knots of fortunate union. And now that so lucky a destiny has led you hither, perhaps you will not refuse — if there be no

[1] A scarcely translatable honorific title compounded of the word himé (princess) and kimi (sovereign, master or mistress, lord or lady, etc.).

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obstacle in the way of such a union — to make happy the heart of our Himégimi-Sama?"

For the moment Itō did not know how to reply. If the old woman had spoken the truth, an extraordinary chance was being offered to him. Only a great passion could impel the daughter of a noble house to seek, of her own will, the affection of an obscure and masterless samurai, possessing neither wealth nor any sort of prospects. On the other hand, it was not in the honorable nature of the man to further his own interests by taking advantage of a feminine weakness. Moreover, the circumstances were disquietingly mysterious. Yet how to decline the proposal, so unexpectedly made, troubled him not a little. After a short silence, he replied:

"There would be no obstacle, as I have no wife, and no betrothed, and no relation with any woman. Until now I have lived with my parents; and the matter of my marriage was never discussed by them. You must know that I am a poor samurai, without any patron among persons of rank; and I did not wish to marry until I could find some chance to improve my condition. As to the proposal which you have done me the very great honor to make, I can only say that I know myself yet unworthy of the notice of any noble maiden."

The old woman smiled as if pleased by these words, and responded:

"Until you have seen our Himégimi-Sama, it were better that you make no decision. Perhaps you will

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feel no hesitation after you have seen her. Deign now to come with me, that I may present you to her."

She conducted him to another larger guest-room, where preparations for a feast had been made, and having shown him the place of honor, left him for a moment alone. She returned accompanied by the Himégimi-Sama; and, at the first sight of the young mistress, Itō felt again the strange thrill of wonder and delight that had come to him in the garden, as he listened to the music of the koto. Never had he dreamed of so beautiful a being. Light seemed to radiate from her presence, and to shine through her garments, as the light of the moon through flossy clouds; her loosely flowing hair swayed about her as she moved, like the boughs of the drooping willow bestirred by the breezes of spring; her lips were like flowers of the peach besprinkled with morning dew. Itō was bewildered by the vision. He asked himself whether he was not looking upon the person of Amano-kawara-no-Ori-Himé herself — the Weaving-Maiden who dwells by the shining River of Heaven.

Smiling, the aged woman turned to the fair one, who remained speechless, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, and said to her:

"See, my child! — at the moment when we could least have hoped for such a thing, the very person whom you wished to meet has come of his own accord. So fortunate a happening could have been

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brought about only by the will of the high gods. To think of it makes me weep for joy." And she sobbed aloud. "But now," she continued, wiping away her tears with her sleeve, "it only remains for you both — unless either prove unwilling, which I doubt — to pledge yourselves to each other, and to partake of your wedding feast."

Itō answered by no word: the incomparable vision before him had numbed his will and tied his tongue. Maidservants entered, bearing dishes and wine: the wedding feast was spread before the pair; and the pledges were given. Itō nevertheless remained as in a trance: the marvel of the adventure, and the wonder of the beauty of the bride, still bewildered him. A gladness, beyond aught that he had ever known before, filled his heart — like a great silence. But gradually he recovered his wonted calm; and thereafter he found himself able to converse without embarrassment. Of the wine he partook freely; and he ventured to speak, in a self-depreciating but merry way, about the doubts and fears that had oppressed him. Meanwhile the bride remained still as moonlight, never lifting her eyes, and replying only by a blush or a smile when he addressed her.

Itō said to the aged attendant:

"Many times, in my solitary walks, I have passed through this village without knowing of the existence of this honorable dwelling. And ever since entering here, I have been wondering why this noble

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household should have chosen so lonesome a place of sojourn. . . . Now that your Himégimi-Sama and I have become pledged to each other, it seems to me a strange thing that I do not yet know the name of her august family."

At this utterance, a shadow passed over the kindly face of the old woman; and the bride, who had yet hardly spoken, turned pale, and appeared to become painfully anxious. After some moments of silence, the aged woman responded:

"To keep our secret from you much longer would be difficult; and I think that, under any circumstances, you should be made aware of the facts, now that you are one of us. Know then, Sir Itō, that your bride is the daughter of Shigéhira-Kyō, the great and unfortunate San-mi Chüjō."

At those words — "Shigéhira-Kyō, San-mi Chüjō — the young samurai felt a chill, as of ice, strike through all his veins. Shigéhira-Kyō, the great Héïké general and statesman, had been dust for centuries. And Itō suddenly understood that everything around him — the chamber and the lights and the banquet — was a dream of the past; that the forms before him were not people, but shadows of people dead.

But in another instant the icy chill had passed; and the charm returned, and seemed to deepen about him; and he felt no fear. Though his bride had come to him out of Yomi — out of the place of the Yellow Springs of death — his heart had been

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wholly won. Who weds a ghost must become a ghost; — yet he knew himself ready to die, not once, but many times, rather than betray by word or look one thought that might bring a shadow of pain to the brow of the beautiful illusion before him. Of the affection proffered he had no misgiving: the truth had been told him when any unloving purpose might better have been served by deception. But these thoughts and emotions passed in a flash, leaving him resolved to accept the strange situation as it had presented itself, and to act just as he would have done if chosen, in the years of Jū-ei, by Shigéhira's daughter.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he exclaimed; "I have heard of the cruel fate of the august Lord Shigéhira."

"Aye," responded the aged woman, sobbing as she spoke; "it was indeed a cruel fate. His horse, you know, was killed by an arrow, and fell upon him; and when he called for help, those who had lived upon his bounty deserted him in his need. Then he was taken prisoner, and sent to Kamakura, where they treated him shamefully, and at last put him to death.[1] His wife and child — this dear maid here —

[1] Shigéhira, after a brave fight in defense of the capital — then held by the Taïra (or Héïké) party — was surprised and routed by Yoshitsuné, leader of the Minamoto forces. A soldier named Iyénaga, who was a skilled archer, shot down Shigéhira's horse; and Shigéhira fell under the struggling animal. He cried to an attendant to bring another horse; but the man fled. Shigéhira was then captured by Iyénaga, and eventually given up to Yoritomo, head of the Minamoto clan, who caused him to be sent in a cage to Kamakura. There, after sundry humiliations, he was treated for a time with consideration, — having been able, by a Chinese poem, to touch even the cruel heart of Yoritomo. But in the

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were then in hiding; for everywhere the Héïké were being sought out and killed. When the news of the Lord Shigéhira's death reached us, the pain proved too great for the mother to bear, so the child was left with no one to care for her but me — since her kindred had all perished or disappeared. She was only five years old. I had been her milk-nurse, and I did what I could for her. Year after year we wandered from place to place, traveling in pilgrim-garb.... But these tales of grief are ill-timed," exclaimed the nurse, wiping away her tears; "pardon the foolish heart of an old woman who cannot forget the past. See! the little maid whom I fostered has now become a Himégimi-Sama indeed! — were we living in the good days of the Emperor Takakura, what a destiny might be reserved for her! However, she has obtained the husband whom she desired; that is the greatest happiness.... But the hour is late. The bridal-chamber has been prepared; and I must now leave you to care for each other until morning."

She rose, and sliding back the screens parting the guest-room from the adjoining chamber, ushered them to their sleeping apartment. Then, with many words of joy and congratulation, she withdrew; and Itō was left alone with his bride.

As they reposed together, Itō said:

"Tell me, my loved one, when was it that you first wished to have me for your husband."

following year he was executed by request of the Buddhist priests of Nanto, against whom he had formerly waged war by order of Kiyomori.

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(For everything appeared so real that he had almost ceased to think of the illusion woven around him.)

She answered, in a voice like a dove's voice:

"My august lord and husband, it was at the temple of Ishiyama, where I went with my foster-mother, that I saw you for the first time. And because of seeing you, the world became changed to me from that hour and moment. But you do not remember, because our meeting was not in this, your present life: it was very, very long ago. Since that time you have passed through many deaths and births, and have had many comely bodies. But I have remained always that which you see me now: I could not obtain another body, nor enter into another state of existence, because of my great wish for you. My dear lord and husband, I have waited for you through many ages of men."

And the bridegroom felt nowise afraid at hearing these strange words, but desired nothing more in life, or in all his lives to come, than to feel her arms about him, and to hear the caress of her voice.

But the pealing of a temple-bell proclaimed the coming of dawn. Birds began to twitter; a morning breeze set all the trees a-whispering. Suddenly the old nurse pushed apart the sliding screens of the bridal-chamber, and exclaimed:

"My children, it is time to separate! By daylight you must not be together, even for an instant: that

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were fatal! You must bid each other good-bye."

Without a word, Itō made ready to depart. He vaguely understood the warning uttered, and resigned himself wholly to destiny. His will belonged to him no more; he desired only to please his shadowy bride.

She placed in his hands a little suzuri, or inkstone, curiously carved, and said:

"My young lord and husband is a scholar; therefore this small gift will probably not be despised by him. It is of strange fashion because it is old, having been augustly bestowed upon my father by the favor of the Emperor Takakura. For that reason only, I thought it to be a precious thing."

Itō, in return, besought her to accept for a remembrance the kōgai [1] of his sword, which were decorated with inlaid work of silver and gold, representing plum-flowers and nightingales.

Then the little miya-dzukai came to guide him through the garden, and his bride with her foster-mother accompanied him to the threshold.

As he turned at the foot of the steps to make his parting salute, the old woman said:

"We shall meet again the next Year of the Boar, at the same hour of the same day of the same month that you came here. This being the Year of the Tiger, you will have to wait ten years. But, for reasons

[1] This was the name given to a pair of metal rods attached to a sword-sheath, and used like chop-sticks. They were sometimes exquisitely ornamented.

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which I must not say, we shall not be able to meet again in this place; we are going to the neighborhood of Kyōto, where the good Emperor Takakura and our fathers and many of our people are dwelling. All the Héïké will be rejoiced by your coming. We shall send a kago [1] for you on the appointed day."

Above the village the stars were burning as Itō passed the gate; but on reaching the open road he saw the dawn brightening beyond leagues of silent fields. In his bosom he carried the gift of his bride. The charm of her voice lingered in his ears — and nevertheless, had it not been for the memento which he touched with questioning fingers, he could have persuaded himself that the memories of the night were memories of sleep, and that his life still belonged to him.

But the certainty that he had doomed himself evoked no least regret: he was troubled only by the pain of separation, and the thought of the seasons that would have to pass before the illusion could be renewed for him. Ten years! — and every day of those years would seem how long! The mystery of the delay he could not hope to solve; the secret ways of the dead are known to the gods alone.

Often and often, in his solitary walks, Itō revisited the village at Kotobikiyama, vaguely hoping to obtain another glimpse of the past. But never again,

[1] A kind of palanquin.

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by night or by day, was he able to find the rustic gate in the shadowed lane; never again could he perceive the figure of the little miya-dzukai, walking alone in the sunset-glow.

The village people, whom he questioned carefully, thought him bewitched. No person of rank, they said, had ever dwelt in the settlement; and there had never been, in the neighborhood, any such garden as he described. But there had once been a great Buddhist temple near the place of which he spoke; and some gravestones of the temple-cemetery were still to be seen. Itō discovered the monuments in the middle of a dense thicket. They were of an ancient Chinese form, and were covered with moss and lichens. The characters that had been cut upon them could no longer be deciphered.

Of his adventure Itō spoke to no one. But friends and kindred soon perceived a great change in his appearance and manner. Day by day he seemed to become more pale and thin, though physicians declared that he had no bodily ailment; he looked like a ghost, and moved like a shadow. Thoughtful and solitary he had always been, but now he appeared indifferent to everything which had formerly given him pleasure — even to those literary studies by means of which he might have hoped to win distinction. To his mother — who thought that marriage might quicken his former ambition, and revive his interest in life — he said that he had made a vow to

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marry no living woman. And the months dragged by.

At last came the Year of the Boar, and the season of autumn; but Itō could no longer take the solitary walks that he loved. He could not even rise from his bed. His life was ebbing, though none could divine the cause; and he slept so deeply and so long that his sleep was often mistaken for death.

Out of such a sleep he was startled, one bright evening, by the voice of a child; and he saw at his bedside the little miya-dzukai who had guided him, ten years before, to the gate of the vanished garden. She saluted him, and smiled, and said: "I am bidden to tell you that you will be received to-night at Ōhara, near Kyōto, where the new home is, and that a kago has been sent for you." Then she disappeared.

Itō knew that he was being summoned away from the light of the sun; but the message so rejoiced him that he found strength to sit up and call his mother. To her he then for the first time related the story of his bridal, and he showed her the ink-stone which had been given him. He asked that it should be placed in his coffin — and then he died.

The ink-stone was buried with him. But before the funeral ceremonies it was examined by experts, who said that it had been made in the period of Jō-an (1169 A.D.), and that it bore the seal-mark of an artist who had lived in the time of the Emperor Takakura.

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VI

STRANGER THAN FICTION

It was a perfect West Indian day. My friend the notary and I were crossing the island by a wonderful road which wound up through tropic forest to the clouds, and thence looped down again, through gold-green slopes of cane, and scenery amazing of violet and blue and ghost-gray peaks, to the roaring coast of the trade winds. All the morning we had been ascending — walking after our carriage, most of the time, for the sake of the brave little mule; — and the sea had been climbing behind us till it looked like a monstrous wall of blue, pansy-blue, under the ever heightening horizon. The heat was like the heat of a vapor-bath, but the air was good to breathe with its tropical odor — an odor made up of smells of strange saps, queer spicy scents of mould, exhalations of aromatic decay. Moreover, the views were glimpses of Paradise; and it was a joy to watch the torrents roaring down their gorges under shadows of tree-fern and bamboo.

My friend stopped the carriage before a gateway set into a hedge full of flowers that looked like pink-and-white butterflies. "I have to make a call here," he said; "come in with me." We dismounted, and he knocked on the gate with the butt of his whip. Within, at the end of a shady garden, I could see the

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porch of a planter's house; beyond were rows of cocoa palms, and glimpses of yellowing cane. Presently a negro, wearing only a pair of canvas trousers and a great straw hat, came hobbling to open the gate — followed by a multitude, an astonishing multitude, of chippering chickens. Under the shadow of that huge straw hat I could not see the negro's face; but I noticed that his limbs and body were strangely shrunken — looked as if withered to the bone. A weirder creature I had never beheld; and I wondered at his following of chickens.

"Eh!" exclaimed the notary, "your chickens are as lively as ever! . . . I want to see Madame Floran."

"Moin ké di," the goblin responded huskily, in his patois; and he limped on before us, all the chickens hopping and cheeping at his withered heels.

"That fellow," my friend observed, "was bitten by a fer-de-lance about eight or nine years ago. He got cured, or at least half-cured, in some extraordinary way; but ever since then he has been a skeleton. See how he limps!"

The skeleton passed out of sight behind the house, and we waited a while at the front porch. Then a métisse — turbaned in wasp colors, and robed in iris colors, and wonderful to behold — came to tell us that Madame hoped we would rest ourselves in the garden, as the house was very warm. Chairs and a little table were then set for us in a shady place, and the métisse brought out lemons, sugar-syrup, a

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bottle of the clear plantation rum that smells like apple juice, and ice-cold water in a dobanne of thick red clay.

My friend prepared the refreshments; and then our hostess came to greet us, and to sit with us — a nice old lady with hair like newly minted silver. I had never seen a smile sweeter than that with which she bade us welcome; and I wondered whether she could ever have been more charming in her Creole girlhood than she now appeared — with her kindly wrinkles, and argent hair, and frank, black, sparkling eyes. . .

In the conversation that followed I was not able to take part, as it related only to some question of title. The notary soon arranged whatever there was to arrange; and, after some charmingly spoken words of farewell from the gentle lady, we took our departure. Again the mummified negro hobbled before us, to open the gate — followed by all his callow rabble of chickens. As we resumed our places in the carriage we could still hear the chippering of the creatures, pursuing after that ancient scarecrow.

"Is it African sorcery?" I queried. . . . "How does he bewitch those chickens?"

"Queer — is it not?" the notary responded as we drove away. "That negro must now be at least eighty years old; and he may live for twenty years more — the wretch!"

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The tone in which my friend uttered this epithet — le misérable! — somewhat surprised me, as I knew him to be one of the kindliest men in the world, and singularly free from prejudice. I suspected that a story was coming, and I waited for it in silence.

"Listen," said the notary, after a pause, during which we left the plantation well behind us; "that old sorcerer, as you call him, was born upon the estate, a slave. The estate belonged to M. Floran — the husband of the lady whom we visited; and she was a cousin, and the marriage was a love-match. They had been married about two years when the revolt occurred (fortunately there were no children) — the black revolt of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. Several planters were murdered; and M. Floran was one of the first to be killed. And the old negro whom we saw to-day — the old sorcerer, as you call him — left the plantation, and joined the rising: do you understand?"

"Yes," I said; "but he might have done that through fear of the mob."

"Certainly: the other hands did the same. But it was he that killed M. Floran — for no reason whatever — cut him up with a cutlass. M. Floran was riding home when the attack was made — about a mile below the plantation.... Sober, that negro would not have dared to face M. Floran: the scoundrel was drunk, of course — raving drunk. Most of the blacks had been drinking tafia, with dead wasps in it, to give themselves courage."

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"But," I interrupted, "how does it happen that the fellow is still on the Floran plantation?"

"Wait a moment! . . . When the military got control of the mob, search was made everywhere for the murderer of M. Floran; but he could not be found. He was lying out in the cane — in M. Floran's cane! — like a field-rat, like a snake. One morning, while the gendarmes were still looking for him, he rushed into the house, and threw himself down in front of Madame, weeping and screaming, 'Aïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe! — moin té tchoué y! moin té tchoué y! — aïe-yaïe-yaïe!' Those were his very words: 'I killed him! I killed him!' And he begged for mercy. When he was asked why he killed M. Floran, he cried out that it was the devil — diabe-à — that had made him do it! . . . Well, Madame forgave him!"

"But how could she?" I queried.

"Oh, she had always been very religious," my friend responded — "sincerely religious. She only said, 'May God pardon me as I now pardon you!' She made her servants hide the creature and feed him; and they kept him hidden until the excitement was over. Then she sent him back to work; and he has been working for her ever since. Of course he is now too old to be of any use in the field; — he only takes care of the chickens."

"But how," I persisted, "could the relatives allow Madame to forgive him?"

"Well, Madame insisted that he was not mentally responsible — that he was only a poor fool who had

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killed without knowing what he was doing; and she argued that if *she* could forgive him, others could more easily do the same. There was a consultation; and the relatives decided so to arrange matters that Madame could have her own way."

"But why?"

"Because they knew that she found a sort of religious consolation — a kind of religious comfort — in forgiving the wretch. She imagined that it was her duty as a Christian, not only to forgive him, but to take care of him. We thought that she was mistaken — but we could understand.... Well, there is an example of what religion can do."...

The surprise of a new fact, or the sudden perception of something never before imagined, may cause an involuntary smile. Unconsciously I smiled, while my friend was yet speaking; and the good notary's brow darkened.

"Ah, you laugh!" he exclaimed — "you laugh! That is wrong! — that is a mistake!... But you do not believe: you do not know what it is — the true religion — the real Christianity!"

Earnestly I made answer:

"Pardon me! I do believe every word of what you have told me. If I laughed unthinkingly, it was only because I could not help wondering..."

"At what?" he questioned gravely.

"At the marvelous instinct of that negro."

"Ah, yes!" he returned approvingly. "Yes, the

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cunning of the animal it was — the instinct of the brute! . . . She was the only person in the world who could have saved him."

"And he knew it," I ventured to add.

"No — no — no!" my friend emphatically dissented — "he never could have known it! He only *felt* it! . . . Find me an instinct like that, and I will show you a brain incapable of any knowledge, any thinking, any understanding: not the mind of a man, but the brain of a beast!"

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VII

A LETTER FROM JAPAN

TOKYŌ, *August* 1, 1904

HERE, in this quiet suburb, where the green peace is broken only by the voices of children at play and the shrilling of cicadæ, it is difficult to imagine that, a few hundred miles away, there is being carried on one of the most tremendous wars of modern times, between armies aggregating more than a half a million of men, or that, on the intervening sea, a hundred ships of war have been battling. This contest, between the mightiest of Western powers and a people that began to study Western science only within the recollection of many persons still in vigorous life, is, on one side at least, a struggle for national existence. It was inevitable, this struggle — might perhaps have been delayed, but certainly not averted. Japan has boldly challenged an empire capable of threatening simultaneously the civilizations of the East and the West — a mediæval power that, unless vigorously checked, seems destined to absorb Scandinavia and to dominate China. For all industrial civilization the contest is one of vast moment; — for Japan it is probably the supreme crisis in her national life. As to what her fleets and her armies have been doing, the world is fully informed; but as to what her people are doing at home, little has been written.

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To inexperienced observation they would appear to be doing nothing unusual; and this strange calm is worthy of record. At the beginning of hostilities an Imperial mandate was issued, bidding all non-combatants to pursue their avocations as usual, and to trouble themselves as little as possible about exterior events; — and this command has been obeyed to the letter. It would be natural to suppose that all the sacrifices, tragedies, and uncertainties of the contest had thrown their gloom over the life of the capital in especial; but there is really nothing whatever to indicate a condition of anxiety or depression. On the contrary, one is astonished by the joyous tone of public confidence, and the admirably restrained pride of the nation in its victories. Western tides have strewn the coast with Japanese corpses; regiments have been blown out of existence in the storming of positions defended by wire-entanglements; battleships have been lost: yet at no moment has there been the least public excitement. The people are following their daily occupations just as they did before the war; the cheery aspect of things is just the same; the theatres and flower displays are not less well patronized. The life of Tōkyō has been, to outward seeming, hardly more affected by the events of the war than the life of nature beyond it, where the flowers are blooming and the butterflies hovering as in other summers. Except after the news of some great victory — celebrated with fireworks and lantern processions, — there are no signs

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of public emotion; and but for the frequent distribution of newspaper extras, by runners ringing bells, you could almost persuade yourself that the whole story of the war is an evil dream.

Yet there has been, of necessity, a vast amount of suffering — viewless and voiceless suffering — repressed by that sense of social and patriotic duty which is Japanese religion. As a seventeen-syllable poem of the hour tells us, the news of every victory must bring pain as well as joy:

Gōgwai no
Tabi teki mikata
Goké ga fuè.

[Each time that an extra is circulated the widows of foes and friends have increased in multitude.]

The great quiet and the smiling tearlessness testify to the more than Spartan discipline of the race. Anciently the people were trained, not only to conceal their emotions, but to speak in a cheerful voice and to show a pleasant face under any stress of moral suffering; and they are obedient to that teaching to-day. It would still be thought a shame to betray personal sorrow for the loss of those who die for Emperor and fatherland. The public seem to view the events of the war as they would watch the scenes of a popular play. They are interested without being excited; and their extraordinary self-control is particularly shown in various manifestations of the "play-impulse." Everywhere the theatres are producing war dramas (based upon actual fact);

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the newspapers and magazines are publishing war stories and novels; the cinematograph exhibits the monstrous methods of modern warfare; and numberless industries are turning out objects of art or utility designed to commemorate the Japanese triumphs.

But the present psychological condition, the cheerful and even playful tone of public feeling, can be indicated less by any general statement than by the mention of ordinary facts — every-day matters recorded in the writer's diary.

Never before were the photographers so busy; it is said that they have not been able to fulfill half of the demands made upon them. The hundreds of thousands of men sent to the war wished to leave photographs with their families, and also to take with them portraits of parents, children, and other beloved persons. The nation was being photographed during the past six months.

A fact of sociological interest is that photography has added something new to the poetry of the domestic faith. From the time of its first introduction, photography became popular in Japan; and none of those superstitions, which inspire fear of the camera among less civilized races, offered any obstacle to the rapid development of a new industry. It is true that there exists some queer-folk beliefs about photographs — ideas of mysterious relation between the sun-picture and the person imaged. For exam-

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ple: if, in the photograph of a group, one figure appear indistinct or blurred, that is thought to be an omen of sickness or death. But this superstition has its industrial value: it has compelled photographers to be careful about their work — especially in these days of war, when everybody wants to have a good clear portrait, because the portrait might be needed for another purpose than preservation in an album.

During the last twenty years there has gradually come into existence the custom of placing the photograph of a dead parent, brother, husband, or child, beside the mortuary tablet kept in the Buddhist household shrine. For this reason, also, the departing soldier wishes to leave at home a good likeness of himself.

The rites of domestic affection, in old samurai families, are not confined to the cult of the dead. On certain occasions, the picture of the absent parent, husband, brother, or betrothed, is placed in the alcove of the guest-room, and a feast laid out before it. The photograph, in such cases, is fixed upon a little stand (dai); and the feast is served as if the person were present. This pretty custom of preparing a meal for the absent is probably more ancient than any art of portraiture; but the modern photograph adds to the human poetry of the rite. In feudal time it was the rule to set the repast facing the direction in which the absent person had gone — north, south, east, or west. After a brief interval the

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covers of the vessels containing the cooked food were lifted and examined. If the lacquered inner surface was thickly beaded with vapor, all was well; but if the surface was dry, that was an omen of death, a sign that the disembodied spirit had returned to absorb the essence of the offerings.

As might have been expected, in a country where the "play-impulse" is stronger, perhaps, than in any other part of the world, the Zeitgeist found manifestation in the flower displays of the year. I visited those in my neighborhood, which is the Quarter of the Gardeners. This quarter is famous for its azaleas (tsutsuji); and every spring the azalea gardens attract thousands of visitors — not only by the wonderful exhibition then made of shrubs which look like solid masses of blossom (ranging up from snowy white, through all shades of pink, to a flamboyant purple) but also by displays of effigies: groups of figures ingeniously formed with living leaves and flowers. These figures, life-size, usually represent famous incidents of history or drama. In many cases — though not in all — the bodies and the costumes are composed of foliage and flowers trained to grow about a framework; while the faces, feet, and hands are represented by some kind of flesh-colored composition.

This year, however, a majority of the displays represented scenes of the war — such as an engagement between Japanese infantry and mounted Cos-

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sacks, a night attack by torpedo boats, the sinking of a battleship. In the last-mentioned display, Russian bluejackets appeared, swimming for their lives in a rough sea; — the pasteboard waves and the swimming figures being made to rise and fall by the pulling of a string; while the crackling of quick-firing guns was imitated by a mechanism contrived with sheets of zinc.

It is said that Admiral Tōgō sent to Tōkyō for some flowering-trees in pots — inasmuch as his responsibilities allowed him no chance of seeing the cherry-flowers and the plum-blossoms in their season — and that the gardeners responded even too generously.

Almost immediately after the beginning of hostilities, thousands of "war pictures" — mostly cheap lithographs — were published. The drawing and coloring were better than those of the prints issued at the time of the war with China; but the details were to a great extent imaginary — altogether imaginary as to the appearance of Russian troops. Pictures of the engagements with the Russian fleet were effective, despite some lurid exaggeration. The most startling things were pictures of Russian defeats in Korea, published before a single military engagement had taken place; — the artist had "flushed to anticipate the scene." In these prints the Russians were depicted as fleeing in utter rout, leaving their officers — very fine-looking officers —

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dead upon the field; while the Japanese infantry, with dreadfully determined faces, were coming up at a double. The propriety and the wisdom of thus pictorially predicting victory, and easy victory to boot, may be questioned. But I am told that the custom of so doing is an old one; and it is thought that to realize the common hope thus imaginatively is lucky. At all events, there is no attempt at deception in these pictorial undertakings; — they help to keep up the public courage, and they ought to be pleasing to the gods.

Some of the earlier pictures have now been realized in grim fact. The victories in China had been similarly foreshadowed: they amply justified the faith of the artist. . . . To-day the war pictures continue to multiply; but they have changed character. The inexorable truth of the photograph, and the sketches of the war correspondent, now bring all the vividness and violence of fact to help the artist's imagination. There was something naïve and theatrical in the drawings of anticipation; but the pictures of the hour represent the most tragic reality — always becoming more terrible. At this writing, Japan has yet lost no single battle; but not a few of her victories have been dearly won.

To enumerate even a tenth of the various articles ornamented with designs inspired by the war — articles such as combs, clasps, fans, brooches, card-cases, purses — would require a volume. Even cakes and confectionery are stamped with naval or mili-

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tary designs; and the glass or paper windows of shops — not to mention the signboards — have pictures of Japanese victories painted upon them. At night the shop lanterns proclaim the pride of the nation in its fleets and armies; and a whole chapter might easily be written about the new designs in transparencies and toy lanterns. A new revolving lantern — turned by the air-current which its own flame creates — has become very popular. It represents a charge of Japanese infantry upon Russian defenses; and holes pierced in the colored paper, so as to produce a continuous vivid flashing while the transparency revolves, suggest the exploding of shells and the volleying of machine guns.

Some displays of the art-impulse, as inspired by the war, have been made in directions entirely unfamiliar to Western experience — in the manufacture, for example, of women's hair ornaments and dress materials. Dress goods decorated with war pictures have actually become a fashion — especially crêpe silks for underwear, and figured silk linings for cloaks and sleeves. More remarkable than these are the new hairpins; — by hairpins I mean those long double-pronged ornaments of flexible metal which are called kanzashi, and are more or less ornamented according to the age of the wearer.[1] The new hairpins might be called commemorative:

[1] The kanzashi made for young girls are highly decorative; those worn by older folk are plain, or adorned only with a ball of coral or polished stone.

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one, of which the decoration represents a British and a Japanese flag intercrossed, celebrates the Anglo-Japanese alliance; another represents an officer's cap and sword; and the best of all is surmounted by a tiny metal model of a battleship. The battleship-pin is not merely fantastic: it is actually pretty!

As might have been expected, military and naval subjects occupy a large place among the year's designs for toweling. The towel designs celebrating naval victories have been particularly successful: they are mostly in white, on a blue ground; or in black, on a white ground. One of the best — blue and white — represented only a flock of gulls wheeling about the masthead of a sunken iron-clad, and, far away, the silhouettes of Japanese battleships passing to the horizon.... What especially struck me in this, and in several other designs, was the original manner in which the Japanese artist had seized upon the traits of the modern battleship — the powerful and sinister lines of its shape — just as he would have caught for us the typical character of a beetle or a lobster. The lines have been just enough exaggerated to convey, at one glance, the real impression made by the aspect of these iron monsters — a vague impression of bulk and force and menace, very difficult to express by ordinary methods of drawing.

Besides towels decorated with artistic sketches of this sort, there have been placed upon the market many kinds of towels bearing comic war pictures —

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caricatures or cartoons which are amusing without being malignant. It will be remembered that at the time of the first attack made upon the Port Arthur squadron, several of the Russian officers were in the Dalny theatre — never dreaming that the Japanese would dare to strike the first blow. This incident has been made the subject of a towel design. At one end of the towel is a comic study of the faces of the Russians, delightedly watching the gyrations of a ballet dancer. At the other end is a study of the faces of the same commanders when they find, on returning to the port, only the masts of their battleships above water. Another towel shows a procession of fish in front of a surgeon's office — waiting their turns to be relieved of sundry bayonets, swords, revolvers, and rifles, which have stuck in their throats. A third towel picture represents a Russian diver examining, with a prodigious magnifying-glass, the holes made by torpedoes in the hull of a sunken cruiser. Comic verses or legends, in cursive text, are printed beside these pictures.

The great house of Mitsui, which placed the best of these designs on the market, also produced some beautiful souvenirs of the war, in the shape of fukusa.[1] These are made of the heaviest and costliest silk, and inclosed within appropriately decorated covers. Upon one fukusa is a colored picture of the

[1] A fukusa is an ornamental silk covering, or wrapper, put over presents sent to friends on certain occasions, and returned after the present has been received.

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cruisers Nisshin and Kasuga, under full steam; and upon another has been printed, in beautiful Chinese characters, the full text of the Imperial Declaration of war.

But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls — figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the masterly juxtaposition of tints and colors. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures — or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination: naval battles; burning warships; submarine mines exploding; torpedo boats attacking; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry; artillery rushing into position; storming of forts; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colors of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, noon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green — most wonderful thing! . . . I suppose that the child of a military or naval officer might, without impropriety, be clad in such a robe. But then — the unspeakable pity of things!

The war toys are innumerable: I can attempt to mention only a few of the more remarkable kinds.

Japanese children play many sorts of card games, some of which are old, others quite new. There are poetical card games, for example, played with a pack

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of which each card bears the text of a poem, or part of a poem; and the player should be able to remember the name of the author of any quotation in the set. Then there are geographical card games, in which each of the cards used bears the name, and perhaps a little picture, of some famous site, town, or temple; and the player should be able to remember the district and province in which the mentioned place is situated. The latest novelty in this line is a pack of cards with pictures upon them of the Russian war vessels; and the player should be able to state what has become of every vessel named — whether sunk, disabled, or confined in Port Arthur.

There is another card game in which the battleships, cruisers, and torpedo craft of both Japan and Russia are represented. The winner in this game destroys his "captures" by tearing the cards taken. But the shops keep packages of each class of warship cards in stock; and when all the destroyers or cruisers of one country have been put hors de combat, the defeated party can purchase new vessels abroad. One torpedo boat costs about one farthing; but five torpedo boats can be bought for a penny.

The toy-shops are crammed with models of battleships — in wood, clay, porcelain, lead, and tin — of many sizes and prices. Some of the larger ones, moved by clockwork, are named after Japanese battleships: Shikishima, Fuji, Mikasa. One mechanical toy represents the sinking of a Russian vessel by a Japanese torpedo boat. Among cheaper things of

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this class is a box of colored sand, for the representation of naval engagements. Children arrange the sand so as to resemble waves; and with each box of sand are sold two fleets of tiny leaden vessels. The Japanese ships are white, and the Russian black; and explosions of torpedoes are to be figured by small cuttings of vermilion paper, planted in the sand.

The children of the poorest classes make their own war toys; and I have been wondering whether those ancient feudal laws (translated by Professor Wigmore), which fixed the cost and quality of toys to be given to children, did not help to develop that ingenuity which the little folk display. Recently I saw a group of children in our neighborhood playing at the siege of Port Arthur, with fleets improvised out of scraps of wood and some rusty nails. A tub of water represented Port Arthur. Battleships were figured by bits of plank, into which chop-sticks had been fixed to represent masts, and rolls of paper to represent funnels. Little flags, appropriately colored, were fastened to the masts with rice paste. Torpedo boats were imaged by splinters, into each of which a short thick nail had been planted to indicate a smokestack. Stationary submarine mines were represented by small squares of wood, each having one long nail driven into it; and these little things, when dropped into water with the nailhead downwards, would keep up a curious bobbing motion for a long time. Other squares of wood, having

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clusters of short nails driven into them, represented floating mines: and the mimic battleships were made to drag for these, with lines of thread. The pictures in the Japanese papers had doubtless helped the children to imagine the events of the war with tolerable accuracy.

Naval caps for children have become, of course, more in vogue than ever before. Some of the caps bear, in Chinese characters of burnished metal, the name of a battleship, or the words "Nippon Teikoku" ("Empire of Japan") — disposed like the characters upon the cap of a blue-jacket. On some caps, however, the ship's name appears in English letters — Yashima, Fuji, etc.

The "play-impulse," I had almost forgotten to say, is shared by the soldiers themselves — though most of those called to the front do not expect to return in the body. They ask only to be remembered at the Spirit-Invoking Shrine (Shōkonsha), where the shades of all who die for Emperor and country are believed to gather. The men of the regiments temporarily quartered in our suburb, on their way to the war, found time to play at mimic war with the small folk of the neighborhood.[1] When the last regiment went away, the men distributed toys among the children assembled at the station to give

[1] At all times Japanese soldiers are very kind to children; and the children here march with them, join in their military songs, and correctly salute their officers, feeling sure that the gravest officer will return the salute of a little child.

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them a parting cheer — hairpins, with military symbols for ornament, to the girls; wooden infantry and tin cavalry to the boys. The oddest present was a small clay model of a Russian soldier's head, presented with the jocose promise: "If we come back, we shall bring you some real ones." In the top of the head there is a small wire loop, to which a rubber string can be attached. At the time of the war with China, little clay models of Chinese heads, with very long queues, were favorite toys.

The war has also suggested a variety of new designs for that charming object, the toko-niwa. Few of my readers know what a toko-niwa, or "alcove-garden," is. It is a miniature garden — perhaps less than two feet square — contrived within an ornamental shallow basin of porcelain or other material, and placed in the alcove of a guest-room by way of decoration. You may see there a tiny pond; a streamlet crossed by humped bridges of Chinese pattern; dwarf trees forming a grove, and shading the model of a Shinto temple; imitations in baked clay of stone lanterns — perhaps even the appearance of a hamlet of thatched cottages. If the toko-niwa be not too small, you may see real fish swimming in the pond, or a pet tortoise crawling among the rockwork. Sometimes the miniature garden represents Hōrai, and the palace of the Dragon-King.

Two new varieties have come into fashion. One is a model of Port Arthur, showing the harbor and the

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forts; and with the materials for the display there is sold a little map, showing how to place certain tiny battleships, representing the imprisoned and the investing fleets. The other toko-niwa represents a Korean or Chinese landscape, with hill ranges and rivers and woods; and the appearance of a battle is created by masses of toy soldiers — cavalry, infantry, and artillery — in all positions of attack and defense. Minute forts of baked clay, bristling with cannon about the size of small pins, occupy elevated positions. When properly arranged the effect is panoramic. The soldiers in the foreground are about an inch long; those a little farther away about half as long; and those upon the hills are no larger than flies.

But the most remarkable novelty of this sort yet produced is a kind of toko-niwa recently on display at a famous shop in Ginza. A label bearing the inscription, "Kaï-téï no Ikken" (View of the Ocean-Bed") sufficiently explained the design. The suïbon, or "water-tray," containing the display was half filled with rocks and sand so as to resemble a sea-bottom; and little fishes appeared swarming in the foreground. A little farther back, upon an elevation, stood Otohimé, the Dragon-King's daughter, surrounded by her maiden attendants, and gazing, with just the shadow of a smile, at two men in naval uniform who were shaking hands — dead heroes of the war: Admiral Makaroff and Commander Hirosé! ... These had esteemed each other in life; and it

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was a happy thought thus to represent their friendly meeting in the world of Spirits.

Though his name is perhaps unfamiliar to English readers, Commander Takeo Hirosé has become, deservedly, one of Japan's national heroes. On the twenty-seventh of March, during the second attempt made to block the entrance to Port Arthur, he was killed while endeavoring to help a comrade — a comrade who had formerly saved him from death. For five years Hirosé had been a naval attaché at St. Petersburg, and had made many friends in Russian naval and military circles. From boyhood his life had been devoted to study and duty; and it was commonly said of him that he had no particle of selfishness in his nature. Unlike most of his brother officers, he remained unmarried — holding that no man who might be called on at any moment to lay down his life for his country had a moral right to marry. The only amusements in which he was ever known to indulge were physical exercises; and he was acknowledged one of the best jūjutsu (wrestlers) in the empire. The heroism of his death, at the age of thirty-six, had much less to do with the honors paid to his memory than the self-denying heroism of his life.

Now his picture is in thousands of homes, and his name is celebrated in every village. It is celebrated also by the manufacture of various souvenirs, which are sold by myriads. For example, there is a new

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fashion in sleeve-buttons, called "Kinen-botan," or "Commemoration-buttons." Each button bears a miniature portrait of the commander, with the inscription, "Shichi-shō hōkokū," "Even in seven successive lives — for love of country." It is recorded that Hirosé often cited, to friends who criticised his ascetic devotion to duty, the famous utterance of Kusunoki Masashigé, who declared, ere laying down his life for the Emperor Go-Daigo, that he desired to die for his sovereign in seven successive existences.

But the highest honor paid to the memory of Hirosé is of a sort now possible only in the East, though once possible also in the West, when the Greek or Roman patriot-hero might be raised, by the common love of his people, to the place of the Immortals.... Wine-cups of porcelain have been made, decorated with his portrait; and beneath the portrait appears, in ideographs of gold, the inscription, "Gunshin Hirosé Chūsa." The character "gun" signifies war; the character "shin," a god — either in the sense of "divus" or "deus," according to circumstances; and the Chinese text, read in the Japanese way, is Ikusa no Kami. Whether that stern and valiant spirit is really invoked by the millions who believe that no brave soul is doomed to extinction, no well-spent life laid down in vain, no heroism cast away, I do not know. But, in any event, human affection and gratitude can go no farther than this; and it must be confessed that Old Japan is still able to confer honors worth dying for.

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Boys and girls in all the children's schools are now singing the Song of Hirosé Chūsa, which is a marching song. The words and the music are published in a little booklet, with a portrait of the late commander upon the cover. Everywhere, and at all hours of the day, one hears this song being sung:

He whose every word and deed gave to men an example of what the war-folk of the Empire of Nippon should be — Commander Hirosé: is he really dead?

Though the body die, the spirit dies not. He who wished to be reborn seven times into this world, for the sake of serving his country, for the sake of requiting the Imperial favor — Commander Hirosé: has he really died?

"Since I am a son of the Country of the Gods, the fire of the evil-hearted Russians cannot touch me!" — The sturdy Takeo who spoke thus: can he really be dead? ...

Nay! that glorious war-death meant undying fame; — beyond a thousand years the valiant heart shall live; — as to a god of war shall reverence be paid to him....

Observing the playful confidence of this wonderful people in their struggle for existence against the mightiest power of the West — their perfect trust in the wisdom of their leaders and the valor of their armies — the good-humor of their irony when mocking the enemy's blunders — their strange capacity to find, in the world-stirring events of the hour, the same amusement that they would find in watching a melodrama — one is tempted to ask: "What would be the moral consequence of a national defeat?"... It would depend, I think, upon circum-

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stances. Were Kuropatkin able to fulfill his rash threat of invading Japan, the nation would probably rise as one man. But otherwise the knowledge of any great disaster would be bravely borne. From time unknown Japan has been a land of cataclysms — earthquakes that ruin cities in the space of a moment; tidal waves, two hundred miles long, sweeping whole coast populations out of existence; floods submerging hundreds of leagues of well-tilled fields; eruptions burying provinces. Calamities like this have disciplined the race in resignation and in patience; and it has been well trained also to bear with courage all the misfortunes of war. Even by the foreign peoples that have been most closely in contact with her, the capacities of Japan remained unguessed. Perhaps her power to resist aggression is far surpassed by her power to endure.

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VIII

THREE POPULAR BALLADS[1]

DURING the spring of 1891, I visited the settlement in Matsué, Izumo, of an outcast people known as the yama-no-mono. Some results of the visit were subsequently communicated to the "Japan Mail," in a letter published June 13, 1891, and some extracts from that letter I think it may be worth while to cite here, by way of introduction to the subject of the present paper.

The settlement is at the southern end of Matsué, in a tiny valley, or rather hollow among the hills which form a half-circle behind the city. Few Japanese of the better classes have ever visited such a village; and even the poorest of the common people shun the place as they would shun a centre of contagion; for the idea of defilement, both moral and physical, is still attached to the very name of its inhabitants. Thus, although the settlement is within half an hour's walk from the heart of the city, probably not half a dozen of the thirty-six thousand residents of Matsué have visited it.

There are four distinct outcast classes in Matsué and its environs: the hachiya, the koya-no-mono, the yama-no-mono, and the eta of Suguta.

There are two settlements of hachiya. These were formerly the public executioners, and served under the police in various capacities. Although by ancient law the

[1] Read before the Asiatic Society of Japan, October 17, 1894, and published as an appendix to *Kokoro* (1896).

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lowest class of pariahs, their intelligence was sufficiently cultivated by police service and by contact with superiors to elevate them in popular opinion above the other outcasts. They are now manufacturers of bamboo cages and baskets. They are said to be descendants of the family and retainers of Taira-no-Masakado-Heishino, the only man in Japan who ever seriously conspired to seize the imperial throne by armed force, and who was killed by the famous general Taira-no-Sadamori.

The koya-no-mono are slaughterers and dealers in hides. They are never allowed to enter any house in Matsué except the shop of a dealer in geta and other footgear. Originally vagrants, they were permanently settled in Matsué by some famous daimyō, who built for them small houses — koya — on the bank of the canal. Hence their name. As for the eta proper, their condition and calling are too familiar to need comment in this connection.

The yama-no-mono are so called because they live among the hills (yama) at the southern end of Matsué. They have a monopoly of the rag-and-waste-paper business, and are buyers of all sorts of refuse, from old bottles to broken-down machinery. Some of them are rich. Indeed, the whole class is, compared with other outcast classes, prosperous. Nevertheless, public prejudice against them is still almost as strong as in the years previous to the abrogation of the special laws concerning them. Under no conceivable circumstances could any of them obtain employment as servants. Their prettiest girls in old times often became jorō; but at no time could they enter a jorōya in any neighboring city, much less in their own, so they were sold to establishments in remote places. A yama-no-mono to-day could not even become a kurumaya. He could not obtain employment as a common laborer in any capacity, except by going to some distant city where he could hope to conceal his origin. But

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if detected under such conditions he would run serious risk of being killed by his fellow-laborers. Under any circumstance it would be difficult for a yama-no-mono to pass himself off for a heimin. Centuries of isolation and prejudice have fixed and moulded the manners of the class in recognizable ways; and even its language has become a special and curious dialect.

I was anxious to see something of a class so singularly situated and specialized; and I had the good fortune to meet a Japanese gentleman who, although belonging to the highest class of Matsué, was kind enough to agree to accompany me to their village, where he had never been himself. On the way thither he told me many curious things about the yama-no-mono. In feudal times these people had been kindly treated by the samurai; and they were often allowed or invited to enter the courts of samurai dwellings to sing and dance, for which performances they were paid. The songs and the dances with which they were able to entertain even those aristocratic families were known to no other people, and were called Daikoku-mai. Singing the Daikoku-mai was, in fact, the special hereditary art of the yama-no-mono, and represented their highest comprehension of æsthetic and emotional matters. In former times they could not obtain admittance to a respectable theatre; and, like the hachiya, had theatres of their own. It would be interesting, my friend added, to learn the origin of their songs and their dances; for their songs are not in their own special dialect, but in pure Japanese. And that they should have been able to preserve this oral literature without deterioration is especially remarkable from the fact that the yama-no-mono were never taught to read or write. They could not even avail themselves of those new educational opportunities which the era of Meiji has given to the masses; prejudice is still far too strong to allow of their children being happy in a public school. A small special school might

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be possible, though there would perhaps be no small difficulty in obtaining willing teachers.[1]

The hollow in which the village stands is immediately behind the Buddhist cemetery of Tokōji. The settlement has its own Shintō temple. I was extremely surprised at the aspect of the place; for I had expected to see a good deal of ugliness and filth. On the contrary, I saw a multitude of neat dwellings, with pretty gardens about them, and pictures on the walls of the rooms. There were many trees; the village was green with shrubs and plants, and picturesque to an extreme degree; for, owing to the irregularity of the ground, the tiny streets climbed up and down hill at all sorts of angles — the loftiest street being fifty or sixty feet above the lowermost. A large public bath-house and a public laundry bore evidence that the yama-no-mono liked clean linen as well as their heimin neighbors on the other side of the hill.

A crowd soon gathered to look at the strangers who had come to their village — a rare event for them. The faces I saw seemed much like the faces of the heimin, except that I fancied the ugly ones were uglier, making the pretty ones appear more pretty by contrast. There were one or two sinister faces, recalling faces of gypsies that I had seen; while some little girls, on the other hand, had remarkably pleasing features. There were no exchanges of civilities, as upon meeting heimin; a Japanese of the better class would as soon think of taking off his hat to a yama-no-mono as a West-Indian planter would think of bowing to a negro. The yama-no-mono themselves usually show by their attitude that they expect no forms. None of the men saluted us; but some of the women, on being kindly addressed, made obeisance. Other women,

[1] Since the time this letter to the *Mail* was written, a primary school has been established for the yama-no-mono through the benevolence of Matsué citizens superior to prejudice. The undertaking did not escape severe local criticism, but it seems to have proved successful.

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weaving coarse straw sandals (an inferior quality of zōri), would answer only "yes" or "no" to questions, and seemed to be suspicious of us. My friend called my attention to the fact that the women were dressed differently from Japanese women of the ordinary classes. For example, even among the very poorest heimin there are certain accepted laws of costume; there are certain colors which may or may not be worn, according to age. But even elderly women among these people wear obi of bright red or variegated hues, and kimono of a showy tint.

Those of the women seen in the city streets, selling or buying, are the elders only. The younger stay at home. The elderly women always go into town with large baskets of a peculiar shape, by which the fact that they are yama-no-mono is at once known. Numbers of these baskets were visible, principally at the doors of the smaller dwellings. They are carried on the back, and are used to contain all that the yama-no-mono buy — old paper, old wearing apparel, bottles, broken glass, and scrap-metal.

A woman at last ventured to invite us to her house, to look at some old colored prints she wished to sell. Thither we went, and were as nicely received as in a heimin residence. The pictures — including a number of drawings by Hiroshige — proved to be worth buying; and my friend then asked if we could have the pleasure of hearing the Daikoku-mai. To my great satisfaction the proposal was well received; and on our agreeing to pay a trifle to each singer, a small band of neat-looking young girls, whom we had not seen before, made their appearance, and prepared to sing, while an old woman made ready to dance. Both the old woman and the girls provided themselves with curious instruments for the performance. Three girls had instruments shaped like mallets, made of paper and bamboo: these were intended to represent the hammer of Daikoku; [1] they were held in the left hand, a

[1] Daikoku is the popular God of Wealth. Ebisu is the patron of labor.

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fan being waved in the right. Other girls were provided with a kind of castanets — two flat pieces of hard dark wood, connected by a string. Six girls formed in a line before the house. The old woman took her place facing the girls, holding in her hands two little sticks, one stick being notched along a part of its length. By drawing it across the other stick, a curious rattling noise was made.

My friend pointed out to me that the singers formed two distinct parties, of three each. Those bearing the hammer and fan were the Daikoku band: they were to sing the ballads. Those with the castanets were the Ebisu party and formed the chorus.

The old woman rubbed her little sticks together, and from the throats of the Daikoku band there rang out a clear, sweet burst of song, quite different from anything I had heard before in Japan, while the tapping of the castanets kept exact time to the syllabification of the words, which were very rapidly uttered. When the first three girls had sung a certain number of lines, the voices of the other three joined in, producing a very pleasant though untrained harmony; and all sang the burden together. Then the Daikoku party began another verse; and, after a certain interval, the chorus was again sung. In the meanwhile the old woman was dancing a very fantastic dance which provoked laughter from the crowd, occasionally chanting a few comic words.

The song was not comic, however; it was a very pathetic ballad entitled "Yaoya O-Shichi." Yaoya O-Shichi was a beautiful girl, who set fire to her own house in order to obtain another meeting with her lover, an acolyte in a temple where she expected that her family would be obliged to take refuge after the fire. But being detected

See, for the history of these deities, an article (translated) entitled "The Seven Gods of Happiness," by Carlo Puini, vol. III, *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society. See, also, for an account of their place in Shintō worship, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, vol. I.

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and convicted of arson, she was condemned by the severe law of that age to be burnt alive. The sentence was carried into effect; but the youth and beauty of the victim, and the motive of her offense, evoked a sympathy in the popular heart which found later expression in song and drama.

None of the performers, except the old woman, lifted the feet from the ground while singing; but all swayed their bodies in time to the melody. The singing lasted more than one hour, during which the voices never failed in their quality; and yet, so far from being weary of it, and although I could not understand a word uttered, I felt very sorry when it was all over. And with the pleasure received there came to the foreign listener also a strong sense of sympathy for the young singers, victims of a prejudice so ancient that its origin is no longer known.

The foregoing extracts from my letter to the "Mail" tell the history of my interest in the Daikoku-mai. At a later time I was able to procure, through the kindness of my friend Nishida Sentarō, of Matsué, written copies of three of the ballads as sung by the yama-no-mono; and translations of these were afterwards made for me. I now venture to offer my prose renderings of the ballads — based on the translations referred to — as examples of folk-song not devoid of interest. An absolutely literal rendering, executed with the utmost care, and amply supplied with explanatory notes, would be, of course, more worthy the attention of a learned society. Such a version would, however, require a knowledge of Japanese which I do not possess, as well as much time and patient labor. Were the texts in themselves of value sufficient to justify a scholarly translation, I

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should not have attempted any translation at all; but I felt convinced that their interest was of a sort which could not be much diminished by a free and easy treatment. From any purely literary point of view, the texts are disappointing, exhibiting no great power of imagination, and nothing really worthy to be called poetical art. While reading such verses, we find ourselves very far away indeed from the veritable poetry of Japan — from those compositions which, with a few chosen syllables only, can either create a perfect colored picture in the mind, or bestir the finest sensations of memory with marvelous penetrative delicacy. The Daikoku-mai are extremely crude; and their long popularity has been due, I fancy, rather to the very interesting manner of singing them than to any quality which could permit us to compare them with the old English ballads.

The legends upon which these chants were based still exist in many other forms, including dramatic compositions. I need scarcely refer to the vast number of artistic suggestions which they have given, but I may observe that their influence in this regard has not yet passed away. Only a few months ago, I saw a number of pretty cotton prints, fresh from the mill, picturing Oguri-Hangwan making the horse Onikagé stand upon a chessboard. Whether the versions of the ballads I obtained in Izumo were composed there or elsewhere I am quite unable to say; but the stories of Shūntoku-maru, Oguri-Hang-

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wan, and Yaoya O-Shichi are certainly well known in every part of Japan.

Together with these prose translations, I submit to the Society the original texts, to which are appended some notes of interest about the local customs connected with the singing of the Daikoku-mai, about the symbols used by the dancers, and about the comic phrases chanted at intervals during the performances — phrases of which the coarse humor sometimes forbids any rendering.

All the ballads are written in the same measure, exemplified by the first four lines of "Yaoya O-Shichi":

Koe ni yoru ne no, aki no shika
Tsuma yori miwoba kogasu nari
Go-nin musumé no sannō de
Iro mo kawasanu Edo-zakura.

The chorus, or hayashi, does not seem to be sung at the end of a fixed number of lines, but rather at the termination of certain parts of the recitative. There is also no fixed limit to the number of singers in either band: these may be very many or very few. I think that the curious Izumo way of singing the burden — so that the vowel sounds in the word iya uttered by one band, and in the word sorei uttered by the other, are made to blend together — might be worth the attention of some one interested in Japanese folk-music. Indeed, I am convinced that a very delightful and wholly unexplored field of study offers itself in Japan to the student of folk-

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music and popular chants. The songs of the Hōnen-odori, or harvest dances, with their curious choruses; the chants of the Bon-odori, which differ in every district; the strange snatches of song, often sweet and weird, that one hears from the rice-fields or the mountain slopes in remote provinces, have qualities totally different from those we are accustomed to associate with the idea of Japanese music — a charm indisputable even for Western ears, because not less in harmony with the nature inspiring it than the song of a bird or the shrilling of cicadæ. To reproduce such melodies, with their extraordinary fractional tones, would be no easy task, but I cannot help believing that the result would fully repay the labor. Not only do they represent a very ancient, perhaps primitive musical sense: they represent also something essentially characteristic of the race; and there is surely much to be learned in regard to race-emotion from the comparative study of folk-music.

The fact, however, that few of those peculiarities which give so strange a charm to the old peasant-chants are noticeable in the Izumo manner of singing the Daikoku-mai would perhaps indicate that the latter are comparatively modern.

The Ballad of Shūntoku-Maru

Ara! — Joyfully young Daikoku and Ebisu enter dancing

Shall we tell a tale, or shall we utter felicitations?
A tale: then of what is it best that we should tell?

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Since we are bidden to your august house to relate a story, we shall relate the story of Shūntoku.

Surely there once lived, in the Province of Kawachi, a very rich man called Nobuyoshi. And his eldest son was called Shūntoku-maru.

When Shūntoku-maru, that eldest son, was only three years old, his mother died. And when he was five years old, there was given to him a stepmother.

When he was seven years old, his stepmother gave birth to a son who was called Otowaka-maru. And the two brothers grew up together.

When Shūntoku became sixteen years old, he went to Kyōto, to the temple of Tenjin-Sama, to make offerings to the god.

There he saw a thousand people going to the temple, and a thousand returning, and a thousand remaining: there was a gathering of three thousand persons.[1]

Through that multitude the youngest daughter of a rich man called Hagiyama was being carried to the temple in a kago.[2] Shūntoku also was traveling in a kago; and the two kago moved side by side along the way.

Gazing on the girl, Shūntoku fell in love with her. And the two exchanged looks and letters of love.

[1] These numbers simply indicate a great multitude in the language of the people; they have no exact significance.

[2] Kago, a kind of palanquin.

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All this was told to the stepmother of Shūntoku by a servant that was a flatterer.

Then the stepmother began to think that should the youth remain in his father's home, the storehouses east and west, and the granaries north and south, and the house that stood in the midst, could never belong to Otowaka-maru.

Therefore she devised an evil thing, and spoke to her husband, saying, "Sir, my lord, may I have your honored permission to be free for seven days from the duties of the household?"

Her husband answered, "Yes, surely; but what is it that you wish to do for seven days?" She said to him: "Before being wedded to my lord, I made a vow to the August Deity of Kiyomidzu; and now I desire to go to the temple to fulfill that vow."

Said the master: "That is well. But which of the man servants or maid servants would you wish to go with you?" Then she made reply:

"Neither man servant nor maid servant do I require. I wish to go all alone."

And without paying heed to any advice about her journey, she departed from the house, and made great haste to Kyōto.

Reaching the quarter Sanjō in the city of Kyōto, she asked the way to the street Kajiyamachi, which is the Street of the Smiths. And finding it, she saw three smithies side by side.

Going to the middle one, she greeted the smith,

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and asked him: "Sir smith, can you make some fine small work in iron?" And he answered: "Aye, lady, that I can."

Then she said: "Make me, I pray you, nine and forty nails without heads." But he answered: "I am of the seventh generation of a family of smiths; yet never did I hear till now of nails without heads, and such an order I cannot take. It were better that you should ask elsewhere."

"Nay," said she, "since I came first to you, I do not want to go elsewhere. Make them for me, I pray, sir smith." He answered: "Of a truth, if I make such nails, I must be paid a thousand ryō." [1]

She replied to him: "If you make them all for me, I care nothing whether you desire one thousand or two thousand ryō. Make them, I beseech you, sir smith." So the smith could not well refuse to make the nails.

He arranged all things rightly to honor the God of the Bellows.[2] Then taking up his first hammer, he recited the Kongō-Sutra; [3] taking up his second, he recited the Kwannon-Sutra; taking up his third, he recited the Amida-Sutra — because he feared those nails might be used for a wicked purpose.

Thus in sorrow he finished the nails. Then was the woman much pleased. And receiving the nails in her left hand, she paid the money to the smith with her

[1] The ancient ryō or tael had a value approximating that of the dollar of one hundred sen.

[2] Fuigo-Sama, deity of smiths.

[3] "Diamond Sutra."

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right, and bade him farewell, and went upon her way.

When she was gone, then the smith thought: "Surely I have in gold koban [1] the sum of a thousand ryō. But this life of ours is only like the resting-place of a traveler journeying, and I must show to others some pity and kindness. To those who are cold I will give clothing, and to those who are hungry I will give food."

And by announcing his intention in writings [2] set up at the boundaries of provinces and at the limits of villages, he was able to show his benevolence to many people.

On her way the woman stopped at the house of a painter, and asked the painter to paint for her a picture.

And the painter questioned her, saying: "Shall I paint you the picture of a very old plum-tree, or of an ancient pine?"

She said to him: "No: I want neither the picture of an old plum-tree nor of an ancient pine. I want the picture of a boy of sixteen years, having a stature of five feet, and two moles upon his face."

"That," said the painter, "will be an easy thing

[1] Koban, a gold coin. There were koban of a great many curious shapes and designs. The most common form was a flat or oval disk, stamped with Chinese characters. Some koban were fully five inches in length by four in width.

[2] Public announcements are usually written upon small wooden tablets attached to a post; and in the country such announcements are still set up just as suggested in the ballad.

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to paint." And he made the picture in a very little time. It was much like Shūntoku-maru; and the woman rejoiced as she departed.

With that picture of Shūntoku she hastened to Kiyomidzu; and she pasted the picture upon one of the pillars in the rear of the temple.

And with forty-seven out of the forty-nine nails she nailed the picture to the pillar; and with the two remaining nails she nailed the eyes.

Then feeling assured that she had put a curse upon Shūntoku, that wicked woman went home. And she said humbly, "I have returned"; and she pretended to be faithful and true.

Now three or four months after the stepmother of Shūntoku had thus invoked evil upon him he became very sick. Then that stepmother secretly rejoiced.

And she spoke cunningly to Nobuyoshi, her husband, saying: "Sir, my lord, this sickness of Shūntoku seems to be a very bad sickness; and it is difficult to keep one having such sickness in the house of a rich man."

Then Nobuyoshi was much surpised, and sorrowed greatly; but, thinking to himself that indeed it could not be helped, he called Shūntoku to him, and said:

"Son, this sickness which you have seems to be leprosy; and one having such a sickness cannot continue to dwell in this house.

"It were best for you, therefore, to make a pil-

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grimage through all the provinces, in the hope that you may be healed by divine influence.

"And my storehouses and my granaries I will not give to Otowaka-maru, but only to you, Shūntoku; so you must come back to us."

Poor Shūntoku, not knowing how wicked his stepmother was, besought her in his sad condition, saying: "Dear mother, I have been told that I must go forth and wander as a pilgrim.

"But now I am blind, and I cannot travel without difficulty. I should be content with one meal a day in place of three, and glad for permission to live in a corner of some storeroom or outhouse; but I should like to remain somewhere near my home.

"Will you not please permit me to stay, if only for a little time? Honored mother, I beseech you, let me stay."

But she answered: "As this trouble which you now have is only the beginning of the bad disease, it is not possible for me to suffer you to stay. You must go away from the house at once."

Then Shūntoku was forced out of the house by the servants, and into the yard, sorrowing greatly.

And the wicked stepmother, following, cried out: "As your father has commanded, you must go away at once, Shūntoku."

Shūntoku answered: "See, I have not even a traveling-dress. A pilgrim's gown and leggings I ought to have, and a pilgrim's wallet for begging."

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At hearing these words the wicked stepmother was glad; and she at once gave him all that he required.

Shūntoku received the things, and thanked her, and made ready to depart, even in his piteous state.

He put on the gown and hung a wooden mamor (charm) upon his breast,[1] and he suspended the wallet about his neck.

He put on his straw sandals and fastened them tightly, and took a bamboo staff in his hand, and placed a hat of woven rushes upon his head.

And saying, "Farewell, father; farewell, mother," poor Shūntoku started on his journey.

Sorrowfully Nobuyoshi accompanied his son a part of the way, saying: "It cannot be helped, Shūntoku. But if, through the divine favor of those august deities to whom that charm is dedicated, your disease should become cured, then come back to us at once, my son."

Hearing from his father these kind words of farewell, Shūntoku felt much happier, and covering his face with the great rush hat, so as not to be known to the neighbors, he went on alone.

But in a little while, finding his limbs so weak that he was afraid he could not go far, and feeling his heart always drawn back toward his home, so that he

[1] See Professor Chamberlain's "Notes on some Minor Japanese Religious Practices," for full details of pilgrimages and pilgrim costumes, in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* (1893). The paper is excellently illustrated.

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could not help often stopping and turning his face thither, he became sad again.

Since it would have been difficult for him to enter any dwelling, he had often to sleep under pine-trees or in the forests; but sometimes he was lucky enough to find shelter in some wayside shrine containing images of the Buddhas.

And once in the darkness of the morning, before the breaking of the day, in the hour when the crows first begin to fly abroad and cry, the dead mother of Shūntoku came to him in a dream.

And she said to him: "Son, your affliction has been caused by the witchcraft of your wicked step-mother. Go now to the divinity of Kiyomidzu, and beseech the goddess that you may be healed."

Shūntoku arose, wondering, and took his way toward the city of Kyōto, toward the temple of Kiyomidzu.

One day, as he traveled, he went to the gate of the house of a rich man named Hagiyama, crying out loudly: "Alms! alms!"

Then a maid servant of the house, hearing the cry, came out and gave him food, and laughed aloud, saying: "Who could help laughing at the idea of trying to give anything to so comical a pilgrim?"

Shūntoku asked: "Why do you laugh? I am the son of a rich and well-famed man, Nobuyoshi of Kawachi. But because of a malediction invoked

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upon me by my wicked stepmother, I have become as you see me."

Then Otohimé, a daughter of that family, hearing the voices, came out, and asked the maid: "Why did you laugh?"

The servant answered: "Oh, my lady, there was a blind man from Kawachi, who seemed about twenty years old, clinging to the pillar of the gate, and loudly crying, 'Alms! alms.'

"So I tried to give him some clean rice upon a tray; but when I held out the tray toward his right hand, he advanced his left; and when I held out the tray toward his left hand, he advanced his right: that was the reason I could not help laughing."

Hearing the maid explaining thus to the young lady, the blind man became angry, and said: "You have no right to despise strangers. I am the son of a rich and well-famed man in Kawachi, and I am called Shūntoku-maru."

Then the daughter of that house, Otohimé, suddenly remembering him, also became quite angry, and said to the servant: "You must not laugh rudely. Laughing at others to-day, you might be laughed at yourself to-morrow."

But Otohimé had been so startled that she could not help trembling a little, and, retiring to her room, she suddenly fainted away.

Then in the house all was confusion, and a doctor was summoned in great haste. But the girl, being

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quite unable to take any medicine, only became weaker and weaker.

Then many famous physicians were sent for; and they consulted together about Otohimé; and they decided at last that her sickness had been caused only by some sudden sorrow.

So the mother said to her sick daughter: "Tell me, without concealment, if you have any secret grief; and if there be anything you want, whatever it be, I will try to get it for you."

Otohimé replied: "I am very much ashamed; but I shall tell you what I wish.

"The blind man who came here the other day was the son of a rich and well-famed citizen of Kawachi, called Nobuyoshi.

"At the time of the festival of Tenjin at Kitano in Kyōto, I met that young man there, on my way to the temple; and we then exchanged letters of love, pledging ourselves to each other.

"And therefore I very much wish that I may be allowed to travel in search of him, until I find him, wherever he may be."

The mother kindly made answer: "That, indeed, will be well. If you wish for a kago, you may have one; or if you would like to have a horse, you can have one.

"You can choose any servant you like to accompany you, and I can let you have as many koban as you desire."

Otohimé answered: "Neither horse nor kago do I

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need, nor any servant; I need only the dress of a pilgrim — leggings and gown — and a mendicant's wallet."

For Otohimé held it her duty to set out by herself all alone, just as Shūntoku had done.

So she left home, saying farewell to her parents, with eyes full of tears: scarcely could she find voice to utter the word "good-bye."

Over mountains and mountains she passed, and again over mountains; hearing only the cries of wild deer and the sound of torrent-water.

Sometimes she would lose her way; sometimes she would pursue alone a steep and difficult path; always she journeyed sorrowing.

At last she saw before her — far, far away — the pine-tree called Kawama-matsu, and the two rocks called Ota;[1] and when she saw those rocks, she thought of Shūntoku with love and hope.

Hastening on, she met five or six persons going to Kumano; and she asked them. "Have you not met on your way a blind youth, about sixteen years old?"

They made answer: "No, not yet; but should we meet him anywhere, we will tell him whatever you wish."

This reply greatly disappointed Otohimé; and she began to think that all her efforts to find her lover might be in vain; and she became very sad.

At last she became so sad that she resolved not to

[1] One meaning of "Ota" in Japanese is "has met" or "have met."

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try to find him in this world any more, but to drown herself at once in the pool of Sawara, that she might be able to meet him in a future state.

She hurried there as fast as she could. And when she reached the pond, she fixed her pilgrim's staff in the ground and hung her outer robe on a pine-tree, and threw away her wallet, and, loosening her hair, arranged it in the style called Shimada.[1]

Then, having filled her sleeves with stones, she was about to leap into the water, when there appeared suddenly before her a venerable man of seemingly not less than eighty years, robed all in white, and bearing a tablet in his hand.

And the aged man said to her: "Be not thus in haste to die, Otohimé! Shūntoku whom you seek is at Kiyomidzu San: go thither and meet him."

These were, indeed, the happiest tidings she could have desired, and she became at once very happy. And she knew she had thus been saved by the august favor of her guardian deity and that it was the god himself who had spoken to her those words.

So she cast away the stones she had put into her sleeves, and donned again the outer robe she had taken off, and rearranged her hair, and took her way in all haste to the temple of Kiyomidzu.

At last she reached the temple. She ascended the three lower steps, and glancing beneath a porch she

[1] The simple style in which the hair of dead women is arranged. See chapter "Of Women's Hair," in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, vol. II.

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saw her lover, Shūntoku, lying there asleep, covered with a straw mat; and she called to him, "Moshi! Moshi!" [1]

Shūntoku, thus being suddenly awakened, seized his staff, which was lying by his side, and cried out, "Every day the children of this neighborhood come here and annoy me, because I am blind!"

Otohimé, hearing these words, and feeling great sorrow, approached and laid her hands on her poor lover, and said to him:

"I am not one of those bad, mischievous children; I am the daughter of the wealthy Hagiyama. And because I promised myself to you at the festival of Kitano Tenjin in Kyōto, I have come here to see you."

Astonished at hearing the voice of his sweetheart Shūntoku rose up quickly, and cried out: "Oh! are you really Otohimé? It is a long time since we last met — but this is so strange! Is it not all a liė?"

And then, stroking each other, they could only cry, instead of speaking.

But presently Shūntoku, giving way to the excitement of his grief, cried out to Otohimé: "A malediction has been laid upon me by my stepmother, and my appearance has been changed, as you see.

"Therefore never can I be united to you as your husband. Even as I now am, so must I remain until I fester to death.

[1] An exclamation uttered to call the attention of another to the presence of the speaker — from the respectful verb moshi, "to say." Our colloquial "say" does not give the proper meaning. Our "please" comes nearer to it.

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"And so you must go back home at once, and live in happiness and splendor."

But she answered in great sorrow: "Never! Are you really in earnest? Are you truly in your right senses?

"No, no! I have disguised myself thus only because I loved you enough even to give my life for you.

"And now I will never leave you, no matter what may become of me in the future."

Shūntoku was comforted by these words; but he was also filled with pity for her, so that he wept, without being able to speak a word.

Then she said to him: "Since your wicked stepmother bewitched you only because you were rich, I am not afraid to revenge you by bewitching her also; for I, too, am the child of a rich man."

And then, with her whole heart, she spoke thus to the divinity within the temple:

"For the space of seven days and seven nights I shall remain fasting in this temple, to prove my vow; and if you have any truth and pity, I beseech you to save us.

"For so great a building as this a thatched roof is not the proper roof. I will re-roof it with feathers of little birds; and the ridge of the roof I will cover with thigh-feathers of falcons.

"This torii and these lanterns of stone are ugly: I will erect a torii of gold; and I will make a thousand lamps of gold and a thousand of silver, and every evening I will light them.

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"In so large a garden as this there should be trees. I will plant a thousand hinoki, a thousand sugi, a thousand karamatsu.

"But if Shūntoku should not be healed by reason of this vow, then he and I will drown ourselves together in yonder lotus-pond.

"And after our death, taking the form of two great serpents, we will torment all who come to worship at this temple, and bar the way against pilgrims."

Now, strange to say, on the night of the seventh day after she had vowed this vow, there came to her in a dream Kwannon-Sama, who said to her: "The prayer which you prayed I shall grant."

Forthwith Otohimé awoke, and told her dream to Shūntoku, and they both wondered. They arose, and went down to the river together, and washed themselves, and worshiped the goddess.

Then, strange to say, the eyes of blind Shūntoku were fully opened, and his clear sight came back to him, and the disease passed away from him. And both wept because of the greatness of their joy.

Together they sought an inn, and there laid aside their pilgrim-dresses, and put on fresh robes, and hired kago and carriers to bear them home.

Reaching the house of his father, Shūntoku cried out: "Honored parents, I have returned to you!

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By virtue of the written charm upon the sacred tablet, I have been healed of my sickness, as you may see. Is all well with you, honored parents?"

And Shūntoku's father, hearing, ran out and cried: "Oh! how much troubled I have been for your sake!

"Never for one moment could I cease to think of you; but now — how glad I am to see you, and the bride you have brought with you!" And all rejoiced together.

But, on the other hand, it was very strange that the wicked stepmother at the same moment became suddenly blind, and that her fingers and her toes began to rot, so that she was in great torment.

Then the bride and the bridegroom said to that wicked stepmother: "Lo! the leprosy has come upon you!

"We cannot keep a leper in the house of a rich man. Please to go away at once!

"We shall give you a pilgrim's gown and leggings, a rush hat, and a staff; for we have all these things ready here."

Then the wicked stepmother knew that even to save her from death it could not be helped, because she herself had done so wicked a thing before. Shūntoku and his wife were very glad; how rejoiced they were!

The stepmother prayed them to allow her only one small meal a day — just as Shūntoku had done; but Otohimé said to the stricken woman: "We can-

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not keep you here — not even in the corner of an outhouse. Go away at once!"

Also Nobuyoshi said to his wicked wife: "What do you mean by remaining here? How long do you require to go?"

And he drove her out, and she could not help herself, and she went away crying, and striving to hide her face from the sight of the neighbors.

Otowaka led his blind mother by the hand; and together they went to Kyōto and to the temple of Kiyomidzu.

When they got there they ascended three of the temple steps, and knelt down, and prayed the goddess, saying, "Give us power to cast another malediction!"

But the goddess suddenly appeared before them, and said: "Were it a good thing that you pray for, I would grant your prayer; but with an evil matter I will have no more to do.

"If you must die, then die there! And after your death you shall be sent to hell, and there put into the bottom of an iron caldron to be boiled."

This is the end of the Story of Shūntoku. With a jubilant tap of the fan we finish so! Joyfully — joyfully — joyfully!

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THE BALLAD OF OGURI-HANGWAN

To tell every word of the tale — this is the story of Oguri-Hangwan

I. THE BIRTH

THE famed Takakura Dainagon, whose other name was Kané-ié, was so rich that he had treasure-houses in every direction.

He owned one precious stone that had power over fire, and another that had power over water.

He also had the claws of a tiger, extracted from the paws of the living animal; he had the horns of a colt; and he likewise owned even a musk-cat (jako-neko).[1]

Of all that a man might have in this world, he wanted nothing except an heir, and he had no other cause for sorrow.

A trusted servant in his house named Ikenoshōji said at last to him these words:

"Seeing that the Buddhist deity Tamon-Ten, enshrined upon the holy mountain of Kurama, is famed for his divine favor far and near, I respectfully entreat you to go to that temple and make prayer to him; for then your wish will surely be fulfilled."

To this the master agreed, and at once began to make preparation for a journey to the temple.

As he traveled with great speed he reached the

[1] "Musk-rat" is the translation given by some dictionaries. "Musk-deer" was suggested by my translator. But as some mythological animal is evidently meant, I thought it better to translate the word literally.

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temple very soon; and there, having purified his body by pouring water over it, he prayed with all his heart for an heir.

And during three days and three nights he abstained from food of every sort. But all seemed in vain.

Wherefore the lord, despairing because of the silence of the god, resolved to perform harakiri in the temple, and so to defile the sacred building.

Moreover, he resolved that his spirit, after his death, should haunt the mountain of Kurama, to deter and terrify all pilgrims upon the nine-mile path of the mountain.

The delay of even one moment would have been fatal; but good Ikenoshōji came running to the place just in time, and prevented the seppuku.[1]

"Oh, my lord!" the retainer cried, "you are surely too hasty in your resolve to die.

"Rather first suffer me to try my fortune, and see if I may not be able to offer up prayer for your sake with more success."

Then after having twenty-one times purified his body — seven times washing with hot water, seven times with cold, and yet another seven times washing himself with a bundle of bamboo-grass — he thus prayed to the god:

"If to my lord an heir be given by the divine favor, then I vow that I will make offering of paving-blocks of bronze wherewith to pave this temple court.

[1] The Chinese term for harakiri. It is thought to be the more refined word.

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"Also of lanterns of bronze to stand in rows without the temple, and of plating of pure gold and pure silver to cover all the pillars within!"

And upon the third of the three nights which he passed in prayer before the god, Tamon-Ten revealed himself to the pious Ikenoshōji and said to him:

"Earnestly wishing to grant your petition, I sought far and near for a fitting heir — even as far as Tenjiku (India) and Kara (China).

"But though human beings are numerous as the stars in the sky or the countless pebbles upon the shore, I was grieved that I could not find of the seed of man one heir that might well be given to your master.

"And at last, knowing not what else to do, I took away by stealth [the spirit?] of one of the eight children whose father was one of the Shi-Tennō,[1] residing on the peak Ari-ari, far among the Dandoku mountains. And that child I will give to become the heir of your master."

Having thus spoken, the deity retired within the innermost shrine. Then Ikenoshōji, starting from his real dream, nine times prostrated himself before the god, and hastened to the dwelling of his master.

Erelong the wife of Takakura Dainagon found herself with child; and after the ten[2] happy months she bore a son with painless labor.

[1] Shi-Tennō: the Four Deva Kings of Buddhism, who guard the Four Quarters of the World.

[2] That is, ten by the ancient native manner of reckoning time.

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It was strange that the infant had upon his forehead, marked quite plainly and naturally, the Chinese character for "rice."

And it was yet more strange to find that in his eyes four Buddhas [1] were reflected.

Ikenoshōji and the parents rejoiced; and the name Ari-waka (Young Ari) was given the child — after the name of the mountain Ari-ari — on the third day after the birth.

II. THE BANISHMENT

VERY quickly the child grew; and when he became fifteen, the reigning Emperor gave him the name and title of Oguri-Hangwan Kané-uji.

When he reached manhood his father resolved to get him a bride.

So the Dainagon looked upon all the daughters of the ministers and high officials, but he found none that he thought worthy to become the wife of his son.

But the young Hangwan, learning that he himself had been a gift to his parents from Tamon-Ten, resolved to pray to that deity for a spouse; and he hastened to the temple of the divinity, accompanied by Ikenoshōji.

There they washed their hands and rinsed their

[1] Shitai-no-mi-Hotoké: literally, a four-bodied-august Buddha. The image in the eye is called the Buddha: the idea here expressed seems to be that the eyes of the child reflected four instead of two images. Children of supernatural beings were popularly said to have double pupils. But I am giving only a popular explanation of the term.

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mouths, and remained three nights without sleep, passing all the time in religious exercises.

But as they had no companions, the young prince at last felt very lonesome, and began to play on his flute, made of the root of the bamboo.

Seemingly charmed by these sweet sounds, the great serpent that lived in the temple pond came to the entrance of the temple — transforming its fearful shape into the likeness of a lovely female attendant of the Imperial Court — and fondly listened to the melody.

Then Kané-uji thought he saw before him the very lady he desired for a wife. And thinking also that she was the one chosen for him by the deity, he placed the beautiful being in a palanquin and returned to his home.

But no sooner had this happened than a fearful storm burst upon the capital, followed by a great flood; and the flood and the storm both lasted for seven days and seven nights.

The Emperor was troubled greatly by these omens; and he sent for the astrologers, that they might explain the causes thereof.

They said in answer to the questions asked of them that the terrible weather was caused only by the anger of the male serpent, seeking vengeance for the loss of its mate — which was none other than the fair woman that Kané-uji had brought back with him.

Whereupon the Emperor commanded that Kané-

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uji should be banished to the province of Hitachi, and that the transformed female serpent should at once be taken back to the pond upon the mountain of Kurama.

And being thus compelled by imperial order to depart, Kané-uji went away to the province of Hitachi, followed only by his faithful retainer, Ikeno-shōji.

III. THE EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

ONLY a little while after the banishment of Kané-uji, a traveling merchant, seeking to sell his wares, visited the house of the exiled prince at Hitachi.

And being asked by the Hangwan where he lived, the merchant made answer, saying:

"I live in Kyōto, in the street called Muro-machi, and my name is Goto Sayémon.

"My stock consists of goods of one thousand and eight different kinds which I send to China, of one thousand and eight kinds which I send to India, and yet another thousand and eight kinds which I sell only in Japan.

"So that my whole stock consists of three thousand and twenty-four different kinds of goods.

"Concerning the countries to which I have already been, I may answer that I have already made three voyages to India and three to China; and this is my seventh journey to this part of Japan."

Having heard these things, Oguri-Hangwan asked the merchant whether he knew of any young girl who

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would make a worthy wife, since he, the prince, being still unmarried, desired to find such a girl.

Then said Sayémon: "In the province of Sagami, to the west of us, there lives a rich man called Yokoyama Chōja, who has eight sons.

"Long he lamented that he had no daughter, and he long prayed for a daughter to the August Sun.

"And a daughter was given him; and after her birth, her parents thought it behoved them to give her a higher rank than their own, because her birth had come to pass through the divine influence of the August Heaven-Shining Deity; so they built for her a separate dwelling.

"She is, in very truth, superior to all other Japanese women; nor can I think of any other person in every manner worthy of you."

This story much pleased Kané-uji; and he at once asked Sayémon to act the part of matchmaker [1] for him; and Sayémon promised to do everything in his power to fulfill the wish of the Hangwan.

Then Kané-uji called for inkstone and writing-brush, and wrote a love-letter, and tied it up with such a knot as love-letters are tied with.

And he gave it to the merchant to be delivered to the lady; and he gave him also, in reward for his services, one hundred golden ryō.

Sayémon again and again prostrated himself in

[1] Nakōdo. The profession of nakōdo exists; but any person who arranges marriages for a consideration is for the time being called the nakōdo.

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thanks; and he put the letter into the box which he always carried with him. And then he lifted the box upon his back, and bade the prince farewell.

Now, although the journey from Hitachi, to Sagami is commonly a journey of seven days, the merchant arrived there at noon upon the third day, having traveled in all haste, night and day together, without stopping.

And he went to the building called Inui-no-Goshyo, which had been built by the rich Yokoyama for the sake of his only daughter, Teruté-Himé, in the district of Soba, in the province of Sagami; and he asked permission to enter therein.

But the stern gate-keepers bade him go away, announcing that the dwelling was the dwelling of Teruté-Himé, daughter of the famed Chōja Yokoyama, and that no person of the male sex whosoever could be permitted to enter; and furthermore, that guards had been appointed to guard the palace — ten by night and ten by day — with extreme caution and severity.

But the merchant told the gate-keepers that he was Goto Sayémon, of the street called Muromachi, in the city of Kyōto; that he was a well-famed merchant there, and was by the people called Sendanya; that he had thrice been to India and thrice to China, and was now upon his seventh return journey to the great country of the Rising Sun.

And he said also to them: "Into all the palaces of Nihon, save this one only, I have been freely ad-

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mitted; so I shall be deeply grateful to you if you permit me to enter."

Thus saying, he produced many rolls of silk, and presented them to the gate-keepers; and their cupidity made them blind; and the merchant, without more difficulty, entered, rejoicing.

Through the great outer gate he passed, and over a bridge, and then found himself in front of the chambers of the female attendants of the superior class.

And he called out with a very loud voice: "O my ladies, all things that you may require I have here with me!

"I have all jorogata-no-meshi-dogu; I have hair-combs and needles and tweezers; I have tategami, and combs of silver, and kamoji from Nagasaki, and even all kinds of Chinese mirrors!"

Whereupon the ladies, delighted with the idea of seeing these things, suffered the merchant to enter their apartment, which he presently made to look like a shop for the sale of female toilet articles.

But while making bargains and selling very quickly, Sayémon did not lose the good chance offered him; and taking from his box the love-letter which had been confided to him, he said to the ladies:

"This letter, if I remember rightly, I picked up in some town in Hitachi, and I shall be very glad if you will accept it — either to use it for a model if it be written beautifully, or to laugh at if it prove to have been written awkwardly."

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Then the chief among the maids, receiving the letter, tried to read the writing upon the envelope: "Tsuki ni hoshi — ame ni arare ga — kori kana" — Which signified, "Moon and stars — rain and hail — make ice." But she could not read the riddle of the mysterious words.

The other ladies, who were also unable to guess the meaning of the words, could not but laugh; and they laughed so shrilly that the Princess Teruté heard, and came among them, fully robed, and wearing a veil over her night-black hair.

And the bamboo-screen having been rolled up before her, Teruté-Himé asked: "What is the cause of all this laughing? If there be anything amusing, I wish that you will let me share in the amusement."

The maids then answered, saying: "We were laughing only at our being unable to read a letter which this merchant from the capital says that he picked up in some street. And here is the letter: even the address upon it is a riddle to us."

And the letter, having been laid upon an open crimson fan, was properly presented to the princess, who received it, and admired the beauty of the writing, and said:

"Never have I seen so beautiful a hand as this: it is like the writing of Kōbōdaishi himself, or of Monjū Bosatsu.

"Perhaps the writer is one of those princes of the Ichijō, or Nijō, or Sanjō families, all famed for their skill in writing.

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"Or, if this guess of mine be wrong, then I should say that these characters have certainly been written by Oguri-Hangwan Kané-uji, now so famed in the province of Hitachi.... I shall read the letter for you."

Then the envelope was removed; and the first phrase she read was Fuji no yama (the Mountain of Fuji), which she interpreted as signifying loftiness of rank. And then she met with such phrases as these:

Kiyomidzu kosaka (the name of a place); arare ni ozasa (hail on the leaves of the bamboo-grass); itaya ni arare (hail following upon a wooden roof);

Tamoto ni kori (ice in the sleeve); nonaka ni shimidzu (pure water running through a moor); koike ni makomo (rushes in a little pond);

Inoba ni tsuyu (dew on the leaves of the taro); shakunaga obi (a very long girdle); shika ni momiji (deer and maple-trees);

Futamata-gawa (a forked river); hoso tanigawani marukibashi (a round log laid over a little stream for a bridge); tsurunashi yumi ni hanuke dōri (a stringless bow, and a wingless bird).

And then she understood that the characters signified:

Maireba au — they would meet, for he would call upon her. Arare nai — then they would not be separated. Korobi au — they would repose together.

And the meaning of the rest was thus:

This letter should be opened with the sleeve, so that

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others may know nothing of it. Keep the secret in your own bosom.

You must yield to me even as the rush bends to the wind. I am earnest to serve you in all things.

We shall surely be united at last, whatever chance may separate us at the beginning. I wish for you even as the stag for its mate in the autumn.

Even though long kept apart we shall meet, as meet the waters of a river divided in its upper course into two branches.

Divine, I pray you, the meaning of this letter, and preserve it. I hope for a fortunate answer. Thinking of Teruté-Himé, I feel as though I could fly.

And the Princess Teruté found at the end of the letter the name of him who wrote it — Oguri-Hangwan Kané-uji himself — together with her own name, as being written to her.

Then she felt greatly troubled, because she had not at first supposed that the letter was addressed to her, and had, without thinking, read it aloud to the female attendants.

For she well knew that her father would quickly kill her in a most cruel manner, should the iron-hearted Chōja [1] come to know the truth.

Wherefore, through fear of being mingled with the earth of the moor Uwanogahara — fitting place for a father in wrath to slay his daughter — she set the end of the letter between her teeth, and rent it to pieces, and withdrew to the inner apartment.

[1] Chōja is not a proper name: it signifies really a wealthy man only, like the French terms "un richard," "un riche." But it is used almost like a proper name in the country still; the richest man in the place, usually a person of influence, being often referred to as "the Chōja."

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But the merchant, knowing that he could not go back to Hitachi without bearing some reply, resolved to obtain one by cunning.

Wherefore he hurried after the princess even into her innermost apartment, without so much as waiting to remove his sandals, and he cried out loudly: "Oh, my princess! I have been taught that written characters were invented in India by Monjū Bosatsu, and in Japan by Kōbōdaishi.

"And is it not like tearing the hands of Kōbōdaishi, thus to tear a letter written with characters?

"Know you not that a woman is less pure than a man? Wherefore, then, do you, born a woman, thus presume to tear a letter?

"Now, if you refuse to write a reply, I shall call upon all the gods; I shall announce to them this unwomanly act, and I shall invoke their malediction upon you!"

And with these words he took from the box which he always carried with him a Buddhist rosary; and he began to twist it about with an awful appearance of anger.

Then the Princess Teruté, terrified and grieved, prayed him to cease his invocations, and promised that she would write an answer at once.

So her answer was quickly written, and given to the merchant, who was overjoyed by his success, and speedily departed for Hitachi, carrying his box upon his back.

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IV. HOW KANÉ-UJI BECAME A BRIDEGROOM WITHOUT HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S CONSENT

TRAVELING with great speed, the nakōdo quickly arrived at the dwelling of the Hangwan, and gave the letter to the master, who removed the cover with hands that trembled for joy.

Very, very short the answer was — only these words: Oki naka buné "a boat floating in the offing."

But Kané-uji guessed the meaning to be: "As fortunes and misfortunes are common to all, be not afraid, and try to come unseen."

Therewith he summoned Ikenoshōji, and bade him make all needful preparation for a rapid journey. Goto Sayémon consented to serve as guide.

He accompanied them; and when they reached the district of Soba, and were approaching the house of the princess, the guide said to the prince:

"That house before us, with the black gate, is the dwelling of the far-famed Yokoyama Chōja; and that other house, to the northward of it, having a red gate, is the residence of the flower-fair Teruté.

"Be prudent in all things, and you will succeed."

And with these words, the guide disappeared.

Accompanied by his faithful retainer, the Hangwan approached the red gate.

Both attempted to enter, when the gate-keepers sought to prevent them; declaring they were much too bold to seek to enter the dwelling of Teruté-Himé, only daughter of the renowned Yokoyama

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Chōja — the sacred child begotten through the favor of the deity of the Sun.

"You do but right to speak thus," the retainer made reply. "But you must learn that we are officers from the city in search of a fugitive.

"And it is just because all males are prohibited from entering this dwelling that a search therein must be made."

Then the guards, amazed, suffered them to pass, and saw the supposed officers of justice enter the court, and many of the ladies in waiting come forth to welcome them as guests.

And the Lady Teruté, marvelously pleased by the coming of the writer of that love-letter, appeared before her wooer, robed in her robes of ceremony, with a veil about her shoulders.

Kané-uji was also much delighted at being thus welcomed by the beautiful maiden. And the wedding ceremony was at once performed, to the great joy of both, and was followed by a great wine feast.

So great was the mirth, and so joyful were all, that the followers of the prince and the maids of the princess danced together, and together made music.

And Oguri-Hangwan himself produced his flute, made of the root of a bamboo, and began to play upon it sweetly.

Then the father of Teruté, hearing all this joyous din in the house of his daughter, wondered greatly what the cause might be.

But when he had been told how the Hangwan had

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become the bridegroom of his daughter without his consent, the Chōja grew wondrous angry, and in secret devised a scheme of revenge.

V. THE POISONING

THE next day Yokoyama sent to Prince Kané-uji a message, inviting him to come to his house, there to perform the wine-drinking ceremony of greeting each other as father-in-law and son-in-law.

Then the Princess Teruté sought to dissuade the Hangwan from going there, because she had dreamed in the night a dream of ill omen.

But the Hangwan, making light of her fears, went boldly to the dwelling of the Chōja, followed by his young retainers.

Then Yokoyama Chōja, rejoicing, caused many dishes to be prepared, containing all delicacies furnished by the mountains and the sea,[1] and well entertained the Hangwan.

At last, when the wine-drinking began to flag, Yokoyama uttered the wish that his guest, the Lord Kané-uji, would also furnish some entertainment.[2]

"And what shall it be?" the Hangwan asked.

"Truly," replied the Chōjo, "I am desirous to see you show your great skill in riding."

[1] Or, "with all strange flavors of mountain and sea."

[2] The word is really sakana, "fish." It has always been the rule to serve fish with saké; and gradually the word "fish" became used for any entertainment given during the wine-party by guests, such as songs, dances, etc.

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"Then I shall ride," the prince made answer. And presently the horse called Onikagé [1] was led out.

That horse was so fierce that he did not seem to be a real horse, but rather a demon or a dragon, so that few dared even to approach him.

But the Prince Hangwan Kané-uji at once loosened the chain by which the horse was fastened, and rode upon him with wondrous ease.

In spite of the fierceness, Onikagé found himself obliged to do everything which his rider wished. All present, Yokoyama and the others, could not speak for astonishment.

But soon the Chōja, taking and setting up a six-folding screen, asked to see the prince ride his steed upon the upper edge of the screen.

The Lord Oguri, consenting, rode upon the top of the screen; and then he rode along the top of an upright shōji frame.

Then a chessboard being set out, he rode upon it, making the horse rightly set his hoof upon the squares of the chessboard as he rode.

And, lastly, he made the steed balance himself upon the frame of an andon.[2]

Then Yokoyama was at a loss what to do, and he could only say, bowing low to the prince: "Truly I

[1] Literally, "Demon-deer-hair." The term "deer-hair" refers to color. A less exact translation of the original characters would be "the demon chestnut." Kagé, "deer-color," also means "chestnut." A chestnut horse is Kagé-no-uma.

[2] A large portable lantern, having a wooden frame and paper sides. There are andon of many forms, some remarkably beautiful.

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am grateful for your entertainment; I am very much delighted."

And the Lord Oguri, having attached Onikagé to a cherry-tree in the garden, reëntered the apartment.

But Saburō, the third son of the house, having persuaded his father to kill the Hangwan with poisoned wine, urged the prince to drink saké with which there had been mingled the venom of a blue centipede and of a blue lizard, and foul water that had long stood in the hollow joint of a bamboo.

And the Hangwan and his followers, not suspecting the wine had been poisoned, drank the whole.

Sad to say, the poison entered into their viscera and their intestines; and all their bones burst asunder by reason of the violence of that poison.

Their lives passed from them quickly as dew in the morning from the grass.

And Saburō and his father buried their corpses in the moor Uwanogahara.

VI. CAST ADRIFT

THE cruel Yokoyama thought that it would not do to suffer his daughter to live, after he had thus killed her husband. Therefore he felt obliged to order his faithful servants, Oniō and Oniji,[1] who were brothers, to take her far out into the sea of Sagami, and to drown her there.

[1] Oniō, "the king of devils," Oniji, "the next greatest devil."

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And the two brothers, knowing their master was too stony-hearted to be persuaded otherwise, could do nothing but obey. So they went to the unhappy lady, and told her the purpose for which they had been sent.

Teruté-Himé was so astonished by her father's cruel decision that at first she thought all this was a dream, from which she earnestly prayed to be awakened.

After a while she said: "Never in my whole life have I knowingly committed any crime.... But whatever happen to my own body, I am more anxious than I can say to learn what became of my husband after he visited my father's house."

"Our master," answered the two brothers, "becoming very angry at learning that you two had been wedded without his lawful permission, poisoned the young prince, according to a plan devised by your brother Saburō."

Then Teruté, more and more astonished, invoked, with just cause, a malediction upon her father for his cruelty.

But she was not even allowed time to lament her fate; for Oniō and his brother at once removed her garments, and put her naked body into a roll of rush matting.

When this piteous package was carried out of the house at night, the princess and her waiting-maids bade each other their last farewells, with sobs and cries of grief.

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The brothers Oniō and Oniji then rowed far out to sea with their pitiful burden. But when they found themselves alone, then Oniji said to Oniō that it were better they should try to save their young mistress.

To this the elder brother at once agreed without difficulty; and both began to think of some plan to save her.

Just at the same time an empty canoe came near them, drifting with the sea-current.

At once the lady was placed in it; and the brothers, exclaiming, "That indeed was a fortunate happening," bade their mistress farewell, and rowed back to their master.

VII. THE LADY YORIHIMÉ

THE canoe bearing poor Teruté was tossed about by the waves for seven days and seven nights, during which time there was much wind and rain. And at last it was discovered by some fishermen who were fishing near Nawoyé.

But they thought that the beautiful woman was certainly the spirit that had caused the long storm of many days; and Teruté might have been killed by their oars, had not one of the men of Nawoyé taken her under his protection.

Now this man, whose name was Murakimi Dayū, resolved to adopt the princess as his daughter, as he had no child of his own to be his heir.

So he took her to his home, and named her Yori-

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himé, and treated her so kindly that his wife grew jealous of the adopted daughter, and therefore was often cruel to her when the husband was absent.

But being still more angered to find that Yorihimé would not go away of her own accord, the evil-hearted woman began to devise some means of getting rid of her forever.

Just at that time the ship of a kidnapper happened to cast anchor in the harbor. Needless to say that Yorihimé was secretly sold to this dealer in human flesh.

VIII. BECOMING A SERVANT

After this misfortune, the unhappy princess passed from one master to another as many as seventy-five times. Her last purchaser was one Yorodzuya Chōbei, well known as the keeper of a large jorōya[1] in the province of Mino.

When Teruté-Himé was first brought before this new master, she spoke meekly to him, and begged him to excuse her ignorance of all refinements and of deportment. And Chōbei than asked her to tell him all about herself, her native place, and her family.

But Teruté-Himé thought it would not be wise to mention even the name of her native province, lest she might possibly be forced to speak of the poisoning of her husband by her own father.

So she resolved to answer only that she was born in Hitachi; feeling a sad pleasure in saying that she

[1] A house of prostitution.

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belonged to the same province in which the lord Hangwan, her lover, used to live.

"I was born," she said, "in the province of Hitachi; but I am of too low birth to have a family name. Therefore may I beseech you to bestow some suitable name upon me?"

Then Teruté-Himé was named Kohagi of Hitachi, and she was told that she would have to serve her master very faithfully in his business.

But this order she refused to obey, and said that she would perform with pleasure any work given her to do, however mean or hard, but that she would never follow the business of a jorō.

"Then," cried Chōbei in anger, "your daily tasks shall be these:

"To feed all the horses, one hundred in number, that are kept in the stables, and to wait upon all other persons in the house when they take their meals.

"To dress the hair of the thirty-six jorō belonging to this house, dressing the hair of each in the style that best becomes her; and also to fill seven boxes with threads of twisted hemp.

"Also to make the fire daily in seven furnaces, and to draw water from a spring in the mountains, half a mile from here."

Teruté knew that neither she nor any other being alive could possibly fulfill all the tasks thus laid upon her by this cruel master; and she wept over her misfortune.

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But she soon felt that to weep could avail her nothing. So wiping away her tears, she bravely resolved to try what she could do, and then putting on an apron, and tying back her sleeves, she set to work feeding the horses.

The great mercy of the gods cannot be understood; but it is certain that as she fed the first horse, all the others, through divine influence, were fully fed at the same time.

And the same wonderful thing happened when she waited upon the people of the house at mealtime, and when she dressed the hair of the girls, and when she twisted the threads of hemp, and when she went to kindle the fire in the furnaces.

But saddest of all it was to see Teruté-Himé, bearing the water-buckets upon her shoulders, taking her way to the distant spring to draw water.

And when she saw the reflection of her much-changed face in the water with which she filled her buckets, then indeed she wept very bitterly.

But the sudden remembrance of the cruel Chōbei filled her with exceeding fear, and urged her back in haste to her terrible abode.

But soon the master of the jorōya began to see that his new servant was no common woman, and to treat her with a great show of kindness.

IX. DRAWING THE CART

And now we shall tell what became of Kané-uji.

The far-famed Yugyō Shōnin, of the temple of Fu-

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jisawa in Kagami, who traveled constantly in Japan to preach the law of Buddha in all the provinces, chanced to be passing over the moor Uwanogahara.

There he saw many crows and kites flitting about a grave. Drawing nearer, he wondered much to see a nameless thing, seemingly without arms or legs, moving between the pieces of a broken tombstone.

Then he remembered the old tradition, that those who are put to death before having completed the number of years allotted to them in this world reappear or revive in the form called ' gaki-ami."

And he thought that the shape before him must be one of those unhappy spirits; and the desire arose in his kindly heart to have the monster taken to the hot springs belonging to the temple of Kumano, and thereby enable it to return to its former human state.

So he had a cart made for the gaki-ami, and he placed the nameless shape in it, and fastened to its breast a wooden tablet, inscribed with large characters.

And the words of the inscription were these:

Take pity upon this unfortunate being, and help it upon its journey to the hot springs of the temple of Kumano.

Those who draw the cart even a little way, by pulling the rope attached to it, will be rewarded with very great good fortune.

To draw the cart even one step shall be equal in merit to feeding one thousand priests, and to draw it two steps shall be equal in merit to feeding ten thousand priests;

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And to draw it three steps shall be equal in merit to causing any dead relation — father, mother, or husband — to enter upon the way of Buddhahood.

Thus very soon travelers who traveled that way took pity on the formless one: some drew the cart several miles, and others were kind enough to draw it for many days together.

And so, after much time, the gaki-ami in its cart appeared before the jorōya of Yorodzuya Chōbei; and Kohagi of Hitachi, seeing it, was greatly moved by the inscription.

Then becoming suddenly desirous to draw the cart if even for one day only, and so to obtain for her dead husband the merit resulting from such work of mercy, she prayed her master to allow her three days' liberty that she might draw the cart.

And she asked this for the sake of her parents; for she dared not speak of her husband, fearing the master might become very angry were he to learn the truth.

Chōbei at first refused, declaring in a harsh voice that since she had not obeyed his former commands, she should never be allowed to leave the house, even for a single hour.

But Kohagi said to him: "Lo, master! the hens go to their nests when the weather becomes cold, and the little birds hie to the deep forest. Even so do men in time of misfortune flee to the shelter of benevolence.

"Surely it is because you are known as a kindly

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man that the gaki-ami rested awhile outside the fence of this house.

"Now I shall promise to give up even my life for my master and mistress in case of need, providing you will only grant me three days' freedom now."

So at last the miserly Chōbei was persuaded to grant the prayer; and his wife was glad to add even two days more to the time permitted. And Kohagi, thus freed for five days, was so rejoiced that she at once without delay commenced her horrible task.

After having, with much hardship, passed through such places as Fuhanoseki, Musa, Bamba, Samegayé, Ōno, and Suenaga-tōge, she reached the famed town of Otsu, in the space of three days.

There she knew that she would have to leave the cart, since it would take her two days to return thence to the province of Mino.

On her long way to Otsu, the only pleasing sights and sounds were the beautiful lilies growing wild by the roadside, the voices of the hibari and shijugara [1] and all the birds of spring that sang in the trees, and the songs of the peasant girls who were planting the rice.

But such sights and sounds could please her only a moment; for most of them caused her to dream of other days, and gave her pain by making her recollect the hopeless condition into which she had now fallen.

[1] Hibari, a species of field lark; shijugara, a kind of titmouse.

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Though greatly wearied by the hard labor she had undertaken for three whole days, she would not go to an inn. She passed the last night beside the nameless shape, which she would have to leave next day.

"Often have I heard," she thought to herself, "that a gaki-ami is a being belonging to the world of the dead. This one, then, should know something about my dead husband.

"Oh that this gaki-ami had the sense either of hearing or of sight! Then I could question it about Kané-uji either by word of mouth or in writing."

When day dawned above the neighboring misty mountains, Kohagi went away to get an inkstone and a brush; and she soon returned with these to the place where the cart was.

Then, with the brush, she wrote, below the inscription upon the wooden tablet attached to the breast of the gaki-ami these words:

When you shall have recovered and are able to return to your province, pray call upon Kohagi of Hitachi, a servant of Yorodzuya Chōbei of the town of Obaka in the province of Mino.

For it will give me much joy to see again the person for whose sake I obtained with difficulty five days' freedom, three of which I gave to drawing your cart as far as this place.

Then she bade the gaki-ami farewell, and hurried back upon her homeward way, although she found it very difficult thus to leave the cart alone.

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X. THE REVIVAL

At last the gaki-ami was brought to the hot springs of the famed temple of Kumano Gongen, and, by the aid of those compassionate persons who pitied its state, was daily enabled to experience the healing effects of the bath.

After a single week the effects of the bath caused the eyes, nose, ears, and mouth to reappear; after fourteen days all the limbs had been fully reformed.

And after one-and-twenty days the nameless shape was completely transformed into the real Oguri-Hangwan Kané-uji, perfect and handsome as he had been in other years.

When this marvelous change had been effected, Kané-uji looked all about him, and wondered much when and how he had been brought to that strange place.

But through the august influence of the god of Kumano things were so ordained that the revived prince could return safely to his home at Nijō in Kyōto, where his parents, the lord Kané-ié and his spouse, welcomed him with great joy.

Then the august Emperor, hearing all that had happened, thought it a wonderful thing that any of his subjects, after having been dead three years, should have thus revived.

And not only did he gladly pardon the fault for which the Hangwan had been banished, but further

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appointed him to be lord ruler of the three provinces, Hitachi, Sagami, and Mino.

XI. THE INTERVIEW

One day Oguri-Hangwan left his residence to make a journey of inspection through the provinces of which he had been appointed ruler. And reaching Mino, he resolved to visit Kohagi of Hitachi, and to utter his thanks to her for her exceeding goodness.

Therefore he lodged at the house of Yorodzuya, where he was conducted to the finest of all the guest-chambers, which was made beautiful with screens of gold, with Chinese carpets, with Indian hangings, and with other precious things of great cost.

When the lord ordered Kohagi of Hitachi to be summoned to his presence, he was answered that she was only one of the lowest menials, and too dirty to appear before him. But he paid no heed to these words, only commanding that she should come at once, no matter how dirty she might be.

Therefore, much against her will, Kohagi was obliged to appear before the lord, whom she at first beheld through a screen, and saw to be so much like the Hangwan that she was greatly startled.

Oguri then asked her to tell him her real name; but Kohagi refused, saying: "If I may not serve my lord with wine, except on condition of telling my real name, then I can only leave the presence of my lord."

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But as she was about to go, the Hangwan called to her: "Nay, stop a little while. I have a good reason to ask your name, because I am in truth that very gaki-ami whom you so kindly drew last year to Otsu in a cart."

And with these words he produced the wooden tablet upon which Kohagi had written.

Then she was greatly moved, and said:

"I am very happy to see you thus recovered. And now I shall gladly tell you all my history; hoping only that you, my lord, will tell me something of that ghostly world from which you have come back, and in which my husband, alas! now dwells.

"I was born (it hurts my heart to speak of former times!) the only daughter of Yokoyama Chōja, who dwelt in the district of Soba, in the province of Sagami, and my name was Teruté-Himé.

"I remember too well, alas! having been wedded, three years ago, to a famous person of rank, whose name was Oguri-Hangwan Kané-uji, who used to live in the province of Hitachi. But my husband was poisoned by my father at the instigation of his own third son, Saburō.

"I myself was condemned by him to be drowned in the sea of Sagami. And I owe my present existence to the faithful servants of my father, Oniō and Oniji."

Then the Lord Hangwan said:

"You see here before you, Teruté, your husband, Kané-uji. Although killed together with my follow-

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ers, I had been destined to live in this world many years longer.

"By the learned priest of Fujisawa temple I was saved, and, being provided with a cart, I was drawn by many kind persons to the hot springs of Kumano, where I was restored to my former health and shape. And now I have been appointed lord ruler of the three provinces, and can have all things that I desire."

Hearing this tale, Teruté could scarcely believe it was not all a dream, and she wept for joy. Then she said:

"Ah! since last I saw you, what hardships have I not passed through!

"For seven days and seven nights I was tossed about upon the sea in a canoe; then I was in a great danger in the bay of Nawoyé, and was saved by a kind man called Murakami Dayū.

"And after that I was sold and bought seventy-five times; and the last time I was brought here, where I have been made to suffer all kinds of hardship only because I refused to become a joro̧. That is why you now see me in so wretched a condition."

Very angry was Kané-uji to hear of the cruel conduct of the inhuman Chōbei, and desired to kill him at once.

But Teruté besought her husband to spare the man's life, and so fulfilled the promise she had long before made to Chōbei — that she would give even her own life, if necessary, for her master and mis-

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tress, on condition of being allowed five days' freedom to draw the cart of the gaki-ami.

And for this Chōbei was really grateful; and in compensation he presented the Hangwan with the hundred horses from his stables, and gave to Teruté the thirty-six servants belonging to his house.

And then Teruté-Himé, appropriately attired, went away with the Prince Kané-uji; and they began their journey to Sagami with hearts full of joy.

XII. THE VENGEANCE

THIS is the district of Soba, in the province of Sagami, the native land of Teruté: how many beautiful and how many sorrowful thoughts does it recall to their minds!

And here also are Yokoyama and his son, who killed Lord Oguri with poison.

So Saburō, the third son, being led to the moor called Totsuka-no-hara, was there punished.

But Yokoyama Chōja, wicked as he had been, was not punished; because parents, however bad, must be for their children always like the sun and moon. And hearing this order, Yokoyama repented very greatly for that which he had done.

Oniō and Oniji, the brothers, were rewarded with many gifts for having saved the Princess Teruté off the coast of Sagami.

Thus those who were good prospered, and the bad were brought to destruction.

Fortunate and happy, Oguri-Sama and Teruté-

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Himé together returned to Miako, to dwell in the residence at Nijō, and their union was beautiful as the blossoming of spring.

Fortunate! Fortunate!

The Ballad of O-Shichi, the Daughter of the Yaoya [1]

In autumn the deer are lured within reach of the hunters by the sounds of the flute, which resemble the sounds of the voices of their mates, and so are killed.

Almost in like manner, one of the five most beautiful girls in Yedo, whose comely faces charmed all the capital even as the spring-blossoming of cherry-trees, cast away her life in the moment of blindness caused by love.

When, having done a foolish thing, she was brought before the mayor of the city of Yedo, that high official questioned the young criminal, asking: "Are you not O-Shichi, the daughter of the yaoya? And being so young, how came you to commit such a dreadful crime as incendiarism?"

Then O-Shichi, weeping and wringing her hands, made this answer:

"Indeed, that is the only crime I ever committed; and I had no extraordinary reason for it but this:

"Once before, when there had been a great fire — so great a fire that nearly all Yedo was consumed — our house also was burned down. And we three —

[1] Yaoya, a seller of vegetables.

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my parents and I — knowing no otherwhere to go, took shelter in a Buddhist temple, to remain there until our house could be rebuilt.

"Surely the destiny that draws two young persons to each other is hard to understand!... In that temple there was a young acolyte, and love grew up between us.

"In secret we met together, and promised never to forsake each other; and we pledged ourselves to each other by sucking blood from small cuts we made in our little fingers, and by exchanging written vows that we should love each other forever.

"Before our pillows had yet become fixed,[1] our new house in Hongo was built and made ready for us.

"But from that day when I bade a sad farewell to Kichiza-Sama, to whom I had pledged myself for the time of two existences, never was my heart consoled by even one letter from the acolyte.

"Alone in my bed at night, I used to think and think, and at last in a dream there came to me the dreadful idea of setting fire to the house, as the only means of again being able to meet my beautiful lover.

"Then, one evening, I got a bundle of dry rushes, and placed inside it some pieces of live charcoal, and

[1] This curious expression has its origin in the Japanese saying that lovers "exchange pillows." In the dark, the little Japanese wooden pillows might easily be exchanged by mistake. "While the pillows were yet not definite or fixed" would mean, therefore, while the two lovers were still in the habit of seeking each other secretly at night.

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I secretly put the bundle into a shed at the back of the house.

"A fire broke out, and there was a great tumult, and I was arrested and brought here — oh! how dreadful it was!

"I will never, never commit such a fault again. But whatever happen, oh, pray save me, my Bugyō![1] Oh, pray take pity on me!"

Ah! the simple apology!... But what was her age? Not twelve? not thirteen? not fourteen? Fifteen comes after fourteen. Alas! she was fifteen, and could not be saved!

Therefore O-Shichi was sentenced according to the law. But first she was bound with strong cords, and was for seven days exposed to public view on the bridge called Nihonbashi. Ah! what a piteous sight it was!

Her aunts and cousins, even Bekurai and Kakusuké, the house servants, had often to wring their sleeves, so wet were their sleeves with tears.

But, because the crime could not be forgiven, O-Shichi was bound to four posts, and fuel was kindled, and the fire rose up!... And poor O-Shichi in the midst of that fire!

Even so the insects of summer fly to the flame.

[1] Governor or local chief. The Bugyō of old days often acted as judge.

END OF VOLUME VIII

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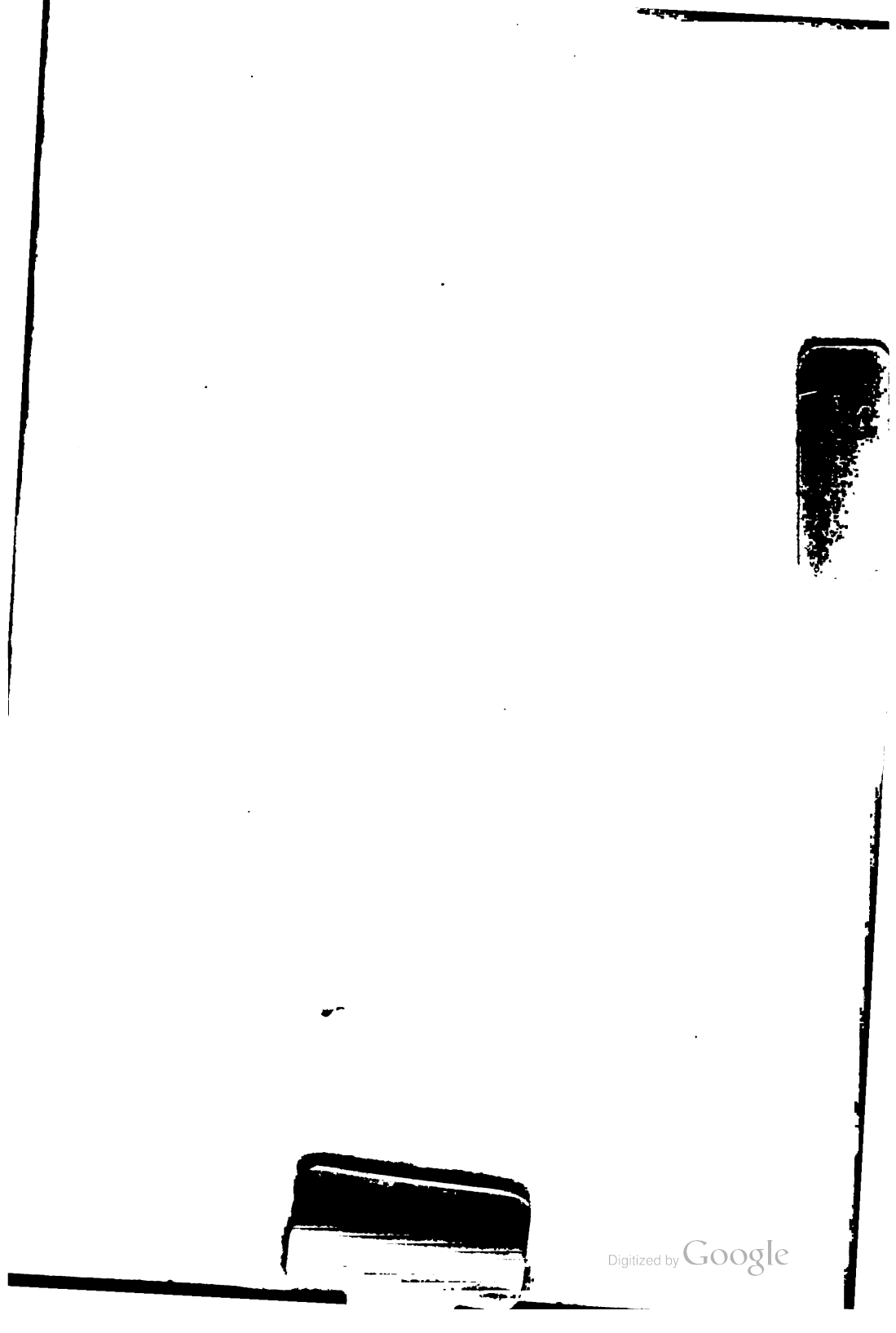
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